THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible]OST

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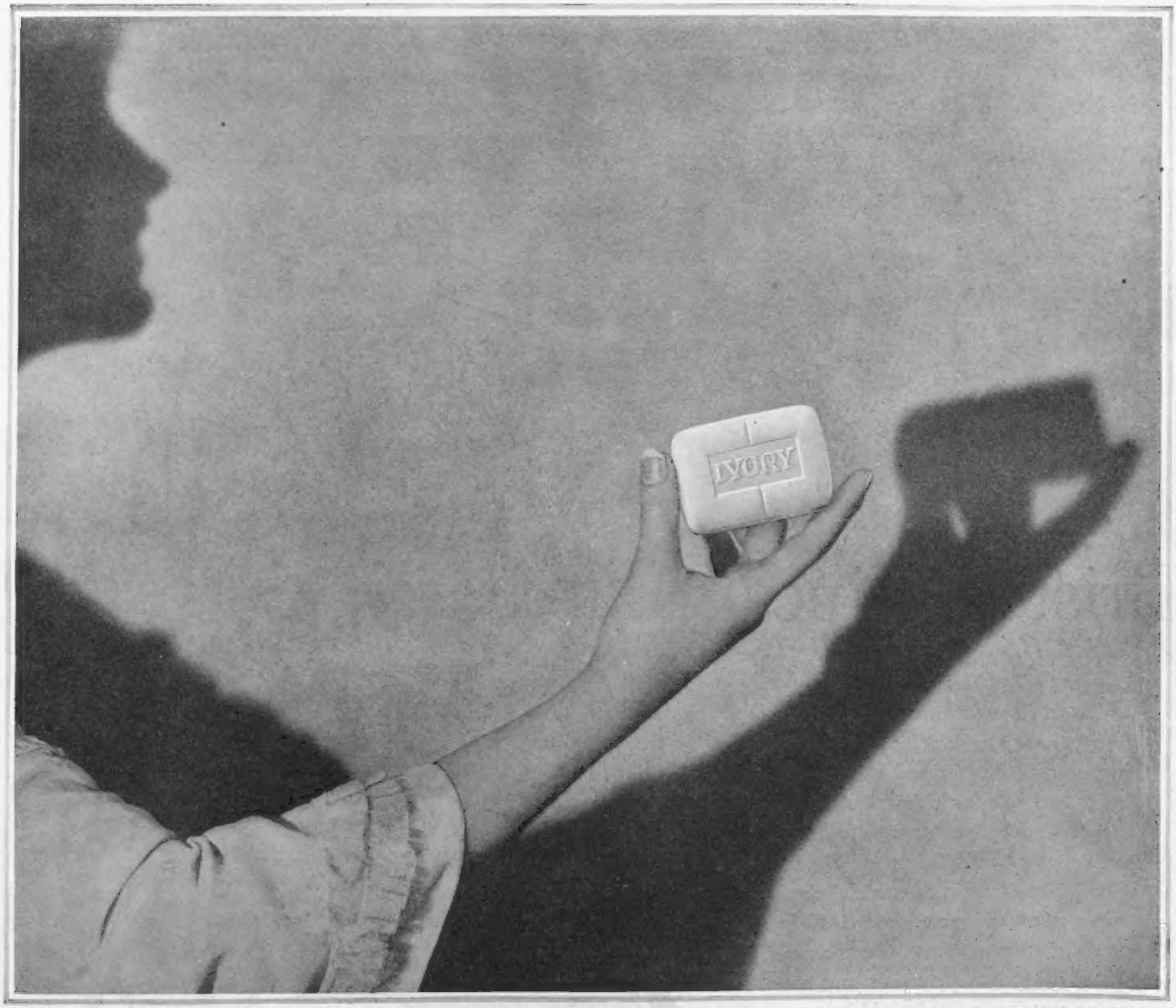

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ONCE THERE WAS A PRINCESS

Her Stillness Was So Complete That He Finally Looked Up. "I Hope You Don't Mind This," He Said by Way of Being Pleasant

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE Princess Dellatorre had been homesick since she was fourteen, which was seventeen years ago, and homesick for—of all places—Millertown. But perhaps it was really for Phil Lennox. Millertown had been scarcely a town at all when Silas Guthrie began his spectacular money making and Abby Guthrie, his wife, pushed him out of the place, taking the future princess along like an unconsidered tail to the strong kite of her ambition. Millertown had comfortable old bay-windowed houses set in lawns, but the ladies swept their own parlors and made a pride of their apple-sauce cake, and though a few, like the Guthries, kept a girl, she was apt to be a cousin of the Baptist minister and she ate with the family. They called the chore man Mr. Green and offered him small attentions in the way of coffee and cider to keep him in the mood for coming.

There was nothing to be afraid of in Millertown; perhaps that was why Ellen Guthrie was so persistently homesick. The Princess Dellatorre was no coward! She could be as quietly composed as a monument when courage was needed, as in making her curtsy at court or being driven at sixty miles an hour by a somewhat intoxicated prince; but she always had to do her courage on purpose; it was never spontaneous, and she did long for a life where it was not needed quite so often. Millertown in retrospect seemed to her all love and sunshine and cookies and apple blossoms and Phil Lennox.

There had been, to be sure, the Sykes' dog; but Phil used always to take her hand when they passed that corner. "I won't let Carlo hurt you, Ellen." He had begun saying that when they were little things, for they were always together. "Like your right hand and your left," Aunt Katie Boyd used to say of them. Ellen often thought of that protective clasp when the prince came home not quite himself—or perhaps rather too much himself. "I won't let Carlo hurt you, Ellen," and a sense of a hand tight over hers had got her past many a bad corner. She wrote Phil, of course, when she entered on her glories; a little stiffly, for she could not forget that he had stopped writing, while her letters had gone on and on, questioning, wistful, grieved; perhaps, too, a little elatedly, for they had made being a princess and living in a palace sound like high romance, and eighteen in that mood is easily courted. Phil answered politely. Aunt Katie, answering voluminously the same announcement, told of a fire-engine harness, invented by Phil, that went on at one clip; he had got it patented and they expected great things of him. Ellen called herself in love with her prince, but the letters brought on so bad a fit of her homesickness, or whatever it was, that she had to be hurried over to Paris for her trousseau to distract her mind.

Her father gave her an Italian palace that was everything the heart of an American millionaire could desire for his child, even to a ghost. Silas paid ten thousand dollars extra for the ghost. It was unfortunate that both he and Abby went down with a torpedoed ship before they were well acquainted with their son-in-law, for they would have revised their wills. Ellen already knew—knew all sorts of things that she had never even heard of before, as her favorite reading had so far been of the Cathedral Courtship type. She had not said anything in her letters, because she was trying might and main to do her duty in the station of life into which she had been pitchforked, and was, moreover, in the apologetic mood that any good girl feels when she has been given a handsome and expensive present and does not like it. Abby Guthrie had a way of making one feel that one owed her a lot and that one was, on the whole, a disappointment.

"Because What I'm Telling You—They're for the Princess! She'll Get Here Tonight—to Our House! She'll be All Velvet and Gold and Court Trains and Sixteen Trunks Full of French Underclothes"

The prince must have divined that he had only seven years to live, for he went through Ellen's fortune in seven mighty bounds. Perhaps he had counted on eight years, for he left the palace still unmortgaged when he passed out in a card club, his heart failing him at the top of the night's play.

Ellen faced the shock suitably and dealt kindly with the hysterics of the tyrannical old princess, Alfredo's mother, who lived with them. Then, her door shut on the world, she reveled, exulted, all but shouted in the rapture of her release.

"I'm done with him! Oh, I'm done with him!" She was normally the kindest of souls; so he must have been a bad lot, to leave her so savagely glad.

Hard times followed while they explored the wreck of her fortune, but she did not care; nothing could hurt now. When the debts were paid all she had left in the world was one magnificent set of diamonds and emeralds, a few brilliant clothes and her unmortgaged palace. The sale of this would give her a very fair income for life, but purchasers, or even tenants, were scarce in those troubled times, and so, like any sturdy American widow, she took boarders. The old princess fumed, threw things, insulted the paying guests; but these were English war profiteers who did not understand Italian and who liked too well writing to old neighbors from Palazzo Dellatorre to be easily offended. And when Ellen's trials became too hard she had only to say in her heart, "Well, he did die!" to become again her merry, indefatigable self.

Ellen's power to laugh at her own predicaments had been her saving. The first year or two of her marriage had been too dreadful. Alfredo's friends were even worse to her than Alfredo, for she was agonizingly shy and incurably decent, and she almost forgot about the humor of things. And then one night her blessed laughter was given back to her. There she crouched in her nightgown and bare feet on a balcony of her marble palace while Alfredo stumbled about inside trying perplexedly to find her. She could manage him perfectly through a locked door, but that night there had not been time to turn the key; barely time to slip out into the soft spring night.

He gave up presently; and it was then, getting a sudden vision of herself—a princess!—that she burst out laughing, silently, but with a mighty upswelling of relief, a swift passing from the shame and terror of tragedy to the absurdity of broad comedy. She was as comic as someone shinning up a tree to escape a dog. Back of all the delicacy into which she had been bred was a robust inheritance, for her mother, though transformed into fine lady, had been born folks, and her father never tried to be anything else, and so she had a fundamental simplicity before human facts. She could give a spade its name without any inherited complications. She huddled there in her nightgown, high over the stately city, and laughed and laughed. After that night she was never again really afraid of Alfredo. The boarders frightened her at first, until she saw that they were sweating with fright and swelling with pride at pronouncing her title, and so she could laugh away that fear too. She was such a joke as a princess, and the poor dears couldn't see it!

The palace did not find a purchaser, but after six years Ellen had actually saved enough for a trip home. She had planned to go in the slack season, but the thought of Millertown in April—or of Phil Lennox in April—was suddenly too much for her. She announced just as the spring tourists were beginning that the palace would be closed for three months.

The old princess took everything as an insult. She always went to Nice at that time, but she chose to consider herself turned out. It was a perpetual astonishment to her that she could not dominate Ellen. Anyone might reasonably have expected to dominate Ellen, she was so gentle looking, so incredibly young, so given to panics of shyness. The old princess had set out with a firm tread, but the young princess simply could not be trampled. She never fought back; she only looked on, as though tantrums were an interesting foreign exhibition or a chance to improve her Italian; answered whatever was coherent with patience and good sense; got smelling salts if a faint threatened and scrubbed at the carpet if a coffee cup was hurled—and did just what she thought best. There was something of Abby Guthrie in her, after all.

"You will stay in that miserable hole you call Meelairtaoun," the old princess accused her, solemnly nodding her henna transformation. "You will never come back. You are sly, but I see through you!"

Ellen thought that over. "You wouldn't care, would you?" she asked reasonably.

The old princess called on all the gods to witness that what an American bourgeoise did was of no consequence to a Dellatorre. Then she wept and moaned that no one loved her, which was so true that Ellen had to let it stand.

"I shall have to come back unless I sell the palace," she pointed out, and went on with her preparations. She took one gorgeous court dress, a wrap of white brocade and ermine and her diamonds, to show them; she would dress up one night for Aunt Katie and Uncle Joe. Otherwise, clothes did not matter in Millertown; and she set out in a shabby old suit and a little round hat, as dowdy a princess as ever booked passage.

Being a sensible person, she daily warned herself that she had had no communication with Millertown since her marriage and that things would be changed; that even Aunt Katie and Uncle Joe were no real relation, and that the town would not remember her with love and longing, as she remembered it; that Phil by this time was undoubtedly rich and famous and married, perhaps even gone away; but it was no use. Nothing could quiet her rapture. All the way across she was straining forward, her happy heart racing for homeland and Millertown and Phil Lennox.

II

MILLERTOWN was seething with excited activity. All day long it papered and polished, baked and sewed and ran about under the maples. Polly Knight had stitched eighteen hours a day, six days a week, ever since the princess' letter came, and had had to refuse golden bribes offered for her unbreakable Sundays. Simeon Lunt had a ricked back from handling the mail-order boxes and bales that poured in. Milton D'Arcy had doubled the circulation of the Chronicle by his articles on Italian princesses and their ways, dug up out of old biographies, and had bought a fabulous new car as well as the spring shirts of a prince. Hazel Boyd's small person had taken on a superior switch that the other children could not resent, seeing that a princess was coming to her house. And at the very center of the whirlpool, in a little stillness of ecstasy, was Aunt Katie Boyd.

Outwardly, Aunt Katie flew about like the others, making her house and family fit for the reception of a princess, rejoiced with everybody, kept her husband's humor down with the usual careless cuff of her, "Land, Joe, do keep out of the way!" But just back of her nice brown eyes was a tranced wonder; she had a look of caught breath before a miracle. Katie Boyd had been married for twenty-five years, but there was still something girlish about her brown comeliness.

"I'll never say again that anything's too good to be true," was her solemn assertion.

Mrs. Seaver and Mrs. Purrington had come in for news. It was only eight in the morning, but a boy on a bicycle had suggested a possible telegram.

"No; that was Al Coster, to say that his mother knew of a sewing woman over to Roundtree, and perhaps she could come to me for the day," Katie explained. "A Mrs. Arden."

"Arden?" Mrs. Purrington rocked and reflected. "I'll bet that is the young widow who came over to help Grace Spink with Mae's baby clothes. Grace said she wouldn't have her again, and I know why—she took altogether too much interest in Charley Spink!"

Katie's laugh had a note of scorn. "Well, I'm not worried about Joe," she observed. "Mrs. Coster's going to telephone her for me. My, if she'll just help me out with my sewing this one day! Everything else is done."

The two callers looked about the comfortable old room, dining and general living room in one, with the sage nods of good housekeepers who know a perfect job when they see it.

"I can lend you my handmade lace doilies," Mrs. Seaver said, with her sharp little air of superiority, learned long ago on a school platform.

"She's got my Chinese embroidered ones," Mrs. Purrington cut in.

"I've got six dozen doilies and ten centerpieces loaned me already." Katie looked worried. "My, if this house burns up!"

"It's a heavy responsibility for you, having her here," Mrs. Seaver pointed out.

"Oh, no!" Katie was positive about that. "If Prince Alfredo was alive and she was bringing him along, then I don't know. But the princess—that's just beautiful." And her eyes had the liquid shine of dreams.

"Is she bringing her suite?" Mrs. Seaver called it "soot," and there was a puzzled pause.

"You mean her best suit?" Mrs. Purrington asked.

Mrs. Seaver had the dry patience with ignorance that is learned on a school platform. "I mean her maid and her courier and all that. They always have suites."

"Well, I don't pretend to know about foreign institutions." Mrs. Purrington made a superiority of that.

Katie brought out a much-read letter from her workbasket. "She never mentioned anything like that," she said, glancing over its pages.

"How did she sign herself?" Mrs. Purrington asked.

"Just 'Ellen.'"

"Ellen!" Mrs. Purrington savored it. "Now that's real nice and common."

"They always sign so," Mrs. Seaver instructed her. "I know Victoria did."

"Well, I ain't communicated much with royalty." Mrs. Purrington's snub never failed. "What you going to call her, Katie? She ain't a Royal Highness, is she?"

"Oh, dear, no," protested Mrs. Seaver. "You say princess the way you say doctor."

"I suppose I could say Ellen." Katie put away the letter with a loving touch. "But I've been calling folks Ellen all my life, and I never yet had a chance to say princess. I guess I'll stick to the title. Joe figured out that she could get here today if her boat wasn't late," she added. "Of course she'll wait for the Flyer and change at Roundtree."

"It's running it rather close to have the town-hall reception tonight," Mrs. Purrington said; "but with tomorrow Sunday ——"

"She'll be here by six," Katie pointed out. "That will give her two hours to rest and dress and have her supper. Milt's going to meet her in his new car."

Mrs. Purrington's nod was significant. "That's what he got it for—you needn't tell me. . . . Oh, good morning, Ruby."

Ruby Boyd acknowledged the greeting with a curt nod. She was a handsome, smoldering, sulky girl, careless of dress and hair.

"Milt always was ambitious," Mrs. Purrington went on. "Look out for your beau, Ruby, with a princess coming."

Ruby shrugged splendid shoulders. "Milton isn't my beau," she said coolly. "Mother, Phil is here to do the windows. Where do you want him to begin?"

"Spare room first, and tell him not to slop any water in my clean bathroom," Katie commanded. "Phil's been a real comfort to me since the letter came," she told them when Ruby had gone.

"Funny when you think of it—Phil Lennox at the bottom, doing chores, and little ragged Milt Dicey from across the tracks grown into Milton D'Arcy and owning the Chronicle," Mrs. Purrington said comfortably. "I always say, life's very strange."

"Well, I wish Phil would keep out of sight while the princess is here," Mrs. Seaver said, rising. "I don't suppose she will remember him."

"Oh, yes, she will," Katie interrupted. "Ellen won't have forgotten anything or anybody. She's like that."

"Think so?" Mrs. Seaver seemed depressed. When she had gone Mrs. Purrington laughed with subterranean malice.

"She shook Ellen Guthrie once—that's what's worrying her," she confided. "She let it out to Polly Knight. . . . Well, if you'd like my pink silk comfortable for the princess' room ——".

Katie waved away the comfortable. "That room's so full now of loaned comfortables and rugs and bureau sets and lamps and fancy chairs that it's likely to burst out through the door. Want to see it?"

They went upstairs and stood reverently in the doorway of the spare room while Katie pointed out its borrowed splendors. It had the usual north outlook and speckled engravings of guest rooms in Millertown, but the assembled riches gave it its own brilliance.

"Good enough for a queen!" was the thrilled verdict. When the visitor had gone Katie came back to look again, keeping her feet scrupulously outside the sill, where a newspaper had been laid. Hazel joined her there, holding tightly to her waist.

"Lovey, you won't ever forget it, all your life long," her mother said—"how the princess came to your house! It's like what you dream." Then her voice changed sharply. "Land sakes, Joe, haven't you gone to the store yet?"

Joe Boyd was looking over their shoulders with a faint caricature of their reverence. He was a lean string of a man with a dry smile and the good, patient eyes of the unsuccessful. Joe had made a failure of lumber fifteen years ago and taken a temporary position as bookkeeper in a store. He still spoke of it as temporary.

"Can't work with a princess coming," he said. "My, if you had as many breeds of dogs in there as you got of rugs there'd be something doing!"

Katie closed the door on his impious gaze. "You'll lose your job," she said mechanically. "Hazel, we better get out the sewing. If that Mrs. Arden only comes!"

"Say, put some lace ruffles in my best pants, will you?"

Hazel started to giggle, but her mother looked so tried that she stopped short and looked tried too. Joe turned to the stairs with a mock droop of discouragement, but paused there to call back, "Kate!"

"Well?"—from her bedroom. It was not an encouraging sound, but he persisted.

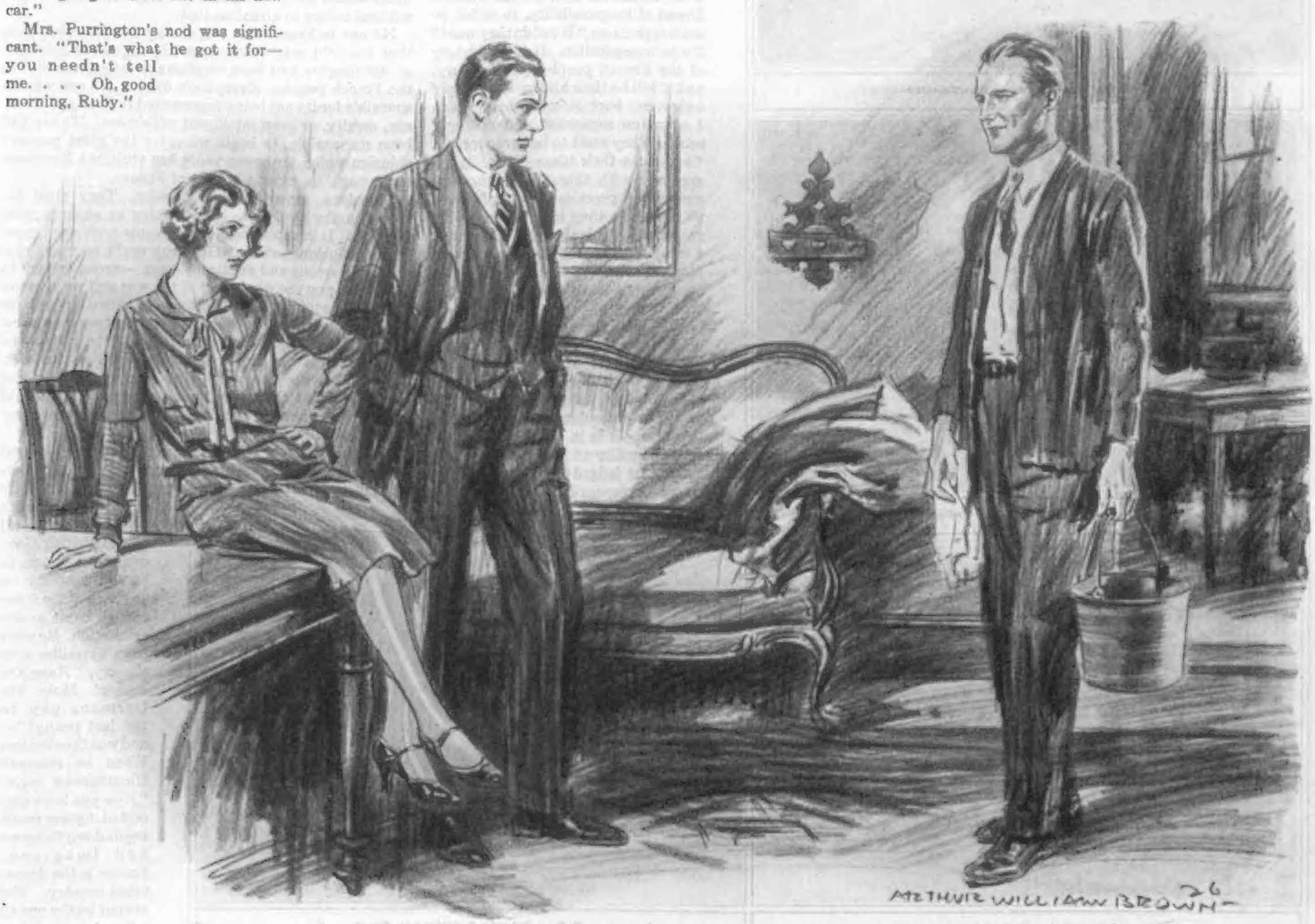
"Kate, were you as het up as this when you were getting ready to marry me?"

The answer came back smartly: "I was a fool if I was! Will you go along?" Then Katie had to run down and call after him, "Joe, if I send Hazel down for some shoes, you see she don't get heels, will you? She's possessed to have them for the princess."

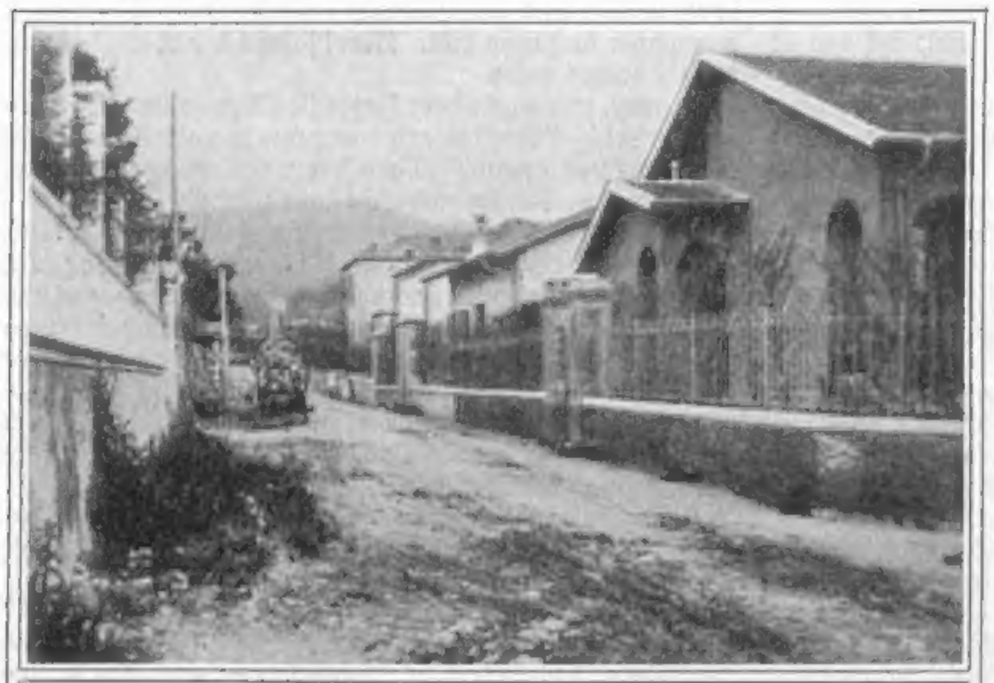
"Yep; I'll spoil her fun," was the hearty answer. Joe never could give a plain response; he always had to throw in some nonsense.

Milton D'Arcy was coming under the maples in his new car. When Katie saw that he was sliding to an accomplished stop at their gate she went in search of Ruby, who

(Continued on Page 87)



"Sorry to Interrupt a First-Class Row, But I've Got to Wash These Windows," He Said, Coming In



A New Street at St.-Maurice, Nice

Another New Street at St.-Maurice

A New Paris Apartment House With Underground Garages

A Type of New Home Being Erected in Paris

A New Private Dwelling in Paris

THE FRENCH

ALL that we know about the French—their instinct for gesture, their passion for emotional bonfires, their inexperience as people who never travel, their preference for a sentimental conclusion, their craving to be adored, a certain historic disposition to project their ills upon some foreign or imaginary enemy—all this was illustrated in the march of the 20,000 mutilated through the streets of Paris to the foot of Washington's statue on the Place d'Iéna, where, in protest against the settlement of their war debt to the United States Treasury, they set up a marble plaque, engraved to say: "After the deceptions of the peace, the proposed debt settlement would consecrate the ruin of France and the loss of her independence." None but the French could have done it. Realists in unreality.

But it illustrated also a misgiving now spreading in the world. It illustrated, that is to say, the tragedy of government by irresponsibility—government obedient not to the discipline of facts, not to a theory of truth, only to the winds of feeling. There are many, increasingly many, who say this is the fate of democracy.

Before the war, Émile Faguet, member of the French Academy, wrote a book about his own people entitled Dread of Responsibility, to which he set this preface: "What do they want? To be irresponsible. It is the history of the French people for a century, and it will be their history indefinitely unless this book reforms them, which I count on somewhat, but not very much. They want to be irresponsible. They form their ideas of law in accordance with this design; they organize and practice their professions to this end; they have a family life governed by this thought; they have a social life controlled by this principle."

Irresponsibility

TOWARD the end of his thesis he said: "France is a democracy tending to absolute democracy. That is why she organizes herself spontaneously, almost automatically, on the principle of absolute democracy; and this principle is in the first place absolute equality and next that responsibility be lodged nowhere and that no one be responsible. Well, how shall we suppress responsibility? By dividing it, subdividing it, dispersing it, scattering it so that you cannot get hold of it anywhere, so that none can say of any man, *is fecit*."

Only a few days before the parade of the mutilated on July 11, Clemenceau, the war premier of France, offered a book on a parallel theme, a book full of irony and bitter reflection. He spoke of the morbid prattling within a system of government calling itself representative, though more responsive to an incoherence of words than to any coördination of ideas; of formulas carelessly fabricated that fly from mouth to mouth in the name of public opinion, and of leaders, calling themselves such, anxious only to obey irresponsibility.

Nobody was responsible for the spectacle produced by the mutilated. Certainly not the government. For diplomatic reasons the government wished to avert it, fearing its effect upon the vote of ratification, and therefore urged the leaders to abandon it. The leaders were not responsible, because the mutilated insisted. The mutilated were not responsible, because they were excited by feeling. They had got the feeling that moved them from listening at the door of the Chamber of Deputies to a flood of irresponsible oratory such as ruined Athens.

A Game of Tag With Nobody It

THE orators who denounced the United States, the debt agreement signed by the French Ambassador at Washington and the French Government that proposed it to be ratified—they were not responsible for the French franc, for the credit of France, for anything at all, because they were not at that moment the government. And those who at that moment were the government, meaning the cabinet, were responsible only for executing the irresponsible public will, and in danger of being obliged without notice to abandon that.

No one in France was responsible for the misfortune that the debt settlement signed by Monsieur Bérenger at Washington had been emotionally misrepresented to the French people. Everybody did it. No one was responsible for its not being represented in the light of reason, comity, or even intelligent selfishness. No one had been responsible, to begin with, for the great postwar delusion which for seven years has stultified European statesmanship, especially that of France.

Delusions, remember, are popular. They must be. Never in the world was such a thing as an unpopular delusion. It must be what the people wish were true.

The delusion was that Germany could be made economically strong and politically weak—strong enough to be able to pay the whole cost of the war and yet so weak as to be unable to resist. Every intelligent person at Versailles knew better; they told one another they knew better. No one had the courage to tell the people the truth. It was not that the people could not bear it. They had borne the war. What the political leaders feared was that they would not believe it; they would turn to someone who would tell them instead what they wished to believe.

A rough figure of what Germany should be required to pay—a very large figure, a preposterous figure perhaps, yet an imaginable one—had been provisionally agreed upon when Lloyd George, head of the British Government, had to leave the treaty on the back of the stove and go home to win an election. He went from Versailles with the cry, "Hang the Kaiser! Make the Germans pay to the last penny!"—and won the election. When he returned Clemenceau said, "Now you have suggested figures much beyond anything we had imagined. France is the devastated country. She cannot be the one to talk of taking less than the most."

CRISIS

By GARET GARRETT.

So they stirred new figures into the pot and got them at last so large that nobody could either name or imagine the sum. What they did at last was to agree upon categories of damage and liability, including war pensions; and a commission was left to determine the amounts payable in each category. This turned out to be the astrological quantity of 132,000,000,000 gold marks.

The British have a dogged way with facts. They soon recovered and banished the soothsayer who had told them what they wished to believe. Not so the French. They went on believing it and behaving as if it were true, and proceeded to rebuild their country, saying to themselves the Germans would have to pay for everything. The more they spent, the more the Germans would have to pay and the more it would hurt them.

The way of it was that the individual who had suffered losses in the war filed his claim with the French Government, and these claims were reviewed by the French Government as everybody expected and demanded—that is to say, in a spirit of enormous generosity. The people were not to be disappointed. They were to have new houses for old houses, new pigs for old pigs, new gardens, new garments, new furniture for old, other jewels for lost jewels—or the equivalent in money. And for a long time there was no check upon this having new for old at the Germans' expense.

When the French Government had allowed the claim it issued at once bonds to that amount. The individual exchanged his bonds for anything he wanted. What everybody forgot was that these bonds were a liability of the French Government and that the money it printed to redeem them with was French money—until, if, as and when the Germans could be made to pay. They forgot it purposely. The French Government treated the bonds it issued, the money it printed, and what it borrowed in the United States besides for purposes of reconstruction, as a German liability, setting it apart from the regular budget as recoverable from Germany.

There came to be rumors of scandal. Given the case, everybody spending what was believed to be German money and German credit, what would you expect? What scandalized the French was nothing they did collectively; it was what they did to one another. It was not always the war sufferer who got the money. Many of them sold out their claims to speculators and concessionaires who knew the way to the government's pocket. Then all responsibility disappeared in the simple difficulty that individuals could not be convicted without publicly exposing the fact that the French war bill was padded.

Besieging Paris With Padded Claims

LAST year the Carnegie Institute of Economics made a study of the French situation and produced a book entitled The French Debt Problem, by Harold G. Moulton. It is the best of all the studies so far, painstaking, detached and not unsympathetic. On page 150 read: "Excessive claims, padded bills and extravagant outlays were no doubt inevitable. In any country, whenever the government foots the bills, claims and charges are notoriously exorbitant. Where the bills are to be presented for payment to an enemy country, one can hardly expect greater restraint."

Then in a footnote: "A French commission was appointed in 1924 to investigate the extravagance connected with the awarding of claims. While this commission has made no official report, much material bearing on the problem is to be found in the Journal Officiel, documents parlementaires, Chambre, 1925. . . . The nature of the fraudulent transactions may be illustrated by the following cases:

"A certain farmer obtained 21,000 francs for his property, including claims for war damage, from a concessionaire, who in turn obtained 548,678 francs from the government. A certain sugar refinery was sold to a concessionaire for 366,000 francs and the latter was awarded a claim for 7,000,000 francs war damage. Two octogenarians sold their château with 200 hectares of land and timber for about 300,000 francs, plus a *rente viagère* of 80,000 francs; the concessionaire obtained from the government 5,000,000, as the replacement value of the property."

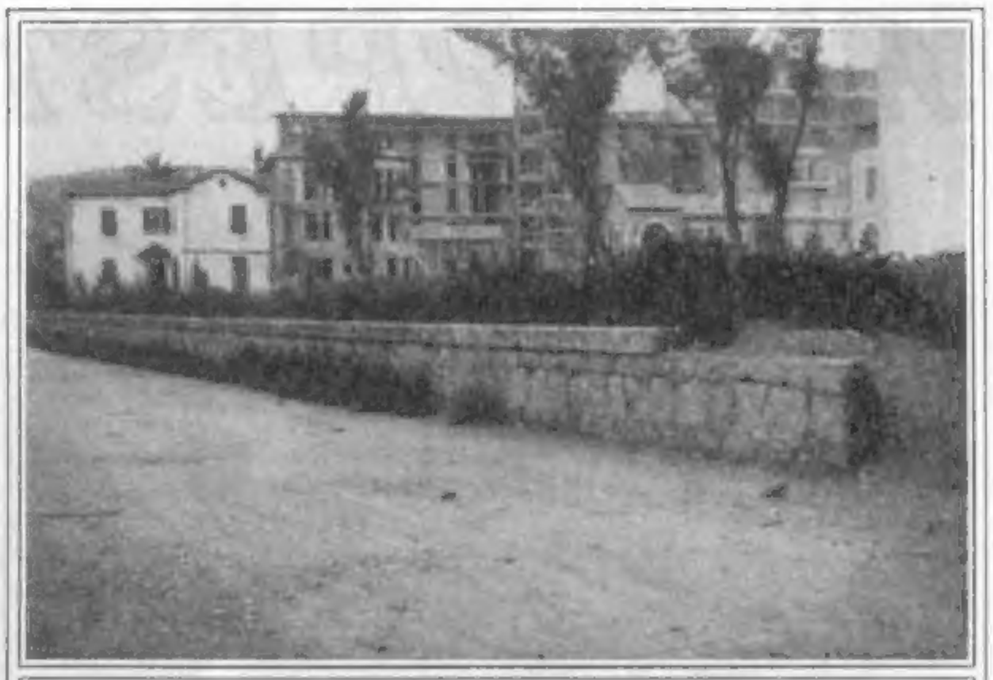
All was recoverable from Germany. Why should anyone care?

Wild Spending on Credit

THIS florescence of the French Government's printing press was simply inflation. If that were debatable, one could prove it by the type of its political and social effects, such as wild speculation, reckless spending, sudden riches, an unbalanced sense of values, a mania for borrowing. Public expenditures were increased in every direction, apart from the work of reconstruction—for public hygiene, for state and municipal utilities, for national electrification, for the general welfare. Credit was the wand and belonged to every hand.

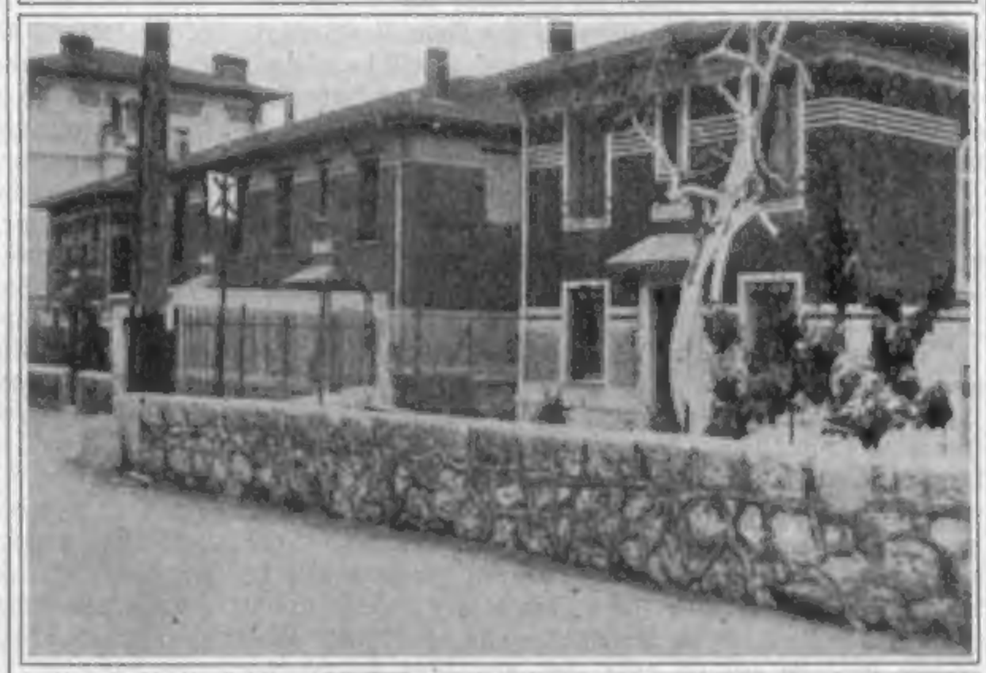
It had gone already very far, and from the prodigious output of bonds, and then of francs with which to pay the bonds, the public debt had become an unsightly edifice before anyone rationally realized how much easier it was to spend German reparations than to collect them. Germany's payments on account were disappointing and tardy. At length she was declared to have defaulted. Thereupon the French, followed by the Belgians, invaded the Ruhr. This adventure, besides further swelling the public debt, led to certain discoveries concerning the modern world. Military seizure was a method of the long past. The wealth of the Ruhr was not portable; nor could it be extracted like the wealth of a mine by the use of tame slaves, even provided that kind of labor were available. German reparations, if any, would represent not what Germany ought to pay, not what she could pay under a sense of guilt—which she had not—but

(Continued on Page 76)



New Apartment Buildings at St.-Sylvestre, Nice

New Houses Viewed From the Parc de Chambrun, Nice



Bungalows Costing About 250,000 Francs, on a New Street, St.-Maurice

A New Public Garage in Paris, Calling Itself the Largest in the World

A New Street at St.-Maurice, Nice

AND PRESTO—

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"And Now," He Said After Slipping Me an Inspective Whisper, "I am Going to Ask You, My Friend, to Kindly be So Kind as to Nail Me Up"

— R. M. — BRINKERHOFF —

AFTER the sheriff had seized what was left of my show, with the harsh remark that it was the same as seizing thirty-nine cents' worth of assorted monkeyshines, I went on to Great Rapids and accepted a position washing dishes in the Gem Restaurant, where the current of my life was changed, as will be related.

I had been working almost a week, when on Saturday evening the proprietor came up to me and said: "What do they call it on the stage when an actor is out of a job?"

I answered: "They generally say he is 'at liberty.'"

"Well," said the proprietor, "here are your week's wages, and if anybody asks you what you are doing you can tell them you are at liberty and it will be no lie."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"The matter is," he said, "that I feel uneasy while you are on the premises."

"I do not understand your action," was my comment, "because I am 100 per cent conscientious and have never been otherwise. In fact, the reason I went broke was because I paid a debt incurred by my assistant. Also, you know yourself that while here in your kitchen I have worked conscientiously and even rigged up a machine to wash dishes. And presto—here I am fired."

"Yes," he said, "you are right. You have got a conscience sticking out all over you, and that is just the trouble. When you told me your story and said you were a stranded prestidigitator, I gave you a job, thinking that now and then you might pull a deck of cards out of the cook's ear and chase away some of his grouches. But no. You simply stand around and act so conscientious that Tony tells me after he has spent a day in your vicinity he can't sleep nights for thinking of his two wives and five little children back in Greece. You have even got me. After looking at that long face of yours I get so that when I buy a package of chicory I feel like a criminal. You are ruining my business, and I wish when you walk out tonight you would take your conscience with you, so we won't have to stumble over it any more."

This was how it happened that at ten o'clock Saturday evening I found myself outside the ex-shoe store on State Street, where Sleason's Modern Miracle Show was finishing a three-continuous-nights engagement. As a matter of professional interest, I had wanted to attend this performance before, but duties at the Gem Restaurant had prevented.

Behind the shoe-store windows large colored posters showed Mr. Sleason in the act of catching money from the air, making a lady disappear from a table, and personally escaping from a large packing box, dressed as a demon and waving an American flag. From the store's interior came sounds of music and applause, though not so much of the latter. At a table in the doorway a Scandinavian character was seated.

I walked up and, presenting my card, asked for professional courtesies.

The Scandinavian character, whom I was later to know as Chris, looked at the card on both sides, held it up to the light, lit his pipe, and then said, "Ya, ay tank so." Thus, as there did not seem to be any objection, I walked in.

A platform had been erected at the end of the store and on this stood a person in a dress suit, whom I perceived to be none other than Mr. Sleason himself, though he did not look as handsome as the posters indicated. He was as big as a back drop, with a mustache in which he could have hid a couple of rabbits. But at the moment what attracted my attention was the fact that he was the politest magician I had ever seen on or off the stage.

He could not seem to turn around without begging somebody's pardon or asking their kind indulgence. Though always, as a matter of conscience, having tried to be polite to my audiences, I had never succeeded in being anything like that.

He finished the linking-ring trick he was doing, and then said: "There will now be an intermission of two minutes, after which the evening's entertainment will conclude with my sensational challenge escape from any packing box whatever, which has been securely nailed up by a gentleman freely selected from your number. And I am pleased to state for your approval that in this sensational challenge escape I will forfeit one hundred dollars to the gentleman nailing me up if I do not make my escape in the first thirty seconds, and one hundred dollars a minute for every minute afterward in which I remain in the box. And I will ask your indulgence to kindly be so kind as to keep your seats during the intermission, thanking you one and all."

And that was practically the last time I looked at the stage during the remainder of the performance, for the reason which follows:

I have already spoken about the music. This came from a roller organ turned by a young lady, and now, looking at this young lady for the first time, it was the same as if I had found something I had been looking for all my life. It was not because she was dressed like a Turkish harem, though such was the case, as the result of her having been an illusion earlier in the evening. It was the way her face went and a sad expression about the eyes, and the more I looked at her the more I had to keep on looking at her.

All the rest that happened on the platform was for me like something taking place miles off. I knew what Mr. Sleason was doing and I could hear him talking through the air holes of the freely examined packing box to the gentleman nailing him up, and saying:

"I want to be nailed up. Kindly be so kind as to clinch those nails over. If I do not succeed in escaping from the box in thirty seconds I will be pleased to forfeit a hundred dollars into your hands and a hundred dollars more for every additional minute." And I remember seeing the Scandinavian character, who had come in from outside, put a screen around the box. And about ten seconds later, I remember, I saw the screen knocked down, while Mr. Sleason appeared in a red-demon costume, waving an American flag and turning the box upside down to show that his dress suit had disappeared, while the roller organ played The Stars and Stripes Forever.

But, even at the time, all the above was hazy, for my real attention remained fixed on the girl.

She seemed to be about twenty years of age, with blond hair and gray eyes and hands well shaped, as, indeed, she was in all particulars. And I could have kept on looking at her for a couple of hours if I had not noticed that Mr. Sleason was wishing one and all a kind good night, and the crowd was beginning to brush past me to the door.

I had had a seat near the platform and not far from the organ; so, moving suddenly, before the young lady had a chance to get up, I stepped forward, presenting my card.

She looked at it, though not the way the Scandinavian character had done, and in a sweet voice asked: "Oh, are you in the profession?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," she replied, "I hope you're not as tired of it as I am."

It was not so much what she said; it was the way she said it. As I heard that voice I realized the current of my life had been changed, and it was my conscientious duty to do my best to get a job with Sleason's Modern Miracle Show.

II

BEING so excited that I let myself get pushed out the front door with the rest of the crowd, I paced up and down the street for about fifteen minutes, thinking of what I had better say next. When I came back the girl, whom I was later to know as Allie and who appeared in the illusions, and Chris, the Scandinavian character, were packing up the apparatus. I was much surprised to find Mr. Sleason not present.

"Hello," she said, looking up and seeing me. "Door or window? Or did you come up through a trap in the stage?"

After laughing a little, to let her see I knew she was joking, I asked about getting a job with the show, stating it would certainly be a pleasure to work with anybody so polite and courteous as Mr. Sleason.

"Must be lived through to be appreciated," was her rather short reply.

"Well," I suggested, "what is the chance?"

"The best in the world. The last assistant has just quit. Did you happen to see anybody with a black eye?"

"No," I said. "Did he have a black eye?"

"Not the last time I saw him, but he might have picked one up since." Here she gave a peculiar laugh, and Chris said, "Ya," and then, after lighting his pipe, added, "Ay tank so."

"What are the terms?" I asked.

"Well, you will see Mr. Sleason at the station. He will be full of good humor and courtesy and other things, and you ought to be able to arrange very favorable terms."

"That sounds good enough," I said. "Would you like to have me help you pack up?"

"Suit yourself," was the reply, and I started in.

I will here explain an interesting fact about my character, which is the result of my father being a conscientious parent of the old school who believed in educating his children up to his ideals, cost what it might to them. The result was that when I finally left the farm for a job in a garage my conscience was very highly developed. I soon found, however, there was no place for a conscience in the garage where I was employed, and, though given a chance to manage same, I quit this trade to become a magician. Here my conscience was easier, in spite of the drawback that while giving a magical entertainment you are constantly obliged to say things like "You see my right hand is empty," when all the time you have got a card stuck between the fingers, and so on.

But there is one part of the magic trade where it pays to be extremely conscientious, and that is in packing up apparatus; and the way I packed up Mr. Sleason's produced a marked effect on Allie and Chris.

They kept saying: "Throw the egg glass in there; jam those rings over in the big case." And when I insisted on arranging everything the way it ought to be arranged they were all confused, but full of admiration.

"You have too much conscience," Allie said. "It is a dead weight and will drag you down to the depths yet."

We reached the station shortly before midnight, and a little after, I had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Sleason.

He came into the waiting room full of good humor, and Allie had hardly introduced me when he gave me a job on the spot. Pulling a large roll out of his right-hand pants pocket, he said: "I want to know if you will accept a salary of fifty dollars a week to start."

I told him I did not conscientiously think I was worth as much as that.

"Yes," he said, smiling and nodding his head, "you are worth that and more. When you have been with me six months I am going to ask you to be courteous enough to accept a hundred dollars a week, and that will be underpaying you."

I did not know what to reply to this generous offer, and he went on: "I am the greatest reader of character in existence, and, looking into your eyes, I can see it is just as I suspected. You are destined to be the most famous magician the world has ever known. You will be more celebrated than Herrmann and Kellar and all the rest of them. It is an honor to shake you by the hand." And, replacing the roll in his pocket, he suited the action to the word.

Then, skipping across the room and smiling some more, he began to pull half dollars out of the white whiskers of an old gentleman seated opposite. And when he had done this for some time he went to sleep in the corner, still smiling. I have seldom been more favorably impressed than on this occasion, and after he had got into his sleeper and Allie and Chris and myself were in the day coach, I said as much.

Chris did not respond, except by a grunt, but Allie remarked in a dry way: "All the moonshine is not in bottles," and then, settling back, closed her eyes.

It was so agreeable to be near her and have the privilege of looking at her that the railroad journey passed like a dream. I did not even mind it much when Chris dropped his head on my shoulder and began to snore like ten o'clock in a boiler factory. I thought I would be satisfied to go through life working for Mr. Sleason if only I could always be with Allie.

It was a little after six in the morning when we arrived at our destination. We climbed out and I was wondering what hotel we would go to when Mr. Sleason appeared.

Here, for the benefit of my readers, I will insert the fact that I have never in my life used invective language of any description. As above described, I was brought up by a conscientious parent who spared no pains whenever he caught one of his children talking invectively. Moreover, my opinion of Mr. Sleason was such that I was not at all prepared for what happened next.

"Well," he said, coming up to me and Chris, and with a face that rasped the same as his voice, "what in the—invective—do you think I am paying you for anyhow? To stand around on the depot platform and give the—invective—section hands a treat? Rustle those—invective—trunks out and don't lose any—invective—time about it either!"

I felt as though I had received a blow on the head, and if at this minute I had not happened to be reminded of my conscientious duty by seeing Allie, I might have said something in reply. As it was, after a little thinking I saw that the best way I could protect this girl from the dangers of her surroundings was by keeping in good health as the result of exercise before breakfast.

So I followed Chris to the trunks.

III

IT WAS about a month later that we reached Pearl City, arriving there shortly before the convention of the Antiprofanity League.

If my first evening with the Modern Miracle Show had seemed like a dream, the period on the road following was more like a nightmare. Instead of having a chance, as I had hoped, to exhibit a little refined sleight of hand, I got nothing but hard and dirty work. And often, when all the regular stuff was done, Mr. Sleason would shove a broom into my hand and say: "Here is your opportunity to do a bit of up-to-date legerdemain. See if you can't make all that—invective—dust disappear with a few magic gestures."

And when I was not carrying trunks or sweeping or taking tickets or arranging the chairs or getting ready the apparatus, I would be out in front turning the roller organ and playing Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching, or Silver Threads Among the Gold, or The Stars and Stripes Forever. And as often as I would take advantage of a minute's leisure to show Mr. Sleason what I could do with a half dollar in a series of refined coin passes, he would make such comments as: "That is pretty good for a hamateur. You must have played somewhere for one continuous night. I'll bet you keep your audience guessing—guessing when you are going to stop. Pat yourself on the head ten times and see if a ten-dollar note comes out of your mouth."

The only time he was polite and not invective was when he had an audience before him or some liquor inside him.

Still it would not have been so bad if we had ever been paid; but Mr. Sleason never took his roll from his right-hand pants pocket, except to pay railroad fares and bills at third-class hotels. He owed me almost two hundred dollars; he owed Allie more, as she had been with the show for nearly three months; and, outside of a can of tobacco now and then, you might say that Chris had not been paid since the start.

This last was the most unjust of all, because Chris was a good carpenter and mechanic, and, in fact, had made the packing box used by Mr. Sleason in his sensational challenge escape. It was well made, too, with the revolving panel defying detection; and no ordinary examination would reveal the hiding place on the inside where Mr. Sleason secreted his dress suit. In fact, it looked like what Mr. Sleason stated it to be—any packing box whatever

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"That is the Trouble With You," She Said, Her Eyes Flashing; "You Have Got a Conscience"

Pulling a Large Roll Out of His Right-Hand Pants Pocket, He Said: "I Want to Know if You Will Accept a Salary of Fifty Dollars a Week to Start"

A View of Automobile Racing Through a Champion's Eyes

An Interview With Peter De Paolo, 1925 A. A. A. Title Holder

By WILLIAM F. STURM

THERE are three types of American Automobile Association supervised automobile tracks in America. These are the mile and half-mile dirt tracks which were built and are used for horse racing the major part of the time, the board speedways and the Indianapolis speedway, which differs from the board courses in that it is four-cornered, is built of brick and is two and a half miles around, and is not so steeply banked as the board courses

Two of the finest dirt tracks to be found in this country are those at Bakersfield, California, and at Syracuse, New York.

Three-A Rule

THE Indianapolis course is unique in that it holds only one race each year—the 500-mile international sweepstakes on Memorial Day. The races on the board speedways vary from ten miles to 300 miles. In order to attain high speed the board tracks are banked to as much as forty-nine degrees on the turns. The Indianapolis track has its four corners banked between sixteen and seventeen degrees for five-sixths of their width and a trifle more than thirty-six degrees for the remaining sixth, which is the upper part of the curve and never used by the drivers, unless to avoid a wreck or avoid being wrecked themselves.

Lining Up for the Start of the Atlantic City 500-Mile Race on May 1, 1926. The Turn Into the Front Stretch is Shown in the Distance. Bob McDonough, Who Broke Many Records in This Race, is Shown Standing in Front of Car No. 4 in Knickers and Sweater

At Left—Bennie Hill's Pit at Altoona, Signaling Him That Car No. 14 is Two Seconds Ahead of Him. The Man in the Foreground May Be Seen With Two Stop Watches Catching Hill's Time. The Wrenches are on the Pit Wall Ready for Any Eventuality

When it is known that a ninety-degree angle is a vertical line, a forty-five degree angle just halfway between vertical and horizontal, the extreme bank of the forty-five to forty-nine degree tracks can be realized. At Indianapolis and on the flat dirt tracks, driving skill is still a prime requisite; but on the boards, skill in a measure gives way to pure speed.

In order to get the picture of speedway racing, it is well to know that all speedway races are run under the sanction of the contest board of the American Automobile Association. This control is necessary for several reasons: The A. A. A. requires that speedway and dirt-track owners make their tracks as safe as possible for the drivers and spectators. It requires that a minimum total purse of $100 for each mile of racing be offered—$25,000 for a 250-mile race—and that the prize money be placed in the hands of the referee before the race starts. In addition to this, the Three-A officials have complete charge of the race; they examine the drivers to make certain that they are in perfect physical condition; they examine the cars to be sure they are not larger than the maximum motor size permitted; they examine the track for safety. During the running of the race they are the law. The Medes and the Persians had nothing on a Three-A race official when it comes to immutability.

Every driver that participates in a Three-A race must register himself and his car with that body. He may not participate in any race not sanctioned by the A. A. A., or permit his car to participate. Three-A officials may rule a driver out of a race for improper driving or for having a car that imperils the other drivers; they watch all stops at the pits and make an accurate record of the time spent and the work done; they can stop a race during a dangerous period and start it again where it left off; they can postpone a race to a later date; they can determine previously to a race what number of the originally scheduled miles shall constitute a race if for weather reasons or nonsafety of the course the race must be stopped.

Incentive

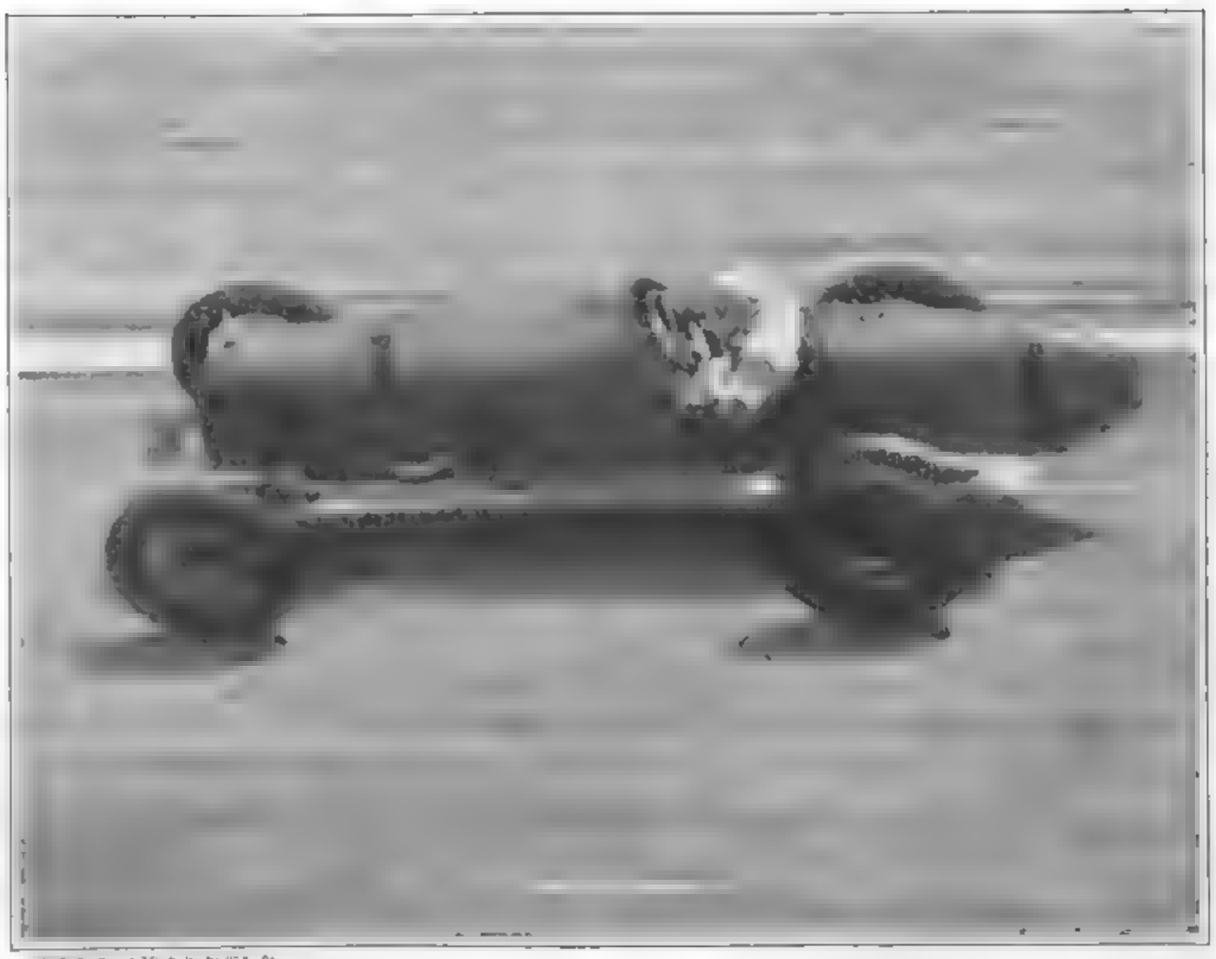
THREE-A control insures a good entry list for all of the race meets scheduled. This is arranged by so allotting the dates that the drivers may enter all races in consecutive order and not have to make long jumps in so doing. Since there are no competitive, sanctioned speedway race meets on the same day, there is every incentive for registered drivers to attend all the meets. It is compulsory that the first five in the championship standing do so.

After the May tenth date at Charlotte, we go direct to Indianapolis, the biggest race in the world. Previous experience has told me some of my problems. My normal procedure is to unload my car from the express car, in which it has been shipped with two or three or as many as five other cars, tow it across the road to the speedway, change the board-track gear to one I think is right for the bricks and then try the car out. Contrary to what many believe, a high gear does not necessarily mean high speed. Automobiles are just like bicycles used to be—there is such a thing as getting the gear so high that it takes too much power to pull it; so much, in fact, that a lower gear will be much faster. In automobile racing, the gear that will permit the engine to deliver the most power at a given number of revolutions is the gear to use. The drivers do not agree on the gearing of their cars. The cars have peculiarities. I may decide that a 4.5 to 1 gear is what I need, while another driver may decide that he will use a 4.25 to 1. His car is built just like mine, but, like people, motors

are different, and drivers' ideas are different too.

With the gear changed to what I consider proper, I next go about adjusting my carburetor. In racing only one adjustment is made at a time, if one is to determine the effect of making changes. By that I mean that we don't make both a carburetor and a gear change at one and the same time. Instead we make one, satisfy ourselves on it and then make the next one. With the gear and the carburetor setting definitely settled, my crew wheels the car into the garage and tears it down soup to nuts, as the drivers say it. It may have gone only 400 miles in practice and racing at the last stand, but another big race is on and it must be gone over thoroughly. Every part is inspected as it is taken down. Each part that comes off is put into its proper place on the workbench. This proper place on the bench is always the same with my outfit, whether the workbench be in Culver City, Altoona, Fulford, Fresno, Indianapolis, Salem or Charlotte. The engine comes in for a close scrutiny. The valves are cleaned of all carbon, as are the piston heads, for a racing car accumulates this carbon just as does the pleasure vehicle. The valves are carefully ground. As the car comes down a check is made of the parts that don't look as well as they might. These are replaced as the car is again built up. Each part, as it is put back, is carefully examined for flaws. Personally I examine the front axle and the steering mechanism with a high-power microscope to see that there are no flaws. I try not to just hope there will be no flaws—I look to see that there are none.

There is only one way to put a car back correctly—that is in the way it will work at its highest efficiency. The valves which open to let in a charge of gas must open just at the right time, not a thousandth part of a second too soon nor a thousandth part too late. The power in an automobile is derived from a spark which occurs in the top of the cylinder. But a spark just any old time won't do. It can't come too soon or too late; it must come right on the dot, when the vaporized gas is compressed to its limit.



Peter De Paolo at Atlantic City, Going at Full Speed in the Car With Which He Won the 1926 American Automobile Association Championship

Efficiency

WHAT I am pointing out is that a motor must be fitted together so that each part operates perfectly in conjunction with every other part. By this synchronization the best results are obtained.

There really is nothing mysterious about the operation of an automobile motor; nothing that, if explained, every automobile owner cannot grasp. The racing automobile has nothing to set it apart, other than its efficiency. The engines of all practical cars of today are four-cycle, though experiments are now being made with two-cycle racing cars. A four-cycle motor is one which takes four movements of the piston to complete one operation.

These movements are: (1) Draw the gas into the cylinder, (2) compress it, (3) fire it for the power stroke and (4) expel the burned residue.

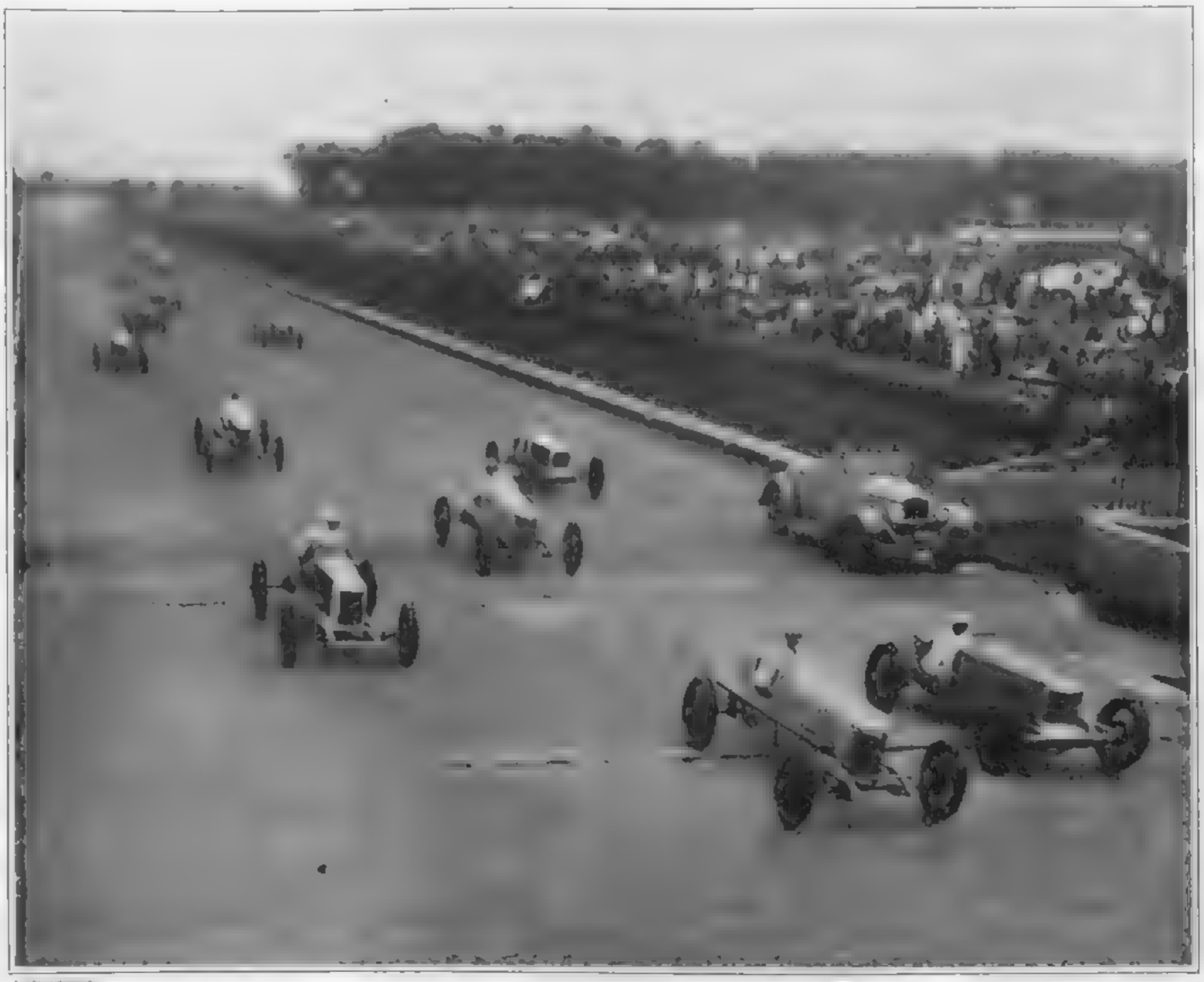
With the piston at the top of its stroke, ready to begin operations, this process follows: As the piston moves downward the vaporized gasoline is drawn through the intake valve by the suction, the intake valve being open on this downward stroke. Most passenger cars and practically all racing cars have one intake valve and one exhaust valve to each cylinder.

When the piston reaches the bottom of its stroke the intake valve, which has supplied the gas, closes and remains closed as the piston moves upward in the act of compressing the gas. At the top of this compression stroke the spark plug functions, and the resultant spark ignites the gas and causes the explosion which forces the piston downward, both intake and exhaust valves being closed at this time.

On the return upward stroke of the piston the exhaust valve is open and the burned gas is forced out.

Figures are rather intriguing, and anyone handy with a lead pencil may get some interesting results if he wishes to figure out just how much work a racing motor performs in a given time. The crank shaft in the present cars of 91.5 cubic inches piston displacement revolves at a speed as high as 6500 times a minute. The crank shaft is the main shaft of the engine, to which are attached pistons, through the medium of connecting rods. Ordinary folks don't have much trouble with crank shafts, so they know little about them, but service-station conversation and the exchange of money for stuck pistons and twisted connecting rods have made the latter two items more familiar. The crank shaft is offset under each piston, so that as the shaft revolves it accomplishes the end of moving the piston down and up for each complete turn of the shaft. At 6500 revolutions of the crank shaft a minute the piston moves downward 6500 times and upward 6500 times. The remarkable feature of this downward and upward movement is that the piston must stop and change direction at the end of each of its strokes.

Since only one stroke out of every four is a power stroke, there are 3250 explosions in each cylinder in a minute, approximately fifty-four a second. The intake valve opens 3250 times a minute to let the gas in and closes the same number of times to keep it in. The exhaust valve opens and closes the same number of times.



The Pacing Car Driven by Louis Chevrolet Drawing Off the Track at Indianapolis on May 31, 1926, After Having Led the Cars Around for the Preliminary Lap From Which They Took a Flying Start

High Speed

MORE and more the race track has come to be considered the crucible of the automobile factory engineer. If steel stands up under racing conditions it is much more likely to do so under normal usage. If a certain design weathers the pounding of the track, it will more than weather the use to which the average owner subjects his car. And so on.

There have come to be so many major-league drivers that the board tracks won't hold them all in one race. Qualification trials are necessary to decide the lucky eighteen for the board tracks, and thirty-three for Indianapolis. One at a time, the drivers are permitted

(Continued on Page 142)

George H. Jay and the Wyke Will-o'-the-Wisp

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Pardon Me, Dear Lady," Entreated George H., "But I am Interested in a Man of That Caliber. I Admit It"

TO THOSE students of the career of Mr. George Henry Jay, agent, of 5 Finch Court, Southampton Row, London, who embrace the notion that George's was not so much an ordinary career as a procession of more or less glittering successes, it should be stated at once that such was not the case. It was, indeed, so very little the case that George H. at almost any period of said career would have sold, for cold cash, his business to almost anybody who cared for and could pay for such a thing as a first-class, high-priced and high-speed agency business.

That he never actually sold it can only be attributed to the fact that the supply of these concerns must have been rather in excess of the demand for them. Or perhaps—as Mr. Jay himself professed to believe—the work was so peculiarly personal that even a child in such matters could have seen that, devoid of George H. behind it, the business would be about as effective as a swordfish without a sword fitted to its face or a shark bait without a large, heavy meat hook embedded in it.

It is true that George H. came flying ashore to the golden sands on the top wave of a considerable winning sometimes, and that he kind of staggered through a heavy sea to the comparatively ungolden beach of a semi-winning quite frequently. But also he found himself caught around the ankles in the gluesome grip of the grim old quicksand called write-it-off much more often than he cared about.

The small matter of Sir Tomas Wyke's real estate near that flourishing and high-priced seaside resort called Bournemouth—the well-managed place where the wise old city fathers take care that the visitor pays for everything, including sometimes a good per cent of the permanent residents' car fare—afforded to Mr. Jay a very marked reminder of how excessively easy it is for a skillful and up-to-date agent to receive it less in the ever-ready wallet or the gaping bank account than in the rear of the place where Phyllis fain would wear best Brazilian diamonds instead of the wonderful Oriental Neerli Pearls with which, for the present, she is compelled to make—as it were—shift.

If it had been an ordinary everyday business reverse, George Henry could have taken it with a smile as being merely a part of ordinary everyday business. No business man expects to make a sweet little profit every time. No; that would be unreasonable. Yes.

But the case of Sir Tomas was hardly an everyday affair. George H. took great pains and really excessive trouble to do his best for Sir Tomas—let his great big heart run away with him in fact—went out of his way—dipped his hand into his own pocket—made a special matter of specially obliging the old fool—sowed quite a lot of good seed of that kind—and harvested not wheat but thistles, and those of a quality so lacking in succulence that any ass considering them worth while wasting breath to bray about would have been an utter one. And that is how it goes in the agency business these days.

A sharp-set party from Manchester started things. He oozed into gentle Mr. Jay's affairs one afternoon like thin oil—so thin that you could almost have called it acid if you were an acid merchant. Gus Golding, George Henry's comparatively confidential clerk, brought the glad news to the inner office one afternoon when Mr. Jay was glancing through the Agony Column of The Times on the chance of finding someone sufficiently agonized to need the services of a high-class hard-boiled agent for a while.

"A Mr. Humber Clamm to see you, sir. No appointment," stated Gus.

"Is that so, Gus, my boy?" said Mr. Jay absently; then he put down the paper and called in the loose ends of his mind. "Humber Clamm, hey? And what might he be like, my boy?"

"Just the usual North Country grab-all, sir. About fifty, gray as a hungry badger, hard as Christian charity and cold as quarter day. Might be after anything, but brings nothing—for us, sir."

"Perhaps I'm the best judge of that, my child," chided George H. mildly. "You never know what a man from the north may have. They usually bring it with them—ha-ha! The north is no place in which to leave valuable property behind without a protector. Better show him in and I'll see what there is I can do for him."

But in spite of his bland cheerfulness, the genial George instantly found himself admitting withinward that Mr. Clamm was by no means a likely-looking prospect. He bit off his speech too much like a hungry young athlete biting off celery or a steel trap catching rats; his eyes were too cold and small and steady; his gray hair was too wiry. And the corners of his grim mouth sagged down so close-clipped and sharply that, for a few seconds, the blandly beaming Jay could not distinguish the ends of his lips from the beginnings of his wrinkles—or, as the more optimistic of ladykind prefer it, his dimples.

Yet before he had said more than a few words the naturally watchful George perceived that there might yet be business hovering near, for he realized that if Humber was overhard he was possibly overconfident.

"This shrewd gentleman has been permitted to have his own way a great deal, I notice," mused Mr. Jay, as he beamed restrainedly. "Perhaps even a little too much. Well, well, we shall see," he promised himself, and concentrated on what Mr. Clamm was saying:

"I have been recommended to you as a smart man, Mr. Jay."

"Hardly smart," demurred George, apparently with a touch of pain. "I aim at reliability, not smartness," he explained.

"I want both. I'm told you've got both. I have a commission to offer you." George cocked the triggers of both ears at the sound of the grand old word "commission." "I needn't go into unnecessary detail explaining why a south countryman will suit me in this matter better than my regular people," continued Mr. Clamm. "Take that for granted. . . . Now there is at —— You understand that this is strictly confidential, that on no account ——"

George H. Jay stayed him with a large, white, rather authoritative hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Clamm, you must allow me to explain that privacy—strict, instant and permanent—is the staff of life of my business."

"Quite so. I know. Well, listen. There is on the west side of Bournemouth—near Branksome Chine, the swell residential part—a piece of property of about fifty acres area belonging to Sir Tomas Wyke. Except for Sir Tomas' seaside residence, it is not built on, though there are a good many high-class residences adjoining it."

Mr. Jay nodded. "Yes, I know," he said easily. It was true, too—he did know, for Mr. Clamm had just told him so and he believed the gentleman.

"You know, hey?" Clamm seemed surprised.

"Who doesn't, Mr. Clamm? It's my business to know about things of that sort." George Henry laughed, a rich, friendly sort of laugh. "What sort of an agent would I be if I didn't know that, do you figure?"

"Humph! Well, I'm a buyer of that land—at any figure up to five hundred pounds an acre, Mr. Jay."

George H. nodded without much enthusiasm. "There are a good many buyers available for that bit of land," he said. It was a fairly obvious morsel of information, but he played it. Naturally enough, he had never heard of the land or its owner, Sir Tomas Wyke, before; but one doesn't require to advertise what one doesn't know—not so long as one has a few true friends to do it for one.

"Apart from that, Mr. Clamm, you have to remember that Sir Tomas is a well-to-do man." That was a safe enough guess, for clearly Humber Clamm was prepared to make Sir Tomas one. "And not altogether an easy man to persuade against his will," continued the Squire of Finch Court, watching Mr. Clamm much more closely than he seemed to be doing—and adding quite inaudibly, "or you wouldn't be wishing the task onto me."

"You know the sour old crab then?" queried Mr. Clamm, obviously chagrined.

"It is my job—ha-ha!—to know them all," explained Mr. Jay. "I seem to remember, in the old days, shooting with him," he hazarded brilliantly. "And a very pretty shot he was—in the old days."

"Oh, did you—did you though? Well, that ought to help," grudged Mr. Clamm, thought for a moment, then cut things short. "Well, you seem to know as much as I do about it. Tell me then, in few words, can you buy that land for me, and, if so, how much under my limit?"

George H. smiled. "I don't know," he said frankly. "I don't often express opinions in cases like this. But for once in a way I'll break my rule, and say to you, in just so many words, I think I may be able to persuade the old fellow—not such a crab as he's painted, mark you—to part with it and for a considerable sum under your limit."

Mr. Clamm's eyes gleamed. "But that's an opinion, not a promise. I never promise what I am not sure I can perform. But"—George leaned forward, smiling—"I'll say this: You have picked on the right man to handle the thing with old Tomas Wyke, the queer old codger." He shook an affectionately indulgent head. "Not so crabbed as he seems, when you get to know him, I assure you."

"Well, I'm glad of that, at least." Mr. Clamm pinched off a smile and accepted a cigar from the box George H. thrust easily toward him.

Then the gentle one became businesslike again. But Clamm was quite ready with those evidences of his good faith which Mr. Jay quite frequently felt it wise to require; and when presently they parted, leaving it an understood thing that George H. would shortly communicate, they were on admirable terms—seemed almost sorry to leave each other in fact.

For a few moments the gentle Jay leaned back in his chair reflecting.

"There is a large mousetrap concealed under Clamm's information or I am no judge of mousetraps," he told himself, smiling a little. "Though, of course, it may prove that he merely requires a large-size miracle worked—at 10 per cent commission to the operator—myself. Yes!" He nodded cheerfully. "He has come to me as a forlorn hope. None of his ordinary business handlers would let him bring a proposal like this to me if they could do anything about it themselves. No. Must watch my step."

He rose, and notifying the alert Golding to look up the afternoon trains to Bournemouth, issued forth from Finch Court to visit one or two places where he conceived it possible that additional knowledge concerning Sir Tomas Wyke, his lady and his land might be acquired by a fairly practiced acquirer.

But when, later in the day, he established himself solidly in the comfortable padded corner of a first-class railway carriage, there was so little enthusiasm in his general air that to one who knew him it would have been abundantly plain that if he had gleaned any further information at all, it was not of a character which had set him thrilling.

He looked like having the whole carriage all to himself for the trip, a good omen and the way he often liked things—all to himself—but a minute before starting, he perceived that this was not to be so, for a lady in furs arrived. She had thrown out an advance skirmisher in the form of a fat bustling railway porter, she was flanked by a smart lady's maid on her left and a crisp chauffeur on her right. Her rear guard consisted of two spare porters heavily overburdened with baggage.

A ticket collector made haste to open the door, and she paused for a moment, pensively studying the luxurious interior of the carriage and the general appearance of the gentleman adorning it.

George Henry, perceiving that someone of great importance—to somebody—was due to enter unto him, rose politely and put a suitcase which could not possibly be in her way, onto the rack. Also he threw away half a cigarette and opened a window. Apparently the lady in furs approved of these manifestations of a willing heart, for she said in a rather thin but very clear voice that this carriage would do.

She entered and all the others ran about a little, disposing of the baggage, prior to parading for pay before the chauffeur. The maid handed in a variety of things without which, obviously, madam could not possibly travel; and having hovered a few seconds, making quite sure that madam had her cigarette case, her eighteen-inch cigarette holder, her rug, her expensive-looking bale of fashionable periodicals and her novel, showed madam's ticket to the ticket inspector—who seemed greatly gratified by this small courtesy—and so closed the door and went away not unjauntily to her own carriage somewhere close by.

The train glided out and the butterfly looked at the bee.

"That was nice of you—to throw away your cigarette," she said. "But please smoke if you wish to."

She was extremely pretty, in an experienced sort of way. The gentle George briefly expressed, in a few well-chosen words, his gratitude; and having adjusted the heating arrangements of the carriage, set the windows to her taste, held a match for her cigarette and committed a few odds and ends of polite attention of that description, took, as it were, a bit of a rest in his corner, wondering if she was likely to prove at all chatty en route.

It appeared presently that she was in a talkative humor, and by the time they had covered two-thirds of the journey, George would not have exchanged what he had gleaned from her charming, insouciant prattle for a considerable weight of money. She explained that she was going to Bournemouth because she wished to breathe a little air for a change from breathing pure motor-exhaust vapor in London.

Sliding easily down one conversational terrace after another, gentle George, rather considerably to his surprise, presently heard himself stating that he was perfectly willing, even anxious, to be permitted to purchase four dozen of a certain sherry from a firm strongly recommended by the lady. She booked the statement in a fairylike gold-bound notebook and began to try to sell him a car.

But, fortunately, George had bought cars before—from avid-eyed and eager salesmen, prone to perspiration. It was the first time he had been hunted for his motor money by a person like a princess, and he deemed it time to change the conversation. He realized that he had all but fallen into the slender hands of a lady who, for all her airs and graces, knew the meaning of the word "commission" as well as he did. Gus Golding could have put a crispish label to her in a few seconds.

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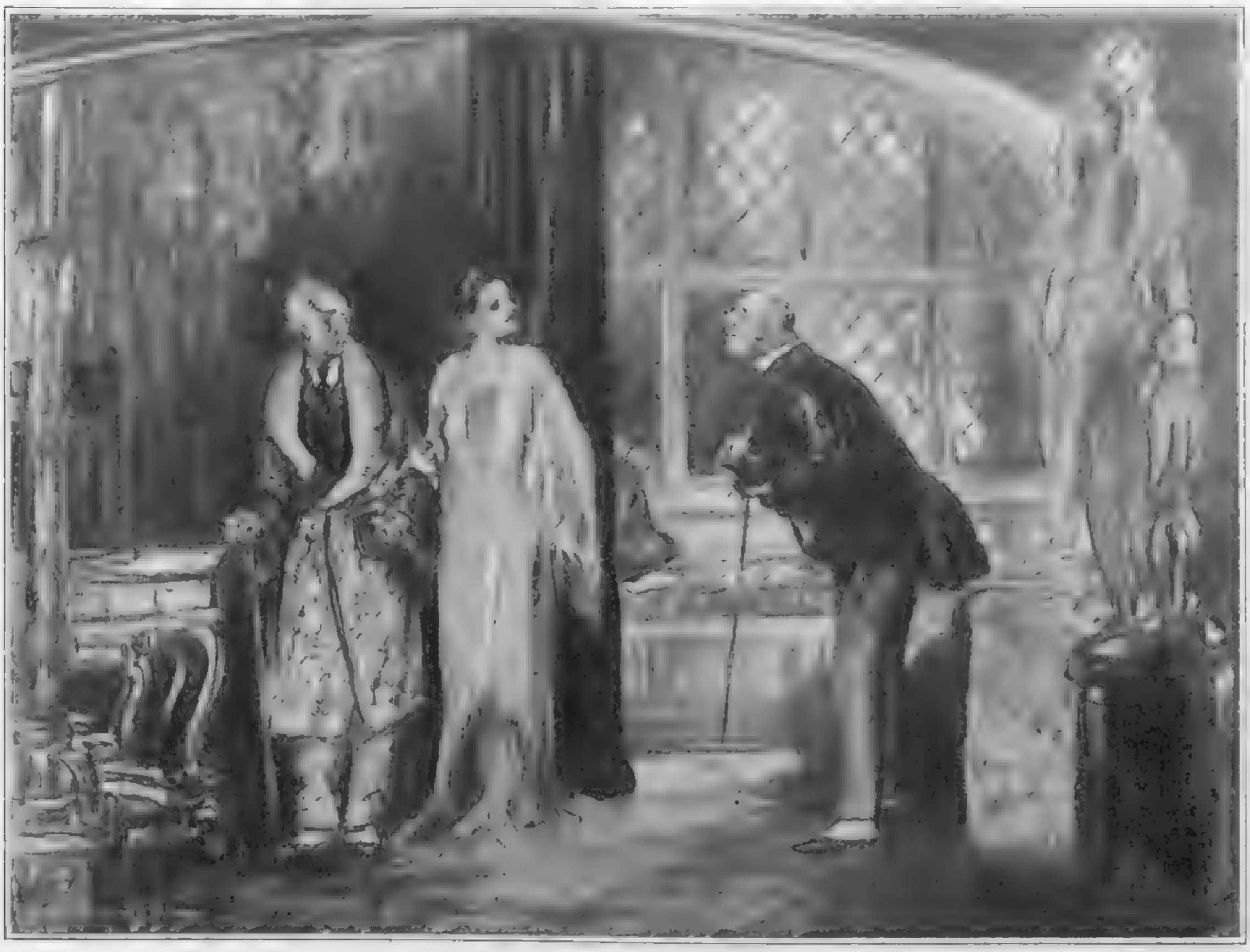

"You Would Like to Come and See My Orchids, While Sir Tomas Has His Rest, Wouldn't You?" She Said, as Invitingly as Wistfully

LORDS OF THE ATLAS

By Wythe Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

THE muezzin on the minaret of the lofty Koutoubia Mosque soon would send out that musical evening call that makes Christian listeners remember Gregorian chants but commands Islam to prayer. The sun dropped visibly. In Africa, at no matter what season, twilight is only momentary before day is quenched. The city, a harbor of the Sahara, the end of the long road from the limitless burning sands, and crouching low under great snow-peaked mountains, is well called Marrakesh the Red.

The street dust was rose-hued; the squat buildings shimmered scarlet; golden shafts tipped the palm forest, just beyond the monstrous loopholed ramparts that begin to crumble after a thousand years. The Koutoubia deepened to the shade of dried blood. The nearest peaks, fifty miles distant, seemed to hover directly above. Their color changed from pink to violet, then to ultramarine. The muezzin gave the call, and except for an echoing response from the smaller mosques, the city was still.

Lieut. Lucien Delorme, volunteer airman with the forces fighting the Riff tribes in North Morocco, but now on leave, sat on the dusty terrace of the dingy Café de France. He had arrived two days before from the camp at Fez, accepting an invitation from his friend Laferrière, director of survey for the south district of the protectorate, rather than face the February chills of Paris.

During the World War, Delorme, now only twenty-seven, had been too young to soar higher into aviation than the rank of mechanic at the training field near Tours. Later he had scaled all the heights, until frequently he alternated with army lieutenants over in America the title of world speed king. So in Paris he had been an *enfant gâté*, waxing rather stout and puffy, until the Americans wrested the title definitely away.

There were sufficient army airmen in Morocco; nevertheless, volunteering had been excellent publicity with which to bolster waning prestige. He was not popular with the regulars—too many reporters and photographers hovered about him to make that possible—but he really was a superb pilot. His girth became normal, and he was completely under the spell of the country, fascinated by its shrouded secrets This new, quite different Lieut. Lucien Delorme summoned the frowzy café waiter and ordered a second vermouth. The call of the muezzin died away and Marrakesh again stirred to life.

He Lifted Her Quickly, Keeping His Arms About Her and Turning Her Toward Him. For a Long Time They Looked Into Each Other's Eyes

The Café de France directly faces that immense, mysterious gathering place, the Djemaa el Fna, or Place of Ghosts. Delorme listened as it again found voice—that same voice it has spoken for centuries, as yet unstrangled by the folds of Occidental civilization that now envelops the Cherifian Empire. It is the voice of composite Africa, barbaric, mellow, haunting; haunting as the music of the hautboys and tom-toms that always accompany it, but floating clear as though in a separate air stratum. Delorme paid for his drink and strolled across into the rubble and dust

Only a few minutes before dark, Laferrière had gone to his new cream-colored stucco house at Gueliz, the European quarter, to change after a day in the *bled*, that plain still unmarked by fence or tree which stretches from the city for a hundred miles. Although winter, the sun heat had been more than a hundred degrees, and at lunchtime not even the thin shade of a palm could be found. Delorme, tired and soiled, had considered the extra mile of hard dusty road with disfavor, so had lingered at the café. A fellow officer with a car might pick him up, or he could find a *fiacre*. Now he was late; the figures in Djemaa el Fna already were misty, ghostly, in flowing robes blending from magnificence to the filthy rags of beggars.

Thousands surrounded him, the great floating population that throughout centuries has toiled, struggled, during days, weeks, even months, to reach this antithesis of Mecca. Proud camel caravans, from the Sous and the rich Tafilalet Oasis, far beyond the mighty Atlas range; crawling mule trains from everywhere across those perilous passes on the edge of the eternal snows; fat merchants on donkeys, wretched nomads afoot—all arrived at the same goal—Djemaa el Fna, the Broadway, Piccadilly or Place de l'Opéra for all Africa, which takes all to its dusty bosom by sweltering day and starlit night.

Delorme pushed through rapidly. The place is unlighted except for the feeble rays from the Café de France and from the Bureau des Postes, facing the lower end. The day inhabitants—venders of dates, oranges, nuts, grains, all that Africa has to sell; the barbers, cloth weavers, leather traders, iron forgers—had long disappeared. Djemaa el Fna now belonged to the dancers, acrobats, snake charmers keef smokers, magicians, musicians. Story tellers related enchanting legends illustrating the prophet's power. Enthralled listeners gathered in circles, front rows squatting in the dust, others kneeling or standing.

Madani Was Standing Erect in the Center of the Narrow Way, the Sun Falling Full on His Dark Regular Features

From the center came melody, monotonous sounds caused by beating cymbals and tom-toms, the same notes over and over again, until monotony gave way to hypnosis. Delorme was drawn to it, despite his determination to hurry. Occasionally it ceased and an exhorter would leap about, shouting from the middle of the circle, then sinking face downward to the ground, while the instruments recommenced the somnolent chant. The officer halted on the outer fringe, but was gradually pushed in by the bodies crowding about him.

A voice, in halting French, whispered an invitation to the near-by Street of the Dancers, to the veritable Café Maure, where temptations are presented such as not elsewhere in all the world. The young man pushed away the clutching arm and pressed farther forward. The exhorter was again on his feet, a weird figure in the flickering light of a candle held by someone in front. He was tall, lean, heavily pitted from smallpox, like so many Arabs, one eye blind—also a common Arab affliction—but with a fine aquiline profile and high intelligent forehead.

Delorme understood, from his scanty knowledge of Arabic, that a collection was being suggested. Again the music, as the man passed about, arms outstretched, palms of the hands joined. Some gave pieces of bread, others dates. There were a few small copper coins. From a shapeless mass of spotless white, standing next to Delorme, a shapely strong-looking bronzed hand held out a nickel coin, a ten-sou piece, and a low contralto voice asked for change.

The man squatted down in the dust while making the count. Rising, he faced Delorme; but, recognizing a European, was about to pass on. Before he could move away the officer hastily drew out a silver franc and placed it in his hand. He stared at it in amazement, then at Delorme, who smiled and shook his head, indicating that he did not want change. The man spun about, holding the franc high up and calling upon all to see. A whole franc had been given to him, and by one of the hated, usurping French! The officer realized that for once the Christian was being

praised rather than cursed by Moslem lips. The man began to run crazily about the circle, talking rapidly, still holding the coin above his head. The music droned on and on.

Delorme trembled, then shook himself to make sure that the scene was real, that the fellow was not a charlatan, or that it was not all a mirage, such as comes to the keef smokers. An American with dollars in Germany during the crash of the mark might have flung a billion to a beggar - a German billion, then worth about as much as Delorme's franc—and have had no greater sensation. The officer turned to go, turned to that shapeless mass of spotless white at his right, and found himself gazing into those mysterious, sometimes sinister, always intriguing, eye slits of a veiled woman of Islam.

He was so close that he brushed her robes. He drew back, when someone beyond her jostled. He felt the give of her garments, sensed the softness of her, as she staggered against him. She was tall for a woman; her eyes were almost level with his own when, as she steadied herself, he gestured an apology. Her eyes held him when he tried to go—big, dark, soft and lustrous eyes, staring at him from behind that mask of death white. The eyes seemed to twinkle into a smile, but he could not be sure, so blank was all the rest of her. He moved, when to his astonishment she stepped toward him, the eyes still peering into his own. Then the same soft contralto voice that he had heard ask for change whispered, "*Bon soir, mon lieutenant.*"

He gasped and pushed his way rapidly to the fringe of the circle. There he looked back, to find the ghostly figure still turned in his direction. He had a vague fear, and placed himself in line with several dusky Moors, who seemed to pay no attention, where he could still watch. The line of race and caste is drawn strictly. It would not do—in fact it might be dangerous—for a French officer to talk with a veiled native woman alone in Djemaa el Fna.

Delorme asked himself a number of questions. How did it happen that the native woman knew French and the use of the possessive pronoun with a military rank—my lieutenant? How did she recognize his rank? How dared she speak to him, even in a whisper, with her own people crowded all about? Who could she be, or what? Did she come from the Street of the Dancers? Perhaps that was it; she was agent for one of those persuasive pavilions of Phryne, out on the search.

Occidental civilization advanced, Delorme thought, if these mediums of the half world had begun to speak French. He saw the woman thread her way out of the crowd, coming toward him. He paid no attention, but stared at the Arab turban on the head directly before him. He sensed her pass. He heard her laughter, mocking, deep-throated, musical. He again watched as she crossed toward the Bureau des Postes. That was his way too. It was also the way to the Street of the Dancers. He followed.

A tall Arab lounged against the iron post supporting a dim street lamp. He was poorly dressed, in an enveloping black burnous, streaked with dust. His white turban was soiled and wrapped carelessly about the head, so that it sagged on one side. He flicked away a cigarette as the woman drew near and came to meet her, smiling. Delorme could see that he was young. His eyes, in the rays of the lamp, flashed brilliantly, and his large even teeth were cream-white against the swarthy skin. He moved with an Indian's agile grace.

The officer slowed his walk as the pair stopped and began talking. Again he heard the woman laugh, and saw the Arab glance quickly in his direction. Again that vague uneasiness. Also wonderment that the well-dressed woman, even though a native, should talk with such a person, however young and handsome. In the light, Delorme could see that the burnous was in patches and rags. The owner was not one to welcome, even to the Street of the Dancers. He was about to retreat, embarrassed, when the pair moved on, separating, the woman following straight along the path, the man crossing the road and lagging a few paces. The officer again followed.

He expected the woman to turn at the next corner, a dim alleyway, but leading to the quarter of night entertainment. Instead she crossed to the Route de Bab Doukkala, the short cut to the European quarter. The Arab lounged along after her, noiselessly, lightly as a cat. In the brightly lighted Place du 7 Septembre, which commemorates the French occupation of the city, the woman stopped and waited for the Arab to join her. Delorme walked on quickly and passed, feeling the eyes of both upon him.

The Arab was smiling, coolly, insolently, all his teeth showing. The Frenchman noticed his dagger, which, quite apart from its use as a weapon, and even among the poor classes, forms an integral part of native dress. What so surprised Delorme that he almost stopped was the contrast of this dagger and its trappings with the rest of the man's costume. It hung on the left hip, slung across the body from the right shoulder, upon a thick plush cord embroidered with silver. The long curved sheath was silver also, richly, delicately carved. In the center of the ebony hilt, set within a wide gold band, was a large emerald.

The officer entered the wide tree-lined thoroughfare of the European quarter, and again came the woman's laughter, clear, deep-toned and mocking. He did not pause or glance back.

At Laferrière's house he passed quickly up the stairs to his room. Without turning on a light he went to a balcony overlooking the street. Below, just outside the garden gates, the man and woman stood, talking. Delorme sheltered himself against the light of a rising moon behind a climbing jasmine vine. He could hear plainly, but could understand only a few words. The man was protesting, but the woman, while apparently thanking him for his escort, seemed anxious to leave.

"Madani," he heard her say. She repeated the word several times, and Delorme concluded that Madani was the Arab's name. They were only vague shapes in the warm night, but the Frenchman could distinguish the man leaning forward, an arm outstretched. The woman turned suddenly, flung open the gate and ran down the garden path. Below, a door slammed. Both Delorme and the mysterious veiled woman were under the same roof.

Zohra did not know her age. She was very little when her father and mother brought her up the long trail from the Sous country, where she was born, over the high Atlas passes, down to Marrakesh the Red. Madame Laferrière found her one sweltering morning in Djemaa el Fna, playing with other ragged children, while her parents squatted in the dust, under shelter of a scrap of matting, selling dates. That was ten years ago, when the director of survey and his wife had been only a short time in Morocco. Madame Laferrière, a sprightly, inquiring and otherwise ordinary person, was earnestly taking up the problem of the Arab women, a matter concerning which then, and later, she really learned little. But already she had been back to her provincial home in Nantes to lecture before the Cercle Feminist on the evils of the harem.

Zohra was already beautiful when Madame Laferrière first saw her, dirty and half naked, in the rubble of Djemaa el Fna. Through a native interpreter attached to the survey office, the Frenchwoman seriously interviewed the father concerning the girl's future. Although it was necessary to buy the entire date stock in order to hold interest in the subject, the father, that simple child of Allah, who thought little of the present and less of the future, cheerfully gave his daughter away. So Madame Laferrière, dazed at the outcome, took Zohra to her home, where she remained and became more beautiful.

According to the Laferrière estimate, the girl was now about eighteen; and as she remained true Moslem in her complete disregard of time, she accepted the figures with indifference. Her father had given her into what he supposed was slavery, for the sole reason that a girl child could be only a nuisance; but when she became older, Madame Laferrière gave her the rank of companion and governess.

She had been taught to speak French almost as fluently as her own tongue.

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"You—You!" She Stuttered. "You Want to Go to the Ball Too! You, an Arab Girl!"

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

Here We are, I Thought, Me and the Mules, Over Here in the King's Stable and One of Us is Just as Much Out of Place as the Other

NICE, France, around June 8, '26.

(It's pronounced neece, not nice; they have no word for nice in French.)

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: It's been quite a while since I heard from you; but I guess it's just as well, because I wouldent have known any more after you had written. You havent been what I would call extravagant with your news, and what little I got I had to pick up out of the Paris Edition of the New York Herald or the Paris Edition of the Chicago Tribune. Both have the same news from the same Republican angle. I wish I could get Mr. Ochs to start a Times over here so we would get the Democratic slant on some of the news.

These papers won't publish a Democrat's name in the recent arrivals at Hotels. 'Course there may be an excuse for that, the Democrats may not be going to Hotels. I guess they are living in what they call Pensions, as they dident get in on any Pensions after the war—the war between the Democrats and Republicans in '65—and as they have always had to help pay 'em, they wanted to see what one was like. 'Course the news that we have been getting lately from over there is not of a nature that would make you any to enthusiastic about relating it.

I saw Andy Mellon's daughter and Bruce. I never thought Andy would give his daughter's hand in marriage to the son of an avowed wet. And what made it worse was being the son of a Democrat. I couldent believe it when I read it; I thought it was just another bit of propgander for the wets.

The papers over here had an awful lot about you and that signing of that paper of Andrew's. 'Course the Republican Alibi over here for you was that you dident know what you was signing. Now I dident like that. I am not blaming you, it was not your fault. But where is John Sargent, the tall sycamore from Vermont? What does he think we dug him out of the granite and brought him in alleged civilization for if it wasent for just this very thing—just to watch what you clapped your John Henry on? He is supposed to watch every paper and see before you sign it that there is no political catch in it whereby there may be any votes lost in November, '28. So if John can't look after our interests any better than that, why, we will have him get the old return ticket out and dust it off and let him go back and hibernate with the maples. Even Dudley Field Malone or Darrow could advice us that bad

I read about Borah up there in Baltimore in his speech. They made a big to-do over that over here. It wasent on account of the political significence of the thing. It was because Borah made it, and he is the only one over there they know over here. There is an awful lot of people here that thinks that Borah is our Prime Minister.

Now the Minister over here in all these Countries is the main one; the King or the President or any of those have to sit in the Spectators' Gallery. But the Minister is the grapes. So they think Borah is the Minister, or power behind the throne; that whatever he says goes. 'Course the whole idea is a laugh and ridiculous to me, but the funny part about it is there is a lot of people right over home think the same thing. 'Course I try to set 'em right all I can, but when I tell 'em that he is only a Senator they won't believe it, for they have heard about Senators. In fact a lot of these Countries are troubled with them, too, and they won't believe a man could be so prominent and well known and still be nothing but a Senator.

But they can't understand our Democratic way in America, where we give every man a chance no matter how low his station in life may be. They can't understand a race of people as big as we are paying any attention to just a Senator. So it looks like we will have to give Borah the title of Prime Minister just to stop us Americans explaining that there is no such office, officially. Now if Borah looked the thing over and jumped with the Drys, just between you and I, if I was you I would hunt the same springboard and make exactly the same leap. He looks far ahead, that old boy does, and when he chooses sides you better grab your glove and ball and go over and play with him.

Now he has sit there all year and listened to the loud static of the wets, and he heard a terrible lot of weird and loud noises; but he just kinder diagnosed the case and said there is hundreds of yells coming out of the same mouth. In other words, for every 500 noises there was really only one vote. Well, as you know, he is a man kinder like yourself in that respect. You-all have generally been able to detect a voting prospect through a brick wall with no windows. So if he has made his choice, I believe if I was you I would climb right out of the old shell not only with the old hackneyed gag, "I am for law enforcement." That don't mean anything.

Naturally, any man that holds office is for law enforcement. You fellows can't keep on getting by on that old Alibi. There is too many of you now trying to stand on the line between the wets and the drys, and it's too narrow for all of you. Some of you have got to jump one way or the other. In other words, you got to make it plain. They make out home in Oklahoma a rabbit and a cayote drive and they are beating the bushes, and everyone of you have got to take to the open and run for your lives.

You see, that is how Borah keeps ahead of all you other Politicians. He is never living European and American plan both at the same time. When he arrives at a hotel he announces his Plan. Now I would do it in such a way that it don't look like you are copying him. I wouldent, for instance, go to Baltimore and make the same speech; but I would pick some nice soft spot at some big affair when there is no big Murder case or Ball game or Divorce case going on in the papers, plant it when things are dull, and if you do it right, even the pictorials may use it for a couple of paragraphs, and then you will be all set.

I should think you fellows would want to be right out flat-footed on anything. It would relieve my conscience to know that I dident have to walk the eaves of the Flat-iron Building on everything that come up. So I would just use Bill as a barometer, and when you see he is ready to climb on anything, you go get a front seat right quick before anybody knows you were watching him.

Well I will stop, but just think this over.

Yours devotedly, W. R.

CABLEGRAM. RUSH.

MONTE CARLO, Monaco, June 22, '26.

PRESIDENT OF U. S.

Please send money. Unexpected Diplomatic relations have suddenly arisen here which no one could foresee. Please rush, as French Taxi Driver is waiting. They are unusually impatient when you owe them. W. R

GENEVA, Switzerland, June 23.

MR. PRESIDENT,
WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Have found Pullman car window that will open without crew of Porters. Biggest discovery made in Europe so far on entire trip. Take it up with Hoover. In case Lowden comes out against you we can use this against his Company by marriage.

Yours affectionately,
WILL.

PARIS, France, June 24, '26.

MR. PRESIDENT,
WHITE HOUSE.

Dear President: I arrived in Paris late at night. The next day we had Briand Premier for breakfast; Herriot Premier for Lunch; Poincaré for Dinner; and woke up the next morning and Briand is back in again. This is not a Government; it's an old-fashioned Movie, where they flash on the screen: "Two minutes, please, while we change Premiers." I have had a date to interview every one of them, but they were thrown out before the Interview time come due. I acted on your suggestion and proposed Abd-el-Krim, but he turned it down flat; said he would go back to war before he would take a job like that. You may have to send Butler or Pinchot.

Yours same as ever,
W. R.

CANNES, France, June 25, '26.

THE PRESIDENT,

Dear Mr. President: I suppose Herrick has sent you the news through the Ordinary Diplomatic channels—as I instructed him to do—about the French Debt settlement. Now I do hate to trouble you so much about this again, for I think it has been up before you once or possibly twice before.

Well, Berengaria, their trader, come back over here, and the settlement was received with general acclaim—by everybody that dident have to pay it. So as I write you this it looks like it will not be ratified by what they call the House of Deputies. Berengaria thought he had done pretty good. Everybody over here in public life that works out some financial scheme thinks he has done pretty good till they take their scheme to the House of Deputies. They are a nice agreeable bunch of fellows, but there is just something in them that won't let some man come in and talk money.

They are perfectly sane—for politicians. But the minute somebody mentions money or Stabilize the Franc, why, they are off like a prairie fire. Even Briand can't do anything with them. They have throwed him out so many times that he wears pads under his clothes. It seems that there is just some little minor difference or defect in the agreement with America. The change really don't mean anything, but they want to have it put just right before passing on it. There is just some three 000—naughts—on the end of some figures that they want to have erased. It was problay just a misprint, and taking off just those three little figures will of course make no material difference in the main settlement.

They stand by Berengaria's main settlement outside of, as I say, these three little minor defects. It's funny how they happened to notice them at all, a little thing like that, because they are usually very careless in such matters. So on this account we may not be able to close out this particular account quite as soon as I had lead you to believe. So I hope you dident hold Congress there all this time waiting. Of course some of them don't mind staying, for it will be their last trip. By-by.

Yours,
W. R.

PARIS, France, June 26, '26.

MR. PRESIDENT,
WHITE HOUSE.

My dear Mr. President: After all these weeks fixing and searching and plotting for you, I have at last found something that is really of some use, and it's the funniest thing where I found it—it was at Monte Carlo. Did you know—chances are you did on account of it being Monte Carlo—that that Casino, or gambling place, paid all the expenses of that entire Country and the owners prowled around in Yachts?

Well, I give it a very close study, and I have a scheme that I want to unfold to you that I think can be put into effect in Cuckooland. Now take, for instance, the District of Columbia, make it the Monaco of America. Now, of course, like in Monaco, the natives of the village are not allowed to play. Well, that same rule would hold good in the District of Columbia.

That would be no special hardship on residents of the District, as they are used to not having any privileges anyway. They just as well belong to Monaco as Columbia. They are not allowed to know what it's all about, as it is now, so any reform no matter how terrible would be an aid to them. Instead of giving them Government positions—or Pensions, rather—as we do now, why, they could help take care of the Casino; in fact you could use most of the help that we have there now.

Another thing about this scheme of mine, it enables us to retain Mellon, that I know you are desirous of doing. Well, he could count up for us every night and take the statement to you, and every 6 months you could go before Congress and the Radio and read it—principally to the Radio.

Now if Monaco can support their entire little Country in luxury and yachts and no taxes at all just on what few Americans go over there, what could we do by having this right in Washington, where everybody could come and play without the inconvenience of a passport? Well, here is what I figure we would do. This is a very conservative estimate.

Now don't say it can't be done, because it is being done right in Wall Street, but we are not getting a cent out of it. No $100,000 for a seat to gamble in ours at Monte on the Potomac. Just come in and go to it.

And, say, don't you think we wouldent take a big part of the play away from Wall Street. 'Course they would have one advantage of us down there. We would not be gambling in nessesities or foods or anything like that. The outcome of ours would not affect anyone but the one gambling.

In other words, I am in favor of turning Washington from Red tape to Roulette. And here is what I figure conservatively would be your first six months' report. You walk right in and deliver the following:

"Gentlemen and Democrats, it gives me much pleasure to read to you the following financial report of the first six months of the new régime of financial Government, entitled, Betting for and by the People. I find that due to the dexterity of the little Ball dropping consecutively in the wrong pocket for the last six months, and the partial honesty of our Treasury, or adding up, Department, we find that we have won $6,395,826.10 The odd 10 cents, I might add, was wagered by Mr. Harry Lauder on his this year's farewell tour.

"Now this sum accumulated by strict economy and mechanical methods in the past six months will enable us to reduce the taxes so low that we will have to pay some money to the taxpayers ourselves. We will not only feed and care for the residents of the District of Monaco here, but we will be able to get the more deserving of them a small yacht. In other words, we have what we think is a new idea in Communistic Government. We are taking from the rich and distributing to the poor.

"On the continuation of the above platform I hereby offer myself for reelection. In just four years more of a system like this we will all have our Cars paid for and be able to pay cash for some small purchases, such as Chewing Gum and Pins and matches. And I hereby defy the Democratic Party to come out with anything in the way of a platform that equals mine in Economy to the masses.

(Continued on Page 123)

But the Minute Somebody Mentions Money or Stabilize the Franc, Why, They are Off Like a Prairie Fire

IN FEE SIMPLE

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

It Was Evident to Her That He Was Paying Not the Slightest Attention to Her Words. He Nodded His Head Again. "I Was Right," He Said in His Most Melancholy Tone

EVEN persons who disliked Seena Rooney—and there were several of them—admitted that one could not look at her without a pleasurable sensation.

It is true that if there had been a three-ring circus in Luxor, she would have insisted upon being all the ringmasters simultaneously, and her idea of the law of the land was that it emanated from her will. She was as imperious as any ancient lady who occupied the throne of an empire, and sometimes she was fairly disagreeable about it. It was the way she had been raised.

Marty Rooney, her uncle, was the single individual of serious wealth in the community. For years he had spoken and the thing was accomplished. Seena, naturally, believed a similar authority was vested in her, and this conception of affairs had been fostered by playmates who preferred bonbons to bread and butter with sugar.

It was not precisely that she was selfish. As a matter of fact, she delighted in generosity; but it must be her own sort of generosity, dispensed as from the reigning duchess to her subjects. Any opposition was mutiny and anyone who interfered with her was guilty of treason—and there you are.

If you traveled in her band wagon, Seena saw to it you had a glorious day; but if you tried to interfere with the parade, you were in for a thin, not to say troublous, time.

Because of which she mobilized against Caleb Hope, that incomprehensible young lawyer who had declined to swear fealty; who had made it disagreeably apparent to her that the less he saw of her the more felicitous his hours would be. Inasmuch as she was never guilty of understatement, she declared that she hated him, and her plans were to put him once and for all in his place.

But he had been so unkind as to make this difficult, with the result that he occupied more of her thoughts than any young man ever had succeeded in doing before. It would have worried Caleb had he realized this, for in spite of any outward manifestation of intrepidity, he was pointedly, very pointedly, afraid of her.

Seena was thinking about Caleb now as she alighted from her car beside her uncle's house, for she had passed him on the street a few moments before—and had acknowledged his existence with a nod.

It was the sort of nod which young women, being debarred from pugilistics, use in lieu of the more emphatic uppercut to the chin. She was displeased because it had not even staggered him.

She dropped into a chair by her uncle's side on the broad pleasant piazza and frowned.

"Well," said Marty, surveying her with interest and approval, "what's lodged crossways now?"

"It's that man Caleb Hope."

Marty grunted, "What has he done that you should wish him assassinated?"

"I don't know," said Seena, "and that makes it all the worse."

"I think I follow you. But possibly he is visiting the sins of the uncle upon the niece."

"I don't believe it's that. He doesn't like me." She turned quickly to peer at him. "Why doesn't he like you?" she asked. "Ever since he came to town you two have been having head-on collisions."

"With me carted off to the repair shop after each," Marty said with a rueful smile.

"But why? What's his morning hate against you?" Seena asked.

"I can't imagine," Marty said blandly. "When he came, I called and offered him a share of my law business. I like to see young fellows get along."

"You're the nicest man I know," she said.

"Your friend Caleb dissents. He stated in words and phrases that he didn't calculate to be tarred with my brush, and, more or less metaphorically, he heaved me out of his office on my ear."

"Why? Why should any young lawyer refuse your business?"

"It's your conundrum, my dear. I give it up."

"All this talk around town ——" she began, but Marty interrupted her peremptorily.

"What talk?" he demanded.

"That he's a sort of champion arisen to save the oppressed from a wicked tyrant—which is you! You would think he came here purposely to fight you."

"It might look so to a man up a tree."

"Why should he?"

Marty considered a moment. Was it possible Seena had been listening to talk and was awakening to a suspicion that he was not the good and great man she always had believed him to be? It worried him, for her affection and good opinion were important to him. Like all of us, Marty Rooney was compounded of contradictions. He shook before taking a mixture of ruthlessness and sentimentality; and even while he wiped the knife with which he had that instant taken a scalp, he loved to imagine himself the sort of person to whom scalps were of no interest except as coiffures.

"I wish I knew," he said plaintively.

"I'm going to ask him," she said emphatically.

"I shouldn't do that," he said a trifle anxiously.

"I shall. You've tried to befriend him in every way, and he repays you by stirring people up against you. They say he's going to fight the bond issue to build the bridges."

"Has he said so?" Marty asked.

"No; but everybody else does."

Marty chuckled. "Well, he's raised blisters on me a couple of times, but I rather imagine the bond issue will go my way."

"Why?"

"Because only taxpayers can vote, and his following is mostly young men who are not on the assessment rolls."

"I want you to give him a good beating," she said. "He's got to be taken down a peg."

"Oh," Marty said in his kindliest voice, "he's only a boy, after all, and we mustn't hurt him."

"You're too sweet and tolerant," his niece told him. "And he needs a good spanking."

"I'll think it over," Marty said, and that was arriving at last in the neighborhood of the truth. He would think it over; indeed, he had been doing little else but think it over for some weeks. Caleb Hope was inhabited by too many potentialities. Marty respected him, but did not adore him, and his matured judgment was that the town of Luxor was too limited in area to harbor them both. "But don't you go taking sides," he said. "I keep my politics separate from my friendships."

"You could," Seena told him, "because that's the sort of nice man you are. But I'm a mean woman. When I'm against anybody, I'm against him every way the wind blows. I can't hate a man in the town hall and love him at the dinner table."

"Well, you'll have to let your conscience be your guide. But I shan't back you up in anything violent."

Seena was not one to let verdure grow under the soles of her shoes when a thing was to be accomplished. She went to her room to powder her nose and rearrange her hair in order that her castigation might be more devastating, and sallied out in search of her prey. She did not find him, however, because at that instant Caleb was sitting in a chair in the back room of Jinks Baker's cigar store, with his long lean legs stretched out before him like the tines of some extraordinary toasting fork. Jinks was present, as was also Mr. Briggs, station agent, telegrapher, baggage-master and candidate for justice of the peace.

"Wa-al," Mr. Briggs was saying, "you got me nominated perty cute, and now I cal'late there hain't any doubts of my election."

"It's the bond issue he's worryin' about," said Jinks reprovingly. "A body'd think there wan't nothin' to this election but gittin' you into office."

"Mr. Briggs," said Caleb wearily, "is embarking upon a noble and dazzling career. It blinds him to the continued existence of a gentleman named Marty Rooney."

"You kin lick him ag'in," said Mr. Briggs.

Caleb altered the subject abruptly. "Mr. Briggs," he asked, "what is your opinion of metempsychosis?"

"It's ag'in the law," Mr. Briggs said instantly, "and anybody that does it ought to git severely dealt with."

"Even," asked Caleb, "if it brings the greatest good to the greatest number?"

"Wa-al"—Mr. Briggs scratched his beard vigorously—"now mebby the circ'mstances ought to be considered. Who done it? Marty Rooney?"

"Of that and its companion, transmigration, Marty is as innocent as a babe," said Caleb.

"Dunno how he come to omit 'em."

"You are called upon to sacrifice yourself, Mr. Briggs. From now until election you must metempsychose."

"I'll read up on it in Tiffany's Justices' Guide. But I look to you to pertect me."

"Yes," said Caleb in his melancholy voice, "from today until the balloting is ended you will harbor the soul of a distracted lady dickey bird."

"I knowed you was jokin' all along," said Mr. Briggs.

"In that case," said Caleb, "I advise you to step out to the nearest tree to observe the habits of distracted lady dickey birds."

"If it'll do any good ——" began Mr. Briggs.

"It will. Study the psychology of a mother bird with a nestful of progeny."

"Th' hain't no progeny growin' around here," Mr. Briggs affirmed. "Birds mostly eats sumac. I hain't seen a bush of progeny since I moved here from York State."

"You will see," said Caleb, "how a mother bird pretends to have a broken wing as you approach the nest. She will lift her voice and flutter away, tolling you on to pursue her until her young no longer are threatened."

"I've seen that," said Mr. Briggs.

"In Tiffany's Justices' Guide?" asked Caleb politely.

"No, in the woods," said Mr. Briggs.

"Excellent! Your job, Mr. Briggs, will be to keep Marty Rooney's interest centered on you. The bond issue to build two new bridges is the nestful of young. Do you follow me?"

"Kind of," said Mr. Briggs.

"You will make so much noise, and we will make so much noise about you," Caleb said, "that Mr. Rooney will decide we are concentrating every effort on your election and are neglecting utterly the bond issue."

"I git you now," said Mr. Briggs.

"I was sure you would," Caleb said. "Now, Jinks, let us check up the vote."

"We've got seven hundred and twenty-one registered voters."

"Yes. How many are registered as taxpayers and qualified to vote upon the bond issue?"

"Three hundred and sixty-four."

"Of whom Marty Rooney controls a safe majority."

"He kin vote a safe two hundred and fifty," said Jinks.

"Whom we cannot touch."

"Not a chance. He owns 'em body and britches."

"So it would seem we have no chance to defeat this bond proposition?"

"I can't see none."

"Too bad. Somehow it doesn't seem Marty ought to be given a couple of hundred thousand dollars to build bridges which his company needs for hauling, but which the people do not need at all."

"It's how he got rich," said Mr. Briggs.

Again Caleb changed the subject. "We're about to have an argument in the First Voters' League."

"Be we? What about?"

"It seems some of the members object to the way the clubhouse is held by trustees."

"Hadn't heard of it," said Jinks.

"You will—you'll hear it loudly. In fact, you are going to start it and be most disagreeably vociferous."

"Dog-gone!" said Jinks

"And, Mr. Briggs, how is the auxiliary coming along?"

"Fine! Got thutty-odd fellers to join."

"How many belong to the First Voters?"

"Hundred and sixty-two."

Caleb sighed. "Anyhow, we can elect Mr. Briggs," he said, "and that is something. By the way, I understand the law permits voters who have neglected to register on the regular day to do so the day before election."

"Yes."

Caleb arose in sections until he stood upon his feet, and then he sighed in his tired way and moved toward the door. "I never thought you'd turn out to be a chronic kicker, Jinks," he said, and leaving the astonished Mr. Baker to gaze after him in some bewilderment, he stepped out into the store and thence to the street.

He arrived at an inclement moment, for Seena Rooney was just passing on her way home after a fruitless search

(Continued on Page 115)

"What's the Meaning of This?" He Demanded. "By What Right Do You Register These Men as Taxpayers?"

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY

They Hurled Themselves at the Black of Dark Copse Before Them Like a Great Wind

There is a form in these things, madam, there is a form.
—Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skegg.

P's and Q's—By C. E. Montague

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

WHEN the English and French went to war with the Germans, the enemy's armies were not the only dragons that had to be met in the path. There was that dragonesque lady, Propriety, too. For war hath her own etiquette, not less imperious than peace's. If Sir John French had sent that free-and-easy letter to Joffre, or if Haig had not paid that call upon Foch, who knows where the world might be now?

"Why," you may say, "do not all of us walk, all our days, along the greased pole of polite observance, trying to keep our precarious balance between right and left hand abysses of social incorrectness? Yet we survive." Yes, but on the Western Front there was the inadjustable to adjust. Each Allied army had its own hierarchy of ranks, dear to its bosom and sacred in its eyes. And not one rank in either really corresponded to any rank in the other. You couldn't tell, within a dozen kilometers, where you were.

Four of us, English and French, lay on our tummies and talked it all out in the friendliest way between eight and nine on a baking hot morning, near a brigade headquarters in France. General Wyse, the brigade commander, was there—a delight to sympathetic eyes; he was so neatly and normally made, so clean in the tooth, so sunnily red-and-brown cheeked, so unwrinkled, so pleasantly sure of himself—a healthy boy forty years old and never yet worried by any serious insurrection of the world against his composure. There was also old Gaston Bateau, a French writer—rather famous, I fancy. Bateau kept on glancing at Wyse—couldn't keep his eyes off him. Bateau was in love with the type, like some American girls new to England. Bateau was a prize Anglomaniac, French people said. That was why he was now on our front as a guest. I was his pilot. "Give him a jolly good show," were my orders. "He got mobbed in Paris about 1900 for saying we weren't such swine as they thought." Then there was Jelf, staff captain to Wyse. He was nothing to look at, and didn't say much—a man of few interests, so I had heard, beyond just winning the war.

Before us a randy gay waste of rank poppies, cornflowers, convolvulus, thistles and relics of old peacetime mustard and wheat sloped away up to a low sky-line ridge a good mile to the east. We all looked that way as we lay, with our heads slightly raised. A dusty white road on our right ran due east up the slope, topped the ridge and disappeared over it. Under the ridge, on our side of it, two thick little woods stood one on each side of the road, as if guarding it.

Just what they were doing, confound them; Wyse told Bateau: "The Boche line is just over the ridge. Ours is three hundred yards down the slope on this side. But Fritz holds the two woods in between—sort of outposts in front of his front. The road separates the French front from the British."

The Frenchman's eyes sparkled. "An English sentry, then, stands on this side of the road?"

"That's right," said Wyse.

"And a French one on the other?"

"Yes."

"It is beautiful, that," the old boy murmured softly. He seemed fairly to dote, for a while, on the notion of those two sentries. Then he had a good look at the two little blobs of dark woodland, almost black now with the strong sun at their backs, and at the white road running between the two as if they were gateposts. "What a chance!" he murmured. "What a portal for comrades to enter!"

The emotional touch made the brigadier wince. For my own part, I was used to it. Besides, you couldn't help liking that Frenchie. Somehow gush wasn't mere gush when he talked it. There was a kind of wise child's unknowingness in him, though he was seventy-two. It caused you to take from him meekly what would have made you want to lynch anyone else. Only the evening before, when I was taking him back from the front, we had met a company of the Devons marching up to relieve, and before I could check Bateau he had stood up in the car, hat off, and said, in his good English, to the whole blessed column of route: "My dear, dear boys, how can I thank you enough?" Of course the men felt like fools, but not one of them jeered. Simply marvelous.

"Well, if that's what you're after," said Wyse, "you've come to the right shop today."

Bateau looked as if he had only lived for this morning.

"We're just pushing off," the general said; "my little brigade and a few French battalions commanded by Colonel Dunois. Jelf will explain."

Jelf started instantly, the way men can when their minds are full of one thing. "It's a minor operation," he said to Bateau. "Before any big push can be made we must have the two woods—Bull Wood and Cock Wood, we call them—the Gallic cock, you know, sir, and John Bull. Neither wood can be taken alone, for the unattacked one could smash with its enfilade fire any troops attacking the other. So the movement must be simultaneous. Your men are to go for Cock Wood on their side of the road the very second that we tackle Bull Wood. We put in four British tanks, two for our wood and two to help you with yours."

Bateau grabbed out his watch and asked eagerly, "And you start—we both start—at ——"

"At 8:55 the tanks cross our front line," Jelf explained. "Yours too. Of course the tanks start behind scratch. So

the infantry wait till they're up, give 'em twenty more seconds and then join the dance."

Bateau looked at his watch. "Then in twenty-five minutes from now ——"

"And a quarter," said Jelf.

Wyse seemed to feel he must bait, for a guest's tender ear, the sharp edge of the worthy Jelf's pedantic precision. "You see," he said, "Monsieur Bateau, we soldiers have to be a bit fussy about the odd minutes and seconds. If only you knew all the headwork that goes to a push. Golly! The program I've sent round to Colonel Dunois—details of objectives, pace of all movements, right time by my watch, to a tick, and lots more. Dunois must be thanking his gods that all this coolie work falls on me. I'm a demi-semi sort of a general body, you see, and so I call the tune, though I haven't a doubt in the world that Dunois 's ten times the man that I am."

"You are a man of heart, sir," said Bateau. "Ah, the change since the tragic first months of the war! We can talk of them now, you and I, as of Jeanne d'Arc and Calais—of all the 'old, unhappy, far-off things' that sundered us once."

"People stood on their dignity, did they?" said Wyse, interested.

Bateau sighed. "The stickling for rights that there was! The mountaineering on molehills!" Really, his English was topping.

"Anyone's fault in particular?" Wyse spoke rather guardedly.

"We French were the worse of the two. It is so, is it not, as soon as a tiff between brothers is over? Each can see then that he was the worse of the two. Besides, we were excited, we French—we had so longed for the good Papa Joffre to command!"

"He being," said Wyse, "at the time, a ——"

Bateau said almost eagerly, "Merely a general of division, no more. And French a field marshal."

"Bit of a snag for you, eh?" said Wyse, smiling. "Field marshal's a bad card to beat."

"Oh, but unbeatable," said Bateau. "And yet people argued. Joffre, some said, was really a marshal of France, in the sight of the good God, only we hadn't dared call anyone marshal, out loud, since the Empire, lest he turn Cæsar. Rights! Rights! As if one's rights mattered, with the sky falling!"

"Well, thanks be," said Wyse, "it's well over now, as you say, and we can talk freely. French, you see, held the big trump. Of course our army was pottily small. But, frankly, with that rank of his he ought to have run the whole show. It's just as well that he didn't. Still, he ought to have, strictly."

"Tanks are off, sir," said Jelf. He had not unglued his eyes once from his field glass during this exciting conversation.

"

WYSE paused. Four seemingly commonplace patches of that flowery wilderness had begun to shake themselves free of their holiday colors, come out as queerly shaped slugs and crawl away into the east. At the same time the woodpecker tapping of many machine guns, before and behind and beside us, had started. Jelf expounded—we were putting down a machine-gun barrage on the ridge, to make enemy reënforcements unhappy. Nothing more. No artillery this journey.

Tanks crawled slowly in those days. A quarter of an hour, good, would elapse before our infantry moved. So Wyse could go on. And, with no guns at work, we could hear him.

"It never would do," he resumed, "to have anyone's standing left vague in an army, or in two armies acting together. To do his best a man must know what rung he stands on.

"Some people think of ranks in an army as just a few level terraces—all the privates on one, all the captains another, and so on. It isn't like that. It can't be. It has to be all single file, up one ladder, right from your last man enlisted today up to your senior field marshal. Else what will happen? A last stand, perhaps, and everyone dead but three privates, and none of 'em knowing which ought to take charge. Absolute chaos!"

Wyse spoke with spirit, the matter lying close to his heart. Jelf, I'm afraid, didn't listen. Bateau obviously tried both to see the march of events and to hear the wisdom of Wyse. I tried to see the events and to look as if I were only listening to Wyse. The tanks were winding deviously up the variegated slope. Two had crossed the road and were coiling toward Cock Wood. They were so very sluglike that I found myself fearing the white dust of the road might dry their bellies fatally, like those of worms caught by the sun while crossing dry gravel. They got across though.

They still had a short way to go before crossing the front line, so the brigadier had time yet to curl a good tail to his argument. All this punctilio about a man's rank was not, he told us, mere swank. It was good professional conduct. He quoted Shakspere about it—Othello, I think—how the great wars make ambition virtue! Very apt, I thought with the disengaged half of my mind.

Wyse fully admitted it made a man trouble to practice this virtue. "The letter writing is the very deuce," he said, "to get right—when to begin *mon général* and when *cher général* and when just *général*. Your language, Monsieur Bateau, is so frightfully expressive, if I may say so."

Bateau said gently, "There is a refuge in trouble—the method of Joffre."

Wyse perked up. "Eh?" he asked eagerly. He had an honest desire, I'm sure, to quit himself well in these high matters, and therefore to learn all he could.

"You have heard," asked Bateau, "of General Gallieni? He is a 'grand old man,' as you would say, of our army. Years ago now, some bad French politicians wished Gallieni were dead. So they cast him away on an island, like Prospero, Robinson Crusoe and other respectable persons. The island was Madagascar. He was to be governor, a post of disablement, merely civilian. Then even worse happened. There came a native revolt in the island. Fighting to do, but none for poor Gallieni, because his post was civilian. He is one of my friends and he wrote to me sadly. Paris, he wrote, had sent out some colonel of whom Gallieni never had heard to command the French troops in the field. 'The name,' he wrote, 'of this wretch is Joffre.' And then comes 1914, and Gallieni is military

(Continued on Page 137)

"'Who Commands Here? You or I?' And the Englishman Said to Him, 'Oo Bloody Cares? You Can 'Ave It, But Get a Move On'"

THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

By Luther Burbank, With Wilbur Hall

Seedling Cactus. Perhaps One of These Would be Selected and the Other Thousands Destroyed

THERE was a time when, looking back over my early years, I was inclined to glory in the fact that I had made a success for myself and of myself when I had started humbly and without much money or a college education or what we call a silver spoon in my mouth. I classed myself, I expect, with other Americans whose names are known and connected in every schoolboy's mind with poverty bravely endured, hardships undergone and mean tasks well performed. I was rather fond of the American log-cabin-to-President tradition.

Now I wonder if this whole business isn't rather empty! I don't believe I ever had a moment's pity for myself because I was having a hard row to hoe as a young man making a start in California. The fact is that America is great not because her poor boys have struggled through difficulties and become successful, but because there are here great difficulties to be overcome. The struggle has brought out the best inherited tendencies and potentialities in her men and women when their environments have been poor or simple or their chances meager. It is this environment that is challenged by the American environment of education, ambition, opportunity and the rivalry to excel; these factors or forces operate on sound heredities to give us our Presidents and our presidents, our captains of industry, our thinkers and writers and artists and scientists and leaders in every line.

No one ever heard Abraham Lincoln tell the now famous story of his having learned to cipher by scrawling sums on the back of a wooden shovel with a charred stick, lying before the fire on his stomach, and the picture we have all seen that shows him at this elementary education of his was one I will bet a shinplaster he did not pose for!

Log-Cabin-to-President Myths

ANDREW CARNEGIE was a telegraph messenger, Rockefeller started as a clerk with a produce commission house and was paid fifty dollars for his first three months' work; John Wanamaker began as an errand boy and Thomas A. Edison as a train newsboy; Theodore Roosevelt was born of well-to-do people, but his early years were the hardest, because he wasn't well and had bad eyesight. But what of all this? Most of our big, busy men who have done something with their hands and brains and time have known what it was to have a toe stick out through an old boot or to have to face company because of a social discrepancy in their trousers seats; and when I think it over I am suddenly minded to say that they were all the better for it and might not have got much of anywhere if it hadn't been for the very tests and trials to which life put them.

There is a bale of stories about my own early hardships, and some of them I scarcely recognize and others I have heard so often—and perhaps told; who knows?—that I believe them myself; yet when I examine them now, thinking over the harvest of my years, I can only say: "Well, if those things actually happened to me, as some of them undoubtedly did, I learned through them and took courage from them and got experience out of them and was made better and stronger and more self-reliant by them, and they were milestones on my road and not millstones around my poor, bowed neck at all!"

I am through with the log-cabin-to-President tradition for good and all; hereafter the only man I am going to be sorry for in our land of opportunity is the man who is born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

The Famous Cherry Tree at the Sebastopol Place. On This Tree Mr. Burbank Tested Hundreds of Grafts, Using the Tree Almost as One Would a Seed Bed—as the Planting Ground for Selected Seedlings

Vain Sorrow

A VERY moving tale could be woven out of my first years in California, but an old letter preserved by my sister, Emma Burbank Beeson, which I wrote back East a few days after my arrival, shows me that I had about everything that would make life interesting and worth living to a young man with great ideas of what he was going to do with himself. The first sentence I encounter, in looking at that epistle of my youth, recalls one of the favorite stories of the log-cabin-to-President writers among my biographers; the anecdote has been embellished and worked over until you might believe that I began my Santa Rosa experience in a chicken coop because I couldn't afford better quarters.

Well, here are the facts:

> Brother Alfred and another fellow have put up an 8 by 10 shanty and I expect to go to keeping house with them tomorrow. We bought crockery, bedticking, etc., last night. . . . I shall not look for work for a week. The change of climate has given me a cold, as it does nearly all, but I never felt so *contented* and free from mental disquiet, and never slept or ate better in my life.
>
> A fog is hardly ever seen here—the wind never blows hard. I wish you could see California fruit. I bought a pear at S. Frisco when I thought I was *hungry* for 5c. It was so large that I could only eat ⅗ of it. I threw the rest away. Grapes are so abundant that all are allowed to help themselves to the nicest kinds at the vineyards. There is no skin to them and very small seeds. The pulp is the whole grape. If you try to squeeze one out, it will split like a plum. They are very sweet and nice and are so plenty that they are often used as hog feed.

The italics were those of my youth—and the handmade abbreviation for San Francisco!

You can't feel sorry for that boy! In fact, I envy him. I would give a good deal right today to swap places with him; to go out tomorrow and buy "crockery and bedticking, etc.," for the shanty and to start housekeeping with Alfred and his friend—whose name I have long since forgotten; he was with us only a few weeks. That shanty is still standing in Santa Rosa, and is now used as a shed or chicken coop. That is how that story got going; it is too bad to correct so beautiful and inspiring an error, but you must make the best of it. I didn't begin life in California sharing my roof with the chickens, and it is quite

apparent that I was well fed and happy, when a bunch of grapes could send me into rhapsodies and "3¢" of a "5¢" pear could satiate me.

Another letter, written at about the same time, has some valuable material in it; it shows how I was impressed by my new environment, and it also shows that I early developed a caution in public utterances that stood me in good stead many times later.

This letter is marked Not Public, and it reads in part as follows:

The reason that I give this description of Santa Rosa outside my general letter is because if it is generally known what a place this is all the scuffs would come out here, get drunk & curse the whole country, so don't let on to *anybody* outside the house what sort of a place this is, *except* that I am delighted with it.

I firmly believe from what I have seen that it is the *chosen* spot of *all this earth* as far as *nature* is concerned, and the people are far better than the average. The climate is *perfect*—all must like it. The air is so sweet it is a pleasure to drink it in. The sunshine is pure and soft; the mountains which gird the valley are very lovely. The valley is covered with majestic oaks placed as no human hand could arrange them for beauty. I cannot describe it. I almost have to cry for joy when I look upon the lovely valley from the hillsides. The gardens are filled with tropical plants, palms, figs, oranges, vines, etc. Great rose trees climb over the houses, loaded with every color of blossoms. Do you suppose I am not pleased to see the fuchsias in the ground

12 ft. high, the trunk 10 inches in circumference, and loaded with color? . . .

A *family* can live here, I am quite sure, for about one-half what they can there, and far more comfortably. Meat costs but little, flour is better and cheaper, fruit is nothing almost, very little fire is needed, and such warm, expensive houses are not necessary. . . . I have given you a truthful description of my experience so far.

I came across a directory of this county just now. I take a few ideas from it. The cause of the great growth and prosperity of this place—Santa Rosa—just now is the new railroad which has given it a start. It is the county seat and is called the prettiest town in the state. It is noted for its polite and obliging people. . . . It is situated in a marvelously fertile valley containing 100 square *miles*. The educational advantages are ahead of any Cal. city of its size. (The above is from the directory.)

Wasn't that parenthesis astute?

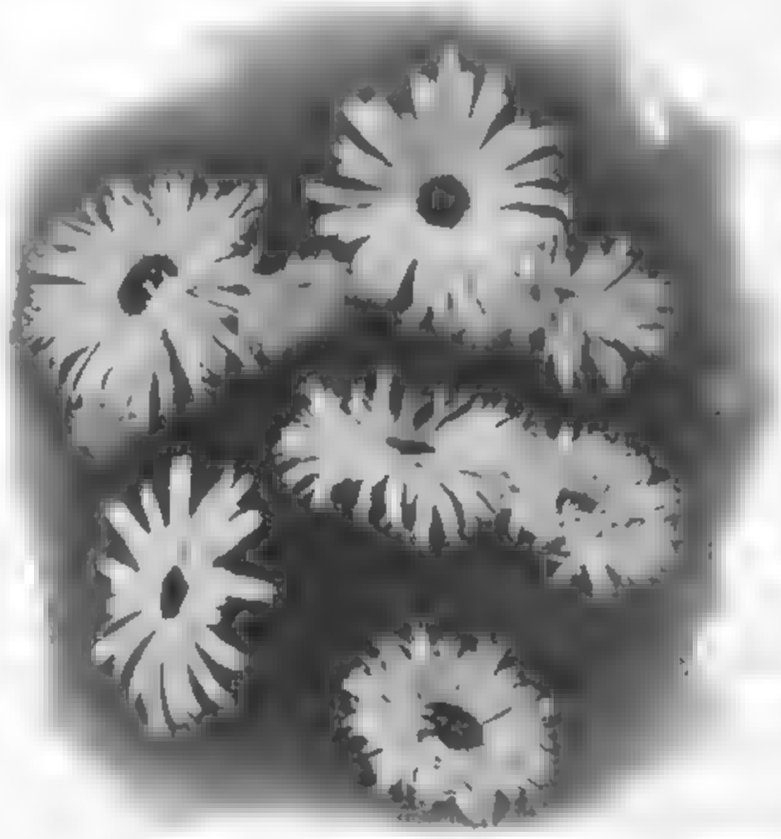
Starting Out With Darwin

BUT I was always on the trail of my life work or the other way round! In a letter written November 9, 1875, I encounter this paragraph:

I took a long walk today. I found enough *new and curious* plants in a wild spot of about an acre to set a botanist mad. There is an old surveyor that knows nearly all the plants here. I am going to take a batch to him this evening. He is *very much* interested in them. My Botany tells the names of only a few Cal. plants. Some of them *have no names*.

Later on in the same letter I read: "Have a job of lathing for next week." I don't think I kept it long.

Charles Darwin's The Effects of Cross- and Self-Fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom was published in 1876, and it was not long afterward that I got a copy. I had spent my first year and a half in California studying the country, comparing various localities as to suitability to my purposes, earning my way with whatever came along to be done, and experimenting with plant development. I soon knew most of the native plants and herbs that came under my notice, and I remember being greatly interested in the California poppy, which I had never seen equaled for color and profuseness of blossom—the hills being mantled with them in the late spring until it was easy to believe that early discoverers might have given the opening to San Francisco Bay the euphonious title The Golden Gate because of the color on the Berkeley hills, opposite that entrance to that harbor. Later I had a lot of fun with the poppy; by carefully planned cross-fertilization and then selection I was able to get colors in the poppy from the clearest white to a deep red.



Variations of Shasta Daisy Hybrids

At any rate from the first I found plenty to interest me and plenty to study before I came upon Darwin's new book.

One sentence in the very introductory chapter of that volume opened the door of my mind and took possession of my fancy. After discussing briefly the marvel of cross- and self-fertilization in plants, Darwin said:

As plants are adapted by such diversified and effective means for cross-fertilization, it might have been inferred from this fact alone that they derived some great advantage from the process; and it is the object of the present work to show the nature and importance of the benefits thus derived.

Advantages and benefits! Darwin was writing of the plants themselves I was thinking of mankind. If Nature had developed an incredible system by which plants could re-create and diversify and improve themselves for their own benefit and advantage, why should not Nature be induced to employ that same system for the benefit and advantage of man? It was my starting point—and it was Darwin again!

Plant Needs

YOU see, we have a lot of new wants coming on all the while—it is the natural thing with man The first main want is food, then clothing and shelter. If we can get plants—not just a few plants, but all plants—to produce food we have certainly accomplished something that is most important of all perhaps. Then other things—flavor and keeping qualities and nutritive qualities—all those things are wants. Flavor is just as necessary as nutritive quality, because people generally cannot digest things as well if they have not a pleasant flavor. Food cooked by an artist will keep a man absolutely perfect in health, while food cooked by a bungler will drive a man to drink just as sure as fate. I've been accused of exaggerating the importance of this, but I don't mind. I declare that a meal prepared by a person who loves you will do you more good than any average cooking, and on the other side of it, a person who dislikes you is bound to get that dislike into your food, even without intending to.

Then we need shelter. We need trees that grow very much more rapidly than those we now have. We need

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The Home Mr. Burbank Built in Santa Rosa When He Had Established Himself and Settled to Work. Above—Luther Burbank Giving Final Inspection to a New Rose

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 28, 1926

America Preferred

RAILWAY stocks, judged by a standardized grouping, have recently touched the highest point in market value in fourteen years. Car loadings have been heavy and expeditious service has been maintained. Passenger traffic has held to a large volume despite competition of the automobile. By dint of efficient management, costs have been restrained, so that net revenues have been rising. There are, of course, differences between roads in different regions; there are strong and weak roads. But, all in all, the prospects of American railways are looking up, for which condition the managements, rather than legislative enactments, are responsible. The present position suggests important developments in the near future.

Many of our railway systems require new capital to finance extensions and expansions urgently needed in order to give to the public the service demanded. New locomotives, electrification, passenger and refrigerator cars, double tracking, safety devices, removal of grade crossings and bridges are required—perhaps most of all, terminals. These have been postponed in large part because of scarcity of available capital. Now the turning point seems in sight.

Can new capital be procured through sale of stock? Taken as a whole, our railways have issued too many bonds relative to their stocks. At the outbreak of the war the ratio of funded debt to capital stock outstanding was about fifty-four per cent. During 1925 some thirty million dollars of railway stock was issued, as against nearly four hundred million in new bonds.

Investors have been attracted from domestic railway stocks to foreign bonds because these have offered almost double the rate of interest being earned by railways as a whole. Are they equally safe? Are they equally important for our future? We doubt it.

Are the repair of docks in Norway, the installation of hydroelectric power in Italy, the deepening of a canal in Belgium, the opening of a mine in France, the rejuvenation of a textile mill in Poland and the merging of steel mills in Germany—just to mention a few kinds of loans—more important than the building of terminals for the handling of perishable agricultural products in our large cities? Our investing public must judge between betterments at home and betterments abroad, and consider safety as well.

We take it that our railways, encouraged by present values for outstanding stocks, will soon undertake to issue new stocks. They will carry lower dividend rates, presumably, than many European bonds. There has been much discussion recently of the respective advantages of investments in stocks and bonds. May we not expect to witness discussions of the advantages of American stocks versus European bonds? There can be only one answer for the American investor who has been reading the foreign news—America preferred, even in common stocks.

Common-Sense Legal Reforms

IT BEGINS to look as though real progress is being made by the national movement to bring about more effective administration of justice in criminal cases. Attention has already been directed in these columns to the admirable report made public last spring by the New York State joint legislative committee headed by Senator Baumes. The recommendations embodied in this report were immediately crystallized in nearly a score of bills, which were introduced forthwith into the New York Legislature. A large proportion of these measures were promptly passed and now have the force of law.

In the middle of July another set of sound recommendations was put on record. They were twenty in number and were drawn up by a subcommittee of the National Crime Commission under the chairmanship of Mr. Herbert S. Hadley. Many of these proposals are almost identical with recommendations to be found in the report of the Baumes committee. Some of the reforms advocated strike rather deep, and yet there is not one of them which does not appear to embody common sense rectified by long years of practical experience in criminal procedure. Perhaps the most radical is the proposal that in all felony cases a five-sixths verdict may be necessary to convict, except in cases where death may be the penalty imposed, in which cases the verdict of the jury must be unanimous.

One of the most constructive as well as one of the most important of these recommendations would authorize trial judges to make such comments on the evidence and the testimony and character of any witness as, in their opinion, the interests of justice may require. Few Americans who are familiar with the conduct of criminal cases abroad have failed to be impressed by the extraordinary skill with which English judges exercise this right, or by the substantial assistance which they are able to render to the jury in arriving at the truth and in basing a correct verdict upon it. If sound verdicts in accordance with the law, the evidence and the probabilities are what we desire, there is nothing which will go further to secure them than skilled judicial assistance of this sort.

Another recommendation is that the court shall be at liberty to call attention to the fact when the accused fails to exercise his right to testify in his own behalf. The report of Senator Baumes' committee contained a similar proposal. In order to give effect to it a bill was introduced into the New York Legislature repealing a certain clause in the criminal code which prohibits such references. This amendment was defeated and an important reform was thereby nipped in the bud.

The whole tendency of Mr. Hadley's committee report is along the lines of simplicity, good sense and a real justice not warped out of recognition to conform to endless technical considerations which lost their force a century ago. Simplified indictments, suitable bail, public defenders, joint trials, simplified appeal procedure, a tighter rein on pardon boards, restrictions on insanity pleas and the disregard of immaterial technicalities are typical reforms which the report urges.

There are many criminal lawyers in the United States who could prepare a learned and voluminous brief which might lead the average layman to suppose that the day any or all of these reforms were adopted the heavens would fall and the bulwarks of our liberties crumble. For generations we have been giving heed to the declarations of these legal pullbacks, and decade after decade we have allowed them and their tribe to thwart our national desire for a vastly improved system of criminal procedure. Too many cooks spoil the broth and too many lawyers have spoiled the law. Here, as elsewhere, the most dangerous enemy of any specialty is the specialist himself. The Hadley report derives its authority from the fact that it was framed by men who have not only special knowledge but sufficient intellectual stature to see over the top of their specialty and to perceive its interplay with society as a whole.

Laymen in every state of the Union should study these simple proposals for reform. If they find them in line with common sense, personal experience and the ends they desire to see attained, they may work for their adoption without hesitation, for it is scarcely conceivable that such a representative organization would sponsor reforms which were basically unsound or impracticable in operation.

These gentlemen enumerated twenty things that we can do to better our criminal procedure. In so doing they have rendered the country a much greater service than if they had followed old precedent and told us a thousand things that we cannot or must not do.

Our National Birthday Celebration

IN POINT of interest and variety the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition with which the nation is celebrating in Philadelphia the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of its birth exceeds all expectations. As visitors in increasing throngs become familiar with it, the magnitude of the undertaking and the success with which it has been brought off in the face of a thousand obstacles become more and more apparent. Imagine the task of its promoters. They took over a thousand acres of undeveloped land and in six or seven months set up a city within a metropolis—a city with broad boulevards, water supply, and every urban convenience, and they covered a large part of the area with enormous and artistic buildings stocked with the wares of nearly every civilized nation on the globe! Men of affairs everywhere said that the world was still too much impoverished by the war for a comprehensive international exposition to be within the range of possibility. For a time it looked as if they were right; but undaunted resolution and lavish expenditure have produced a thousand acres of proof that they were wrong.

The very magnitude of the undertaking was the chief bar to its success. Had its main features been dwarfed and huddled together as if it were a county fair or a seaside boardwalk its achievement would have been child's play; but the cheap and easy thing made no appeal to its promoters. Nothing short of the colossal seemed to them to comport with the dignity and importance of the nation whose anniversary they had set out to honor. They took long chances and they won.

The records of virtually all successful expositions show that they made a bad start. Early visitors have always been disappointed; the later ones have always had the best of it.

Not the least impressive quality of the exposition is its spirit of friendliness. The policy of the management has been to see how much it could give the public in return for a nominal admission fee of fifty cents and then go the limit. Exhibitor after exhibitor has been persuaded to forgo the admission charges he had intended to impose. As a result of this public spirit, there are very few extras. All the more notable features, including the unique High Street, are free to all who pass the turnstiles. Nowhere is the spirit of grab and gouge to be observed.

The most valid complaint that visitors can make is that time and strength will not permit them to see half that they are entitled to see. Hours spent in listening to musical programs, viewing the international exhibition of paintings, witnessing military maneuvers and flying stunts, inspecting battleships and submarines or sitting through brilliant pageants are hours that cannot be devoted to foreign exhibits or to the allurements of the Gladway. Daily changes of program and a policy of something doing every minute make it physically impossible to see everything in a week; and yet, in a single day one can see enough to realize in some measure the mighty achievement of presenting a fair cross-section of world civilization in the first year of the second quarter of the twentieth century.

Philadelphia is noted for the beauty of its long, mellow autumns. Now and for the next eight or ten weeks this historic city will be at its best and our national birthday party will be at its height.

A Collector of Friendships

By ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH

ONE evening in the fall of 1913 I happened to go to the theater—the old Herald Square, one of the dead landmarks of New York's Rialto. The only reason I have for recalling the evening is that in the course of the first act two men strolled down the aisle and took seats several rows in front of me. One of them I recognized as William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; the other I identified from a recollection of news photographs as Col. Edward M. House, a mysterious—and, according to some persons, a sinister—politician from Texas, who was asserted to possess an extraordinary underground influence with the Wilson Administration.

At this time the Glass-Owen Currency Bill, or Federal Reserve Act, was up in Congress; it had passed the House and was staggering under violent opposition in the Senate. It was the principal topic of discussion, a subject of bitter controversy among business men and bankers. In the circumstances, then, it was obvious that the Secretary of the Treasury had not come from Washington simply to see a musical comedy with Colonel House—and if that hadn't been obvious in the beginning, it must have become so after I saw how little attention the two paid to the proceedings on the stage.

The situation was calculated to make a reporter wriggle in his seat. I knew it would be no use to accost them on leaving the theater; they had come there for privacy and would resent any interruption. McAdoo was probably returning to Washington that night; House had a reputation for dodging all interviewers. But after balancing the pros and cons of the situation, I decided that my best bet was to wait until morning, find House and try to induce him to talk. So, armed with the valor of ignorance, I traveled uptown next day to a very unpretentious apartment house on East Thirty-fifth Street, between Lexington and Third avenues. And to my carefully repressed surprise, within two minutes after I had sent my name upstairs, I found myself shaking hands with the small, inconspicuous gentleman I had watched in the theater the night before.

The Colonel's Première

COLONEL HOUSE is one of those fortunate individuals who age very little after fifty. His hair has grown whiter in recent years, there are a few more lines in his face; but his manner of speaking and his physical bearing are still characterized by the same quiet repression, a subtle restraint, which, it has always seemed to me, is indicative of the essential vigor of his personality, veiled though it is by a mask of deference. Not easy to etch in a few clear phrases, a personality like this, since it is blended of largely contradictory elements. Perhaps I make my point if I say that the abiding impression he conveys is of dependability plus reticence, strength plus consideration. And as he is now, substantially he was then when I first met him. Age has sharpened rather than dulled his mentality.

"Did you want to see me about anything particular?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I'd like to know what you and Mr. McAdoo were talking about last night."

He stared at me for a moment.

"How did you know I saw McAdoo?"

I told him, and he burst out laughing. "You deserve a story for your enterprise," he said. "I never talk to newspaper men, but this is an exception."

For nearly an hour he talked of the currency bill and the inside aspects of the fight to put it through Congress. I have never had a less reluctant subject for an interview. He discussed the country's fiscal situation with a freedom that took my breath away, occasionally breaking off an unusually sensational aspect of it to remark: "Of course, you can scarcely treat of that point"; or, "Now, this is between us and the angels." What impressed me most was that he trusted me, this man who had never seen me until that day, who was noted for his refusal to accept publicity. As a matter of fact, this interview of mine was the first extended quotation of House's ever published, and for reasons which I will state presently had a significance out of proportion to the matter contained in it.

When I rose to go he shook hands warmly. "Come again," he said. "I shall always be glad to see you."

"But I understood you didn't see reporters," I objected maliciously.

He laughed. "I don't as a rule," he admitted. "I don't know why I had you sent up." He seemed to think this over. "No, I don't know why I had you sent up," he repeated. "I never did it before. But now that you've come, you'd better try me some more."

At this period I was not regularly writing political news, and for one reason or another a year must have elapsed before I saw him again. Naturally, I supposed he had forgotten me. Also, in the meantime he had moved uptown to East Fifty-third Street, into the apartment which was the nerve center of the foreign policies of the United States through the most eventful years of our history. But again there was no obstacle to an interview.

"I expect you've forgotten me," I began.

"Oh, no," he interrupted. "You came to see me once down in Thirty-fifth Street. I remember your call very well." Then, very deliberately, ruminatively, he went on: "I don't know why I let you come up that time. I never had done it before. . . . Of course I like your paper. But I like other papers as much. . . . I don't know. . . . It was one of those decisions you make on the spur of the moment. Anyhow"—he smiled—"you came up, and I liked the interview you wrote. I see a good many newspaper people now. I find them very stimulating. They help me, and sometimes I help them. But always on the understanding that I must be kept out of their stories."

Extending His Range of Influence

THIS incident, in itself relatively unimportant, provides a key to Colonel House's character, a strange combination of audacity and deliberation—deliberate in all its processes until a decision is reached, then striking boldly to a conclusion, regardless of initial consequences. Further, the incident deserves recording because apparently it marked a turning point in House's attitude toward the question of publicity. He was somewhat discouraged over his attempts to stimulate public sentiment in favor of the currency bill by personal contacts and correspondence with individuals, and he perceived that in the schemes he had in view for the future he would require a wider range of influence than he had been able to develop—not only in order to secure his own ends but to enable him to keep in touch with the main currents of public opinion.

While he was turning this problem in his mind the telephone announced a newspaper reporter at his door; he concluded to give this unsought opportunity a trial. In the event it worked to suit him, and he proceeded to exploit the new field of endeavor it presented with a technical skill as pronounced as his knack for driving straight to the heart of political problems. I don't think that anyone, except Roosevelt, has influenced public opinion more than he did.

I spoke before of the energy with which he prosecuted a decision. This was evidenced very effectively in another incident which occurred the day of Ambassador Gerard's arrival in New York on a visit to the United States in the fall of 1916. The political campaign was in full swing, and the Wilson slogan was He Kept Us Out of War; the Administration was whole-heartedly, even if mistakenly, committed to a peace policy. The public was informed through the newspapers that there was every reason to believe the submarine controversy with Germany had been settled. In the midst of this propaganda a story appeared in the New York World, written by one of its correspondents who had accompanied Mr. Gerard from Berlin, which stated that the ambassador would inform the

(Continued on Page 69)

Former President Poincaré Leaving One of the Temporary Shacks Erected After the War in the Verdun Area

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Practical Paraphernalia for the Particular Putter

The Sportsman

"YOU just missed a man," said the wife of a motorist, as a pedestrian made a flying leap for a lamppost.

"I don't care," he growled. "I've got my quota for the day anyway."

The Urbanite

HE FIGHTS for the privilege of being packed into subway, elevated and street cars like a lowly sardine.

He battles with the best of them for six square inches in office-building elevators.

He juggles his own tray of food in restaurants and eats it standing up.

He walks up five flights of stairs to his miniature apartment.

He is sore all over at night because of jostling crowds.

He is manhandled trying to get into theaters and ball parks.

He is bulldozed and robbed by taxi drivers.

But—

When he sees a picture of a farm, with endless stretches of rolling ground and a well-fed family in the foreground, pity wells up in his heart.

"The poor hicks," he sighs. "What a life they must lead!"

—Robert Hage.

Motto for a Dog House

I LOVE this little house because
It offers, after dark,
A pause for rest, a rest for paws,
A place to moor my bark.

—Arthur Guiterman.

Fame

OH, FAME, fickle Goddess, bestows not her laurels
On preachers or teachers, but features alas,
The brewings of scandals, the doings of vandals,
And dandies the crimes of the criminal class.
The masses are keener for mean misdemeanor,
While cleaner achievement they greet with a shrug;
The cynically smarter prefer theft to barter
And martyr the forger, the gorger, the thug.

A wife shoots her husband and millions acclaim her.
With twaddle we coddle the law-breaking cranks.
Our gay cavaleros are bigamous heroes.
Our popular Pierrots rob prosperous banks.
The pranks of the vicious make reading delicious.
Capricious accounts of the latest in grime
In newspapers ocher show statutes a joker
And fame mediocre, unless linked with crime.

The doers of crimes get the newspaper headlines,
The dread lines, the red lines that shriek from each page.
There's scarcely a holler for savant or scholar,
While squalor and sin hold the front of the stage.
The rage now in force is for stylish divorces.
The courses of trials get the public hurrah.
What formerly would shame us now makes people famous,
And writs of mandamus bring social éclat.

A plague on the fame that is melodramatic,
The bawdry, the tawdry, the lionized yegg
The fratricide frolic, the raid alcoholic,
The deed diabolic, the filthiest dreg.
We beg, but in vain, for a standard profounder,
A sounder election to real Halls of Fame;
Let's spurn the assaulters, the fiends, the defaulters
And banish the altars of violence and shame. *—Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Cactus Points

Years-Ago Items of Country Correspondence Taken From Various Sources

SETH RUMSEY purchased a new side-bar buggy last week. This looks suspicious, girls.

The school board met and hired Lucy Dotwell to teach district eighteen this year. Lucy has the reputation of being a good teacher. The wages were increased to $40 00 per month, which is considerably higher than most teachers get We would rather pay teachers more and get good teachers than pay less and get poor teachers. Teachers has the future of our offsprings in their hands. She will board at Bert Tunkwell's, Mrs. Tunkwell offered to take her for $2.50 per week.

Two brothers named Wright in Ohio have been trying to make a machine to fly through the air. If God had intended man to fly, he would have given him wings in the first place. Better give it up, boys.

Simon Dickinson raised his new barn last week. A good many of the neighbors were there. Simon furnished the refreshments—several gallons of them. Two fights, but nobody hurt much. Next week he will give a barn dance.

For You, Daddy

A stranger passed through this vicinity thursday in a newfangled buggy run by an engine. The outfit looked as crazy as the owner and scared many horses, several of them running away and smashing things up pretty bad He had better keep out of this country if he knows what's good for him.

Jim Thurston is learning to be a telegraph operator and has a machine fixed up at home where he rattles away on it; but it is not hitched up to anything. Jim ought to make a good one, as he can play music by ear pretty good. We don't see how anyone can understand that racket—they all sound alike to us.

Uncle Tom's Cabin was shown at the opera house above Jimson's store tuesday night by a troupe from New York Grand Opera House. Legree is a villainous character. Topsy caused many to laugh, and the lawyer, Marks, was funny also. The dogs were good There is a great lesson in Uncle Tom's Cabin.

We talked on one of the new telephones this week. We were over a block away and could hear pretty near everything they said, and they could hear us. It is quite an invention for those who have time to fool with it. *—Griff Crawford.*

Hostess: "You're Not Going Already? It's Only Half-Past Four!"
Guest: "I Must be Home in Time to Let the Children In"

Describing It

"WHAT kind of a place is your neighboring town of Torpidity?" asked a traveling salesman.

"Well, I'll tell you," replied the landlord of the tavern at Mount Pizgy. "It's one of them hamlets where there are three good corners without filling stations on 'em."

The Bond

"YOU see," explained the lady grandiloquently, "one of my ancestors laid out the village of Nottingham more than one hundred years ago."

"Is that so?" inquired the crass young man. "Well, a cousin of mine laid out

(Continued on Page 154)

Slow-cooked!

There's a savor and an invitation in the very words! Cooked through and through until every bean is a challenge to your appetite—rich and delicious in flavor, tender, yielding and mellow!

This is why Campbell's have such a great reputation as the quality beans and the wholesome beans. People know it's worth while insisting on Campbell's Beans because they are so tempting in flavor, so nourishing and satisfying. And so digestible!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

837

TWIN PROPELLERS

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

This Determined Rescuer Was Coming Valiantly Up From Leeward, Forging His Way Stubbornly Into the Headwind and Sea

XII

CLIFF turned to him a drawn haggard face. "Not so good, laddie. Girls all right?"

"Pax is down and out. Fatigue and seasickness. J. J. says she's scared."

"She's not the only one. When J. J. gets scared it's no time for song and laughter."

"What does Larsen think about it?"

"Haven't asked him, but he's in the wheelhouse, though badly shot, and that says something. Wish now I'd landed all hands and let the old hooker pile up."

"Where are you making for?"

"Open water. Deep water. It's our only chance. As soon as we're well clear of the beach we'll head her into the wind with the engine turning slowly. Only one will run."

"The deck house is loosening up."

"I know it. Everything is loosening up. These seagoing bungalows aren't built for this stuff to start with, and Hyacinth is getting on. But the last inspection reported her still sound."

"Is she leaking?"

"Yes, but so far it's under control. The biff those sea bandits gave us didn't help things any. Loosened some calking, I'm afraid."

"What's the betting she weathers it?"

"Better than even, I should say, but that's none too good, with women and wounded aboard. Our best hope is that it mayn't last long. When the glass drops suddenly, then stops, it means a short hard blow—a protracted squall. You don't get a continued southeast gale down here this time of year out of the hurricane season."

Lanty thought of what J. J. had said. "Mightn't she be easier off before it?"

"Yes, but she's low in the stern. I'd chuck those boats up topside overboard if it weren't that we might need them."

"As bad as that?"

"Hard to tell. We've got a big crowd aboard. Sometimes a box like this, light and high-sided, will weather out the worst of it, though filling up all the time. She'd float awash, with all the wood that's in her."

"Anything I can do? Relieve the wheel or something?"

"No, thanks. You'd better get a rest. Might need you on the hand pumps later. As soon as we have to I'll send out an S O S. That will be darned soon."

"It's my fault," Lanty said. "Suggesting that you muzzle the steward."

"Shucks, I needn't have come out here. I wanted to keep that steward from getting a tip through to Twining as much as you did. It was my best bet to get back the pearls, just as it was yours to find out what he'd been up to. There's no good in post-mortems on faulty judgment. If it comes to that I acted wrongly in not landing all hands while there was time."

"Couldn't you do that still under the lee of the land?"

"Not in this weather. Might hit a patch of coral and break up. You try to get some rest. You need it more than anybody else aboard."

"All right. I say, Cliff."

"Well?"

"Isn't J. J. a wonder?"

"All three of you are. That's what cheers me up. People don't go through what you three have, turned such close corners and get by with a fix like you were in, only to be drowned a few hours later. Things don't work that way."

"That's how I feel about it," Lanty agreed, "and I'll keep on feeling that way until we hear the toot of a horn—not Gabriel's."

"Good lad. That's worth a lot." He looked at Lanty fixedly, a burning in his blue eyes. "I thought that J. J. was *sui generis*, a species all of her own, until I met your sister."

"Oh, Pax is just a right sort of girl," Lanty said, not deprecatingly, but with that sort of disclaimer that was partly brotherly and partly twin. "She hasn't anything like J. J.'s uncommon cleverness."

"Possibly not. J. J.'s a de-luxe edition of a gilt-edge encyclopedia. But Pax is rare in a different way. She's got all J. J.'s charm and beauty and that sort of high-potential vitality that doesn't try to demonstrate itself. She's like a diamond with a warm glowing core. There's warmth instead of coldness in the flashing colors that shine out from her, and a high courage in the face of fear. Fancy her shoving off with you in that bundle of canvas and rotten sticks."

There was a vibration in Cliff's voice that thrilled Lanty all through. He felt instinctively the source of such a tone.

"I might as well tell you," Cliff said more evenly, "that I've clean lost my heart to Pax. It didn't take long. Even if I wasn't constantly in contact with so many younger women who want many of the things I stand for through fortunate circumstances, I couldn't help but recognize what Pax has got."

"Perhaps it's partly what she hasn't got," Lanty said.

"That's true. There's such a lot of mud in the best of them nowadays. Often it floats to the top and may be skimmed off, and sometimes it sinks to the bottom so that you can decant the pure spirit. But Pax is a clear solution of all that's best. She burns with a bright light without consuming any of her substance—like radium."

His strong face glowed. It was evident to Lanty that he himself was not the only lover on that hard-stressed vessel. It occurred to him also that the very fact of such stress was what was driving Cliff thus to express himself.

"We're going to weather it out," Lanty said. "There's too much to live for to let this packet crumple up."

As if in denial of this, a big hurtling sea with a blazing phosphorescent crest, crashing ahead in whirls of lambent flame, flung itself at the Hyacinth. The lower solid volume of this truncated cone smote the yacht heavily on her hard high straight side that had not the mitigating flare or resisting arc formation of a proper sea boat, while the broken, moving water of the wave's summit crashed higher up against the deck house, foaming over the superstructure. The Hyacinth shook and shuddered, and with the roar of the crashing impact there was audible a higher note of splintering woodwork and smashing glass. The sound of breakage below followed the yacht's heavy lee roll.

Larsen's drawn waxen face appeared in the open doorway to the darkened wheelhouse.

"That one smashed in the deck-house windows, sir. I think we had better heave to."

(Continued on Page 31)

S W I F T

To make that green apple pie *a real event!*

MIX 1⅛ cups flour and ½ teaspoon salt with ⅓ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard; add cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll thin and line the pie plate. Fill with sliced green apples sprinkled generously with sugar and dotted with butter. Add a few gratings of orange rind before covering with the top crust

No more bother of packing measuring cups and spoons. No more waste and inaccuracy! With this special "Silverleaf" measuring carton, you just score the top of the print as shown on the flap and cut the exact amount you need

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

One of the most important pies of the year

Will its crust have the rich, delicate flavor you want?

IN MOST families the first green apple pie of the season is a real event. What joy in the tart, juicy filling! How delightfully it blends with a crust which tastes exactly right! For this pie above all others, you need in the pastry that special trace of appetizing goodness which comes only when the shortening is chosen with care.

It is to make sure of getting this rich, delicate flavor in all their pastry, that so many women have for years used Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered pure and sweet from choice pork fat it brings to all baked foods and to fried foods as well, just that little extra goodness which means so much.

And so creamy fine is its texture, so smoothly does it mix with other ingredients, that it gives you crusts of an unusual lightness and tenderness.

See what added charm you can give to many dishes, what new pleasure to your family when you bake or fry with "Silverleaf." Your dealer has it in convenient 1 lb. measuring cartons and in 2, 4 and 8 lb. pails.

Swift & Company

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

Tablecloth Gamblers

He would smile if you called him a gambler, for he never risked a penny on the green cloth in his life.

Yet three times a day on spotless white table linen, he plays a losing game for the highest stakes in the world.

And the tragedy of it all! Because he is successful in his business, he thinks he is winning.

But actually he is losing; losing steadily day by day, squandering his priceless health at the table.

There are thousands like him; thousands of men and women who eat blindly, through habit. At mealtime their thoughts are everywhere but on the menu. They do not realize the importance of balance in the diet. And sooner or later they must pay.

One of the most common diet deficiencies is bulk. Yet, according to physicians, a regular supply of natural bulk is important to the body's welfare.

This delicious cereal food corrects a diet deficiency

Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious cereal food which millions of men and women eat every day with benefit and enjoyment. It supplies necessary bulk in the form of healthful wheat bran. Try it. It has such a tempting flavor you will eat it with genuine relish. It is so good to eat, it has become the most popular bran food in the world.

Post's Bran Flakes comes prepared, ready-to-eat. Just pour the crisp, brown flakes in a bowl and add milk or cream. You'll find it delightful with berries and fresh fruits in season. And it may be baked into tasty cookies, muffins and bread.

In addition to bulk, Post's Bran Flakes also provides such health essentials as: phosphorus, iron, protein, carbohydrates and vitamin-B.

Once you have learned how delicious Post's Bran Flakes really is you will look forward to it with real pleasure every day. And after it has become a regular part of your good health program, take stock of yourself and see how much better you feel.

Don't put off this important diet correction another day. Resolve to keep on the "Road to Wellville" by making Post's Bran Flakes a daily habit.

"Ounce of Prevention" Offer. At your request we will gladly send you "An Ounce of Prevention" package free with a booklet that has an important bearing on your health and success.

* * *

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everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

"Now You'll Like Bran"

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(Continued from Page 28.

Cliff nodded. "All right. Have we room enough to heave to on the starboard tack and make a lee for the smashed windows?"

"Yes, sir. So long as the wind holds southeast. We might rig some oil bags too. And I think we had better start the radio while she still works."

"I'll look after it. Lanty, suppose you jump below and see how Gwen Satterlee and Grace King are making out. Then look in on Angela. I'll be too busy."

For the first time since coming aboard, Lanty went to the main saloon. He found this beautiful room with its splendid finishings a scene of orderly disorder. The injured men to whom first aid had been administered were disposed on mattresses and locker cushions on the deck—or floor, perhaps, in the case of a house boat. They were quiet enough, wedged by impromptu means so as not to shift with the violent rolling motion. The place was warm, humid, steaming from the torrid southeast blast and with the pervading odor of iodine.

The windows of one side were smashed, shutters and glass, the latter strewn about as it had been driven in by the impact of the wave's crest, and an inch or so of water was swirling back and forth.

The two women guests, very white and haggard as much from seasickness as dread, were trying valiantly to clean up the place, both of the broken glass and fragments of porcelain thrown off the sideboard and through the glass doors of the buffet, one of which, splintered, was crashing back and forth. Such furniture as was not permanently attached had been piled up in one corner and secured by lashings.

Lanty turned to helpfully. "You girls lie down and rest. I'll straighten things out here. Where's Mrs. Kane?"

"In bed," Miss Satterlee answered with dry bitterness. "Haven't seen her since the row was over. She kept ringing for the steward until I jammed a towel in the bell. How are the girls?"

"All right. It will be quieter in a minute when we heave to."

"That's a mercy."

"Patients all set?"

"Best we can do for them. One man's not going to live."

"Well, you go lie down. You, too, Miss King. I'll be night orderly."

Miss Satterlee dropped down on the corner of a mattress and began to weep softly—or at least it looked that way. One had to shriek to be heard above the uproar. Lanty stooped to raise her.

"Oh, come now. We're going to weather it. Cliff and the captain say so, and I know it."

"You don't know anything. None of you suspect the worst."

"What's that?"

She reached up suddenly, seized his arms and drew him down, then with her lips close to his ear said, "I stole those filthy pearls. They're locked up in my dressing bag."

Lanty dropped down beside her.

"Well, you must have had your reasons. Never mind that now."

"I want to tell you. If the yacht goes down I'll go with her. Somebody must know. Everybody must know."

"You keep still," Lanty shouted. The yacht was turning slowly to head into wind and sea, and the uproar of crashing water and shrieking wind was terrific. The motion altered its character, became less violently rolling, but with a fore-and-aft labored plunging, each downward forward lurch to fetch up with a stagger, as if they had struck some resistant though slightly yielding body, which was precisely the fact.

"Listen, Lanty. Make the best case you can for me."

"No fear. But you're going to make it for yourself. You grabbed the pearls to keep them from being stolen, then kept them to teach that fool Angela a lesson. Then you got scared and wanted to study out some plan for returning them."

"No. I stole them. There's only one word for it."

"Don't believe it."

"I did though. But not from greed."

"Well, what then?"

"Revenge."

"On—Angela?"

"Partly. And partly Twining."

"Why that?"

"He—treated me badly. I saw a chance to get even. Put him under a cloud." She gave a short wild laugh. "I told you that every woman had her price."

"That's not just what you said. What had you against Angela?"

"She took Twining from me. I shouldn't have cared so much if she'd wanted him herself. But she never did."

"Where did you know Twining?"

"Last summer, on this boat—Long Island Sound and Newport."

"I knew he was a bad egg," Lanty said.

"Well, I'm worse."

"Does Angela suspect?"

"I don't know. The chances are she'd believe Twining quite capable of doing it if he was up against it hard enough. I've reason to believe he's lost a lot of money recently."

"Failure of his rum-running operations?"

"How did you know?"

"Got a line on him. That was one of his fleet that held us up and shanghaied us. The pilot turned state's evidence."

"I'm not surprised, Lanty, but I don't believe he was back of all this."

"No more do I. What were you going to do with the pearls?"

"Send them back anonymously in time."

"Well, Twining's got a lot to answer for. Don't you take it too hard, Gwen. Lots of women of spirit have done that sort of thing."

She gripped his hand and squeezed it. They had been talking with their faces almost in contact, each into the other's ears.

"But if we all drown, Lanty?"

"We're not going to drown."

A sailor, his arms full of life preservers, burst in through the lee door.

"Skipper says all hands put on der life belts, zir," he shouted.

Lanty scrambled up and picked his way over the prostrate bodies to the man.

"What's up now?"

The Tanker Then Lowered a Launch, Which Put Off and Ran Up Under the Well-Rendered Lee Side of the Hyacinth

"Water pouring in, zir. Der bilge pumps can't handle it. Pretty soon I ban tink dey stop. Dere's a coast guard yust answer our S O S."

XIII

LANTY found his way to Angela's luxurious cabin. A pretty poor vessel, Angela, he thought. Rotten at the core like the Hyacinth, but without the yacht's record of faithful service. Angela had all of the Hyacinth's luxe, her flash and glitter and superb costly finish, a similar beautiful and showy fabric, but like the yacht, of flimsy deeper structural design, unfit to stand a succession of heavy strains variously applied.

Then as he opened the door in answer to the melodious "Come in," Lanty was not so sure about her. At least this woman had courage, a heritage of racial pride and a natural resistance in the face of dire catastrophe.

For Angela was precisely as he had seen her last, in exquisite negligee that now revealed with sort of indifferent shamelessness the beauty of her feline body. For she had flung aside the rosy silken sheets in the hot oppressive air of the closely battened room. A fan opposite her was whirring softly, the draft of close, vitiated perfumed air swirling the smoke from a scented cigarette in the long boat-hook holder.

Despite the terrifying clamors and occasional shouted orders that were borne away gustily in the flaws of rushing wind, Angela's face was calm, unruffled, undisturbed as she looked questioningly at Lanty. "Well, what's up now?" she asked in her languid voice.

"Leaking like a bait car," Lanty said shortly. "The orders are to put on life preservers. You've got one in here, haven't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but it's entirely too hot to put on one of those beastly things. Besides, with our increased passenger list we're apt to need them all."

"Don't be silly. The water's warm and if we have to leave her and drift rouhd a bit we're apt to be picked up in a few hours. We've had an answer to our S O S. There's a coast-guard boat looking for us not far away. Cliff's waving his searchlight and they're due to sight it any moment."

"They couldn't take us off in this," Angela murmured. "I'm sailor enough to know that."

"The glass is rising, though it's blowing harder than ever."

"It always does. Sit down, Lanty, there on the foot of the bed. You look all in. No wonder. How are your sister and your sweetheart?"

Lanty obeyed. Something about the woman, some subtle quality, seemed to negative the danger, to make it appear one to be held in contempt. Angela disregarded it as a proud if vicious queen might disregard the menacing uproar of a mob outside the windows of her palace chamber.

"What makes you think she's my sweetheart?" he asked, and slumped down heavily on the foot of the bed.

"Any fool could see that, and I'm not entirely a fool, though certain people, a certain person, may try to play me for one. Look here, Lanty. Will you do something for me?"

"Of course."

"Well, before this cracked bandbox sinks I want you to go into Gwen's room and get my pearls out of her dressing bag."

Lanty stared. He made a motion to rise.

"Sit still. It's rather reassuring to feel the contact of your strong and capable person. I have a distinct failing for strong men, particularly young ones; the first symptom of that archenemy which is"—she raised her slender eyebrows, looking at him with a smile—"what?"

"The devil?" he ventured.

"Thanks. A stupid person would have answered tritely—age. I hate the thought of age. That's the reason I don't let myself get flustered at all this. Will you do as I ask?"

"What makes you think Gwen has got the pearls?"

"Why bother to think? I know. Can't you guess how?" She waved her cigarette holder.

"Yes. When the lights went out you tried to hook them back with that thing. You might have felt a tug."

"Keen little Lanty. I'm getting horribly fond of you. J. J. will have to look out. I not only felt a tug but noticed that it came from your direction. You were leaning on the table but not for one moment did I suspect you. Don't you think you owe me a kiss for that?" Her light eyes shone at him mockingly.

"That would sink us," Lanty said. "And I wouldn't care if it did."

"Thanks again. Meaning that you would die so happily, I take it. Well, it mightn't be so bad."

"Look here, Angela, this is no time for vamping, especially fake vamping. Gwen told me that she'd taken the pearls and why. You had it coming."

"Yes, I admit that freely."

"She was going to give them back to you."

"No. Send them back to me—anonymously. Keep always the dark shadow of suspicion on Rosey Twining."

Lanty stared at her. "You're uncanny."

"Say ultrafeminine. I might have done the same thing in her place, but I'd have done it better. More thoroughly. Found some way to plant them on him."

"Why did you take him away from her?" Lanty asked.

"Why? Because I happen to be rather fond of—Gwen. I know Rosey pretty well, and I hoped to manage it before it was too late. But even if it had been too late I thought it better for her happiness if it were broken up by me than by Rosey himself. And that's precisely what would have happened."

"Well, I'll -be—darned," Lanty said.

"I'm doing the same thing now in asking you to get me the pearls," Angela continued. "Honestly, Lanty, I want to save that poor girl as much distress as possible. Don't look so surprised."

"I don't quite get you."

"Be your keen self. Don't you see that I'm one of those fool women who like to pose as hard-boiled but who are really kind?"

She leaned forward, her light-green eyes shining at Lanty with a warmer tint, like soft limpid Gulf Stream water over snowy sands. "I'll say she took the pearls to teach me a lesson, then got scared at what she'd done, which is the truth when you come down to facts."

"I guess I was wrong about you, Angela," Lanty mumbled.

"Most people are. That was a hard one."

Another sea struck and boiled over the Hyacinth; the flood of water sluicing against the strip of awning battened over the windows squirted through around the edges.

"You put on that life belt," Lanty said.

"Where's yours?"

"Handy when I need it." The Hyacinth's sagging motion was now more labored. Her buoyancy had gone; and the wind and sea were if anything more violent than ever, Lanty thought. "Where is it?" he asked.

"The life belt? You're sure there are enough to go round? We can't have our guests drown, even if they do happen to be pirates. Most of us are that at heart, whether we want gold or love or reputations. Unfortunately, what some of us most want can't be pirated—youth."

"Don't be silly."

"I'm not. The worst that I am is thirty-five."

"Yes. Pretty senile. But if you don't want to be cut off at that ripe old age, you'd better put on that life belt."

"All right. There are two in that rack." She waved her cigarette holder toward the place. "Fish one out and bale me up."

"You've got to dress first. Now don't ask me to do that. Please remember that I'm an engaged man."

"Really? Quick worker, Lanty. Oh, dear, must I always be a widow? All the men I like are engaged or married or frightened of me."

"Will you dress?"

"If I must. After all, a swim would be good after this hot sticky room."

Lanty got up and stepped outside the door. Cliff passed, carrying life preservers.

"I've got Pax and J. J. life-belted," he said.

"Got enough to go round?" Lanty asked.

"Yes, and to spare. Two apiece if need be. Last summer I rode hospital convalescents up and down the Sound."

"So that's the reason for the extra boats topside."

"Yes. Counted on having some children down here when my party breaks up. Angela stirring?"

"Getting dressed. I'll see that she's properly rigged."

Cliff hurried on. Lanty wondered a little at Cliff's delegating the safety of his only sister to another. But perhaps Angela was more amenable to another than to her brother. Their wills might clash. Or Cliff may have considered the well-being of his several sorely injured fighting men as actually of more value in the scheme of life than that of the pampered and selfish Angela. A broad humanitarian, Lanty reflected, would be apt to act on this idea. And besides, Cliff had also to be on call for any fresh development in the danger of the situation.

Lanty knew what was now most to be feared. A failure of the single engine running or some mishap to the steering gear must result in their broaching to, when, the wind and sea striking the Hyacinth abeam, the whole upper works of her, already loosened, might be swept away, and she must quickly fill. Next to this was the danger that the water pouring into her from strained and gaping seams might stop the engine, and with the bilge pumps out of action, even if the deck houses hung on, the yacht would soon be water-logged. She would float, Cliff said, but that would not avail them much with the seas crashing over her.

Then suddenly, as he stood there in feverish impatience, the lights were totally extinguished. The whole vessel was plunged in darkness except for some few oil lamps and lanterns Cliff had ordered set against such an occurrence. The engine still throbbed on. Lanty guessed that the straining and swaying of the loosened structure had snapped the wiring somewhere, to produce a short circuit. The calamity was particularly serious, because it must necessarily complicate the whole rescue.

He flung open the door of Angela's cabin. "Ready?"

"Almost. Have you got my pearls?"

"Not yet."

The cabin was black as pitch. Lanty had provided himself with an electric torch. He flashed it on Angela, then threw it off again. Pawing his way to where she stood clinging to the footboard of her bed, he picked up the life belt lying there, seized one of her bare arms, then the other, and adjusted the contrivance. It was a bizarre, outrageous situation, against which Lanty's mind protested, hampered, retarded by this willful woman who, in the desperate need of haste, had taken her time to start dressing at a moment when there was so much to be done. Angela, selecting what she judged a proper costume for abandoning a vessel about to founder, demanding that he get the pearls which, with her folly, had been the direct cause of this tragic catastrophe. Lanty understood why Cliff had detailed him to the salvage of Angela. It was because her brother knew himself to be so bitter toward her that he doubted his patience could bear the strain.

Struggling in the dark with the soft flesh under his hands as he adjusted the life belt, it was borne in on Lanty that an undue proportion of the world's burden of misery had resulted from just such a cause as this. Willful perversity concentrated in the flesh of women like Angela. External shapes and forms that represented actually no value but the material.

She did not protest his violence, his rough impatience, even when, his task achieved, he gripped her by the arm and dragged her out and on deck, under the lee of the tottering swaying structure. If this went Angela would go with it, he reflected, but there was no choice. On the weather side, exposed to the lash of the hurtling wave crests, she must be swept away in a blaze of phosphorescent spume.

Now, as he almost flung her down in a motley group huddled there, with which his light revealed Pax and J. J., a rocket soared up and burst, to illuminate for an instant the flying scud. Then suddenly a costern light blazed from forward, to reveal the terrifying aspect of the sea. And scarcely had the glare of this begun to dwindle, when from the murky void to leeward a bright beam shot up vertically against the ragged rushing clouds.

A little cry burst from the watchers, but whether of hope or despair one could not say. Rescue was at hand, but how this could serve in such a chaos of seething water it was impossible to imagine. Yet there was comfort in its very presence. It struck a note of hope in the wild turmoil of desolation.

Angela sprang up, clinging to a handrail with one hand, the other gripping at Lanty's wrist.

"Go get my pearls."

"Oh, blow your pearls!" He wrenched his arm free.

"For Gwen's sake."

Well, why not? Lanty thought. The scud was breaking up and he had caught the gleam of a star blinking out in an open space. They might yet weather it for long enough to be taken off, and once safely ashore there would at once arise the same old worldly interests to be considered.

As he plunged inside again, the ray of his torch streaming in front of him, he met Gwen herself helping one of the wounded to the open deck.

"How many more?" he asked.

"This is the last. Was that a ship?"

"Yes, somebody's coming up." He helped her with the man, one of the pirate crew, and having eased him down where the others were grouped, drew her back into the deck house. "Let's get Angela's pearls."

"I'll get them. You wait here."

"I'll go with you."

Together they struggled aft to the cabin occupied by Miss King and Gwen. An inch or two of water was swashing back and forth across the floor. Gwen hauled her dressing bag from a locker.

"Here's the key," she quavered.

"Reach in and haul them out."

She obeyed, handing the heavy string to Lanty, who jammed it in his trousers pocket.

"She knew you had 'em."

"How do you know?"

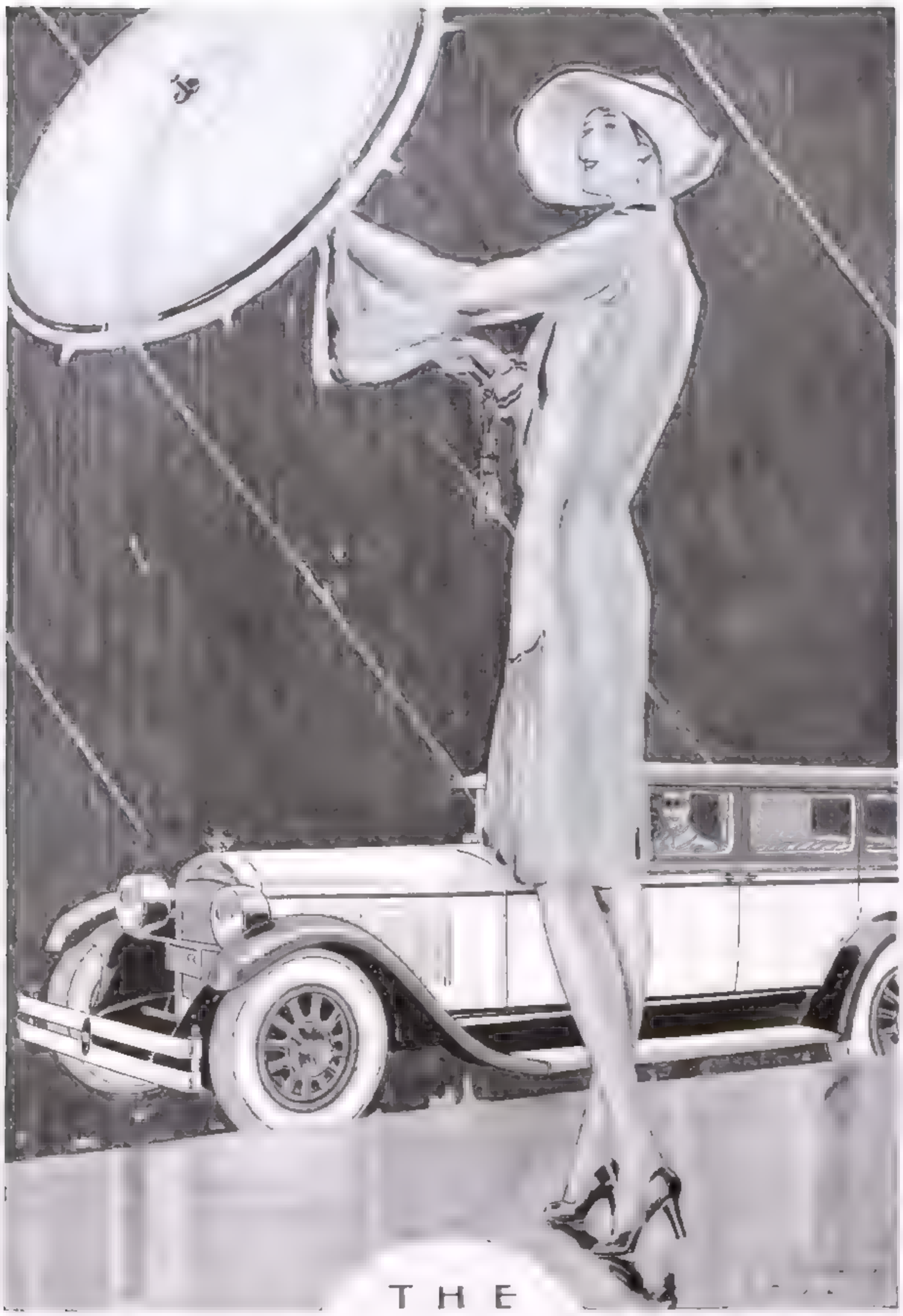
"She told me so when I went to get her up and out."

"Then why didn't she say so—and save all this horror?"

"She was sorry for you. Angela's not so bad. She guessed why you took them and wanted to help you out."

"Women are devils, Lanty."

(Continued on Page 108)



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IN THE FINE CAR FIELD, THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

PACK HORSE

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

It Cost Too Much. It Cost His Strength, His Peace, His Finest Honesty

THERE had been a protracted argument between the parents about the name of Ross and Dora Wyllie's first child. Ross wanted to name her Jane, after his grandmother, whom he had adored. Dora wanted to name her Vera, after a Russian grand duchess whose picture she had seen in a Sunday paper. They compromised, if you can call it that, on Genevieve—which became, in the baby's own special language, Veevee, and continued to be Veevee long after her baby talk was outgrown. Ross Wyllie took a lot of comfort in looking at his daughter. Usually he called her Janie, pretending that it was the proper nickname for Genevieve.

The next child was a boy and became Ross Wyllie, Jr., because Mrs. Wyllie said all the English aristocracy name the first son after the father. Ross Senior said he was glad to have the sanction of the English aristocracy, as otherwise he knew that Dora wouldn't have given the boy his name. Junior was sickly, spoiled and a poor sport—so, naturally, his mother's darling.

About the time the Wyllie store began to expand, and Dora was agitating for removal from the little house on Market Street to one of the new stylish villas on Park Boulevard, the third Wyllie infant made its appearance. This time Dora triumphed. Eloise was the sugary, fancy name that Dora insisted on wishing on the newcomer, and Ross gave in at last, remarking savagely that he could at least thank heaven that his wife hadn't chosen Gladys, and, anyway, everyone would call the child Ella.

"Your temper gets worse all the time," said Dora Wyllie placidly. She could afford to be placid. She was getting the new house and the baby was to have the name she chose. Also she had been elected to the Clio Club and the Garden Club, and that meant a distinct social advance.

When you see a wife and mother of thirty-nine without a wrinkle or gray hair you are pretty sure to see a husband with plenty of both, and a perpetual worried look besides. In spite of his wife's social advance; in spite of his three children, who were good enough as children go; in spite of his flourishing retail store, the largest and most up-to-date in their flourishing city; and in spite of the fact that he was only forty-two years old himself, Ross Wyllie looked fifty-five—and a harassed, unhappy fifty-five at that. The answer for it lay in that he was driven by the implacable will, not his own. It was the will of his fair, plump, smiling, young-looking wife.

From the moment when she had chosen an engagement ring which was far beyond what he could afford, and elected for their honeymoon a resort where every hotel charged sky-high, she had driven him. She was so sweet and appealing, her brown eyes were so innocent, she was so tearfully disappointed when he opposed objections to her extravagance, she was so wistfully covetous of the luxuries of life—what could he do but put on the harness? He was young and foolish and proud, and sure of himself, and wildly in love with this delicious little gimme. It took a long time to make him see her as she really was—a cold ruthless taskmaster, greedy for every material good of life. Oh, she was an excellent housekeeper, a careful mother, an agreeable hostess, a chaste wife; but sometimes, when he stirred wearily under the burden she had so artfully fitted on him, Ross Wyllie wished fervently that she was the opposite of all these things, so that he might have some legitimate claim to freedom. He had had too many years of keeping one jump ahead of his creditors.

Certainly it was all for his best good. How many, many times he had heard her say that. "I only want your best good"—that was the lash she used most often. It was for his best good that they take the bigger house, that they buy a car, another car—for her special use—that they entertain smartly, that the children go to private schools, that she should have rings and brooches and necklaces and furs to outshine every woman in town except Mrs. Purviance, wife of old Granite Purviance, the president of the First National. All the joy of developing and building up a big business had been denied Ross Wyllie, for everything he had done had been under pressure, forced by necessity. He knew just what would happen to him if a bad depression should come, tight money, hard times. He knew! The lines in his face, the white hair on his temples, were the symbols of his knowledge.

And now it was Veevee's debut. As to all fathers of girl children, it was incredible to Ross Wyllie that his baby had become a woman, that she must be introduced into society, and he could see no need of the great elaborate party, first of a program of dinners and dances and luncheons that Dora desired.

"She's been running round with the same crowd of young ones ever since she was in kindergarten," he objected. "She knows them all and they all know her. What's the use of putting on all this extra dog?"

"But everyone does it," said Dora. "Look at the parties Mrs. Tomlinson gave for Edna." Tomlinson had the rival store. "If we don't do as much, and more, people will think you can't afford it."

"I can't." Then Ross Wyllie permitted himself the unusual treat of a dig at his wife. "You forget that Mrs. Tomlinson's got money of her own to pay for her foolishness. I'll bet if Jake Tomlinson had been nicked for it, there'd 've been no party."

"It's not my fault that I've no money, Ross," replied Mrs. Wyllie with dignity. "And it doesn't alter the fact that if we don't do as much for Veevee as the Tomlinsons did for Edna, people will think we can't afford it. I'm particularly anxious to give her a really perfect start because of Walter Purviance."

"For Pete's sake, Dora, what have you got in your head now? Trying to marry off that baby?"

"She's eighteen. I was eighteen when I married you."

"I've got nothing against Walter Purviance—he's a good boy as boys go nowadays—but I'd like Janie to have a real girlhood."

"She'll not have much chance unless she's launched properly." Mrs. Wyllie brought the conversation neatly back to the main issue. "It won't be so very expensive. I'll keep everything as reasonable as possible."

At this moment Genevieve-Janie-Veevee walked into the room. Ross Wyllie's tired eyes lit at the sight of her color, her straightness, her untouched glorious youth.

"Jane," he asked her, "is it necessary to your social success to have a big blow-out? Won't anybody dance with you or ask you anywhere unless we doll up the house and spend a lot of money for food nobody will eat, and music nobody'll listen to, and flowers that hardly last through the evening, and jam in so many people that nobody's comfortable? Can't you think up some easier way to get a string of beaus than that?"

Veevee grinned understandingly at her father, sat down on the arm of his chair and hugged him heartily.

"Pretty hard to win the suitors these days," she said. "The competition is sim-pully terrific! Specially if you've got nothing on your hip."

"Don't be so cheap," said her mother.

"Sorry, moms, but father asked. What with the girls that carry flasks and the girls that empty the boys' flasks,

(Continued on Page 37)

A representative Goodyear Service Station—that of the Santa Fe Transportation Co., Santa Fe, New Mexico

THE SAME SOUND IDEA

Today you are hearing fine things of the magnificent performance of Goodyear Balloon Tires.

In years past you heard things almost as fine of Goodyear Cord Tires and, earlier, of Goodyear Fabric Tires as well.

This is because, year in and year out, back of *every* Goodyear Tire—as of *all* Goodyear products—is the same sound idea.

That idea is, *to build the best possible value into the product, and then to provide means so that the user will get all this value out.*

Goodyear Balloon Tires are great tires, made greater by SUPERTWIST, the remarkable new Goodyear cord fabric.

The development of SUPERTWIST as a special safeguard against carcass troubles concretely illustrates the first part of traditional Goodyear policy.

The second part is expressed in the helpful service of Goodyear Dealers, schooled to help you give Goodyear SUPERTWIST Balloons proper care.

This combination of Goodyear quality and Goodyear service constitutes today the same sound idea that for years has made *"more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."*

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC., AKRON, OHIO

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GOODYEAR

Automobiles

The New Yor

VOL. LXXV No. 142 Copyright, 1926 SUNDAY, JULY

CHRYSLER adopts BUDD-MICHELIN wheel equipment on all models...

Offers demountable steel discs on the "50", the "60", the "70", and the Imperial "80"; now on display in show rooms.

New wheels bring greater safety, cleanliness, make tire changing easier, and enhance beauty of car.

The Chrysler organization, noted for progressiveness, has scored again through the announcement that Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels have been adopted as equipment on all models of the four types of Chrysler cars—the "50", the "60", the "70", and the Imperial "80".

This will be good news to the large body of motor car buyers who are alive to the advantages of all-steel construction, and have followed its progress during recent months. In many respects the structure of the wheels is most vital to safety, as the collapse of a wheel, in skidding against a curb, or in a collision with another car, is a mishap that no motorist cares to face.

Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels are the only automobile wheels approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories. They were developed during the War, when the conditions of the roads near the front in France made necessary a sturdier type of wheel than had before been available. The Budd-Michelin was adopted by the French Government for all official cars, and solved one of the vital problems of war-time transportation.

After the War, the engineering advantages of Budd-Michelin Wheels, and their beauty—the beauty of clean stream-lines—appealed to European motor car manufacturers, with the result that they are now used on more than half the cars in Europe, including such famous makes as Rolls Royce, Delage, Panhard, Peugeot, Renault, Fiat, and Isotta-Fraschini.

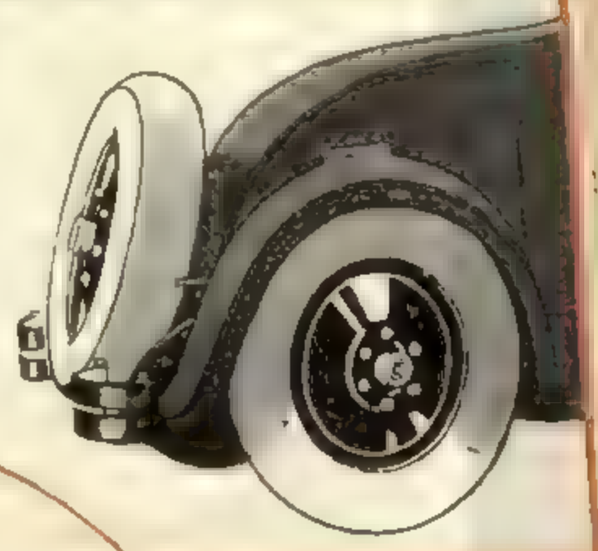
These wheels also won immediate recognition in America, and are now used on a dozen American makes.

Five wheels per car

Each set of Budd-Michelins includes an extra wheel that carries the spare tire. It is usually mounted on the back of the car, and adds much to the attractiveness of the car's appearance from the rear. When a tire is punctured, the wheel with the flat tire is removed by unscrewing the cap nuts around the hub, and the spare wheel is put in its place. This operation takes only three or four minutes for a person of ordinary ability.

Budd-Michelin Wheels hide the brakes from view, and protect them from mud, water, and dust. Because of their smooth surface, they are easily cleaned, and tend to keep clean.

They are the last step in bringing to the motor car the safety and durability of all-steel construction—the type of construction which has made a passenger on a fast express train safer than in his own home.



BUDD WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit | Philadelphia

Also makers of the Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheel, which fits the same hub as the Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheel

(Continued from Page 34)

you've got to be up and doing if you want to make a dent on the stag line."

"Bad as all that, eh?" said Ross Wyllie. He loved to hear Veevee rag her mother, though he wouldn't have dared openly to encourage her.

"Oh, quite. All the same, I don't care. If you can't scare up the shekels for a bust, dad, I'll—I'll just sort of leak out. Ooze out, maybe. How about it?"

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You are going to have everything that other girls in your position have. Your father knows very well that ——"

"—— that it's all for my best good. Yes, Dora." Ross Wyllie adjusted his harness, prepared for the pull. "Go as light as you can, though. Business is not what it ought to be, and shows no signs of getting any better."

"That's what you always say when you don't want to spend money," said Dora. "If you'd had your way, we'd still be living in that dump on Market Street, and the store would be the same as when you bought it."

"And my credit would be a whole lot better and I might have had some joy out of life," was on the tip of Ross Wyllie's tongue. But he didn't say it. There was never any use of saying things to Dora, and particularly he couldn't before Veevee. It wasn't good for children to hear their parents forever jangling, in Ross Wyllie's opinion; and as Dora had no such inhibition, he had to be the one to refrain from the jangles. There was his pride, his poor old battered pride—what there was left of it. He hated to have the children see that it was their mother who always had her way, rode him down in any stand he might take.

Then, too, she made him seem a carping tyrant, unwilling to give them the pleasures and advantages that other girls and boys had. He knew that Dora had him at a disadvantage there. Naturally he wanted his children to have the best he could give them. It was only that he was so tired, so desperately, horribly tired of skating on thin ice; of going to the bank to get his notes extended, of putting off the wholesalers with installments on account, with writing credit men humble and cajoling letters. The big Wyllie store was nothing but a mask, a great glittering luxurious mask, behind which he sweated and labored and contrived in a desperate mad haste lest the mask should crumble and reveal the truth.

When he went back to his office he sent for books, reports, though he knew perfectly well what he would find. Then he called in various heads of departments where sales had been slow, discussed with them methods of quickening. Lastly, his buyers—with warnings against overstocking.

"Buy close to demand," he said. "Don't let any clever salesman put anything over on us in the way of novelties. We've got to watch the turnover like hawks, and follow its trend."

Barton, his oldest and most dependable buyer, lingered. "Mr. Wyllie, I've just this morning heard a rumor that Tomlinson's negotiating for the Convex line. I got it through a man in the Tomlinson business office who's a distant cousin of mine."

Wyllie knew perfectly what that meant. He had dealt with the Convex wholesale house for years; he had been their exclusive customer in the city; their line was all staples, built up by national advertising, for which his patrons asked by name. And on his desk there was a file of letters from the Convex credit manager covering a long period of time, and rising from a pianissimo of mild complaint to a crescendo of peremptory menacing demands. It all boiled down to this: If he didn't meet his bills they'd take their entire line away from him. But he hadn't thought they'd do it. He knew the reluctance with which a big wholesaler drops an old customer who is in temporary difficulties. Only he had rather overplayed that "temporary." The credit man's last had advised him that his difficulties seemed permanent instead of temporary and that they were about to take decisive steps. The negotiations with Tomlinson confirmed it.

Barton went on out—no need for him to say more—and Wyllie drummed on the desk. If he lost the Convex line the news would go straight through the trade and he'd lose other big staples. It was like knocking down the first in a line of blocks and seeing the whole row slowly topple. He went over his bank loans once more. If he could wangle an extension out of Purviance for the money due next month, he could make a substantial payment to Convex and steady his line of blocks. Veevee could even have her debut—somewhat curtailed. It was after banking hours, but he put on his hat and went over to the First National. Old Granite Purviance would be there. Purviance worked in his little cubby-hole of an office longer hours than any of his junior clerks.

"I don't mind working, either," thought Wyllie bitterly, "but it's like laying up fairy gold—it turns to trash before my eyes"

Seated beside Purviance's desk, he went through the usual patter. The farmers were having a bad time and it was reflected in trade. He didn't see how things could pick up much before next spring. Still, business, though slow, was sound. There was nothing back of it all to worry about—he hoped that sounded convincing—it was just one of those times when the pendulum swings away. And so—that note, due next month ——

Purviance looked him through and through. Wyllie could feel the old banker's intuition reaching into the hidden places of his mind, searching for the real motive behind the words. He seemed on the point of refusal, and Wyllie's heart gave a sick throb, warning of disaster. But Purviance, instead, rang for the note to be brought.

"You can't reduce it at all?" he asked at last. "You know, Wyllie, we've given you time twice before."

"I might bring it down a couple of thousand." Mentally he curtailed Veevee's party still further, stole a slice of the check he would send to the Convex. "That's not much, but I don't want to bring too much pressure on the farmers' accounts. You know how bad that is for everybody. It upsets the whole neighborhood."

"Yes, I know," agreed Purviance. "And 99 per cent of 'em are honest, and have got solid assets behind 'em. They only need a little time."

"Exactly." His heart beat less painfully now.

"We-ell, then, six months, with two thousand reduction. That's a very small reduction, Wyllie. Can't you do better than that? It ought to be five or six at least."

(Continued on Page 56

"If You Can't Scare Up the Shekels for a Bust, Dad, I'll—I'll Just Sort of Leak Out. Ooze Out, Maybe. How About It?"

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office.

Why Realsilk leaves it entirely to you

Can you imagine a business any more unique than Realsilk—a business which has prospered and grown, almost beyond belief, by catering entirely to other people's judgment?

The way it works is really quite interesting.

Let's assume you have ordered hosiery and lingerie from the Realsilk Service Representative during his last round of calls in your neighborhood. The postman has just delivered your package direct from the Mills. You are curious to examine the things which Realsilk has sent you. You open the package.

You put the merchandise to the most scrutinizing tests. Understand, you are alone—there is no one around to recommend and sell it to you. The merchandise must speak for itself in gaining your complete approval. In other words, Realsilk *puts it up to you* to decide for yourself whether it really offers better hosiery and lingerie and at most extraordinary savings.

This policy of absolute customer satisfaction is the cornerstone of Realsilk success.

Realsilk, because of this policy, has necessarily had to make hosiery and lingerie of such superior quality that everyone would immediately recognize it as such.

For instance, every pair of Realsilk hose undergoes eight separate inspections before leaving the Mills.

A Unique Policy *which governs a Great Business*

When the man at the door says "Realsilk" . . . have him come in!

REALSILK
HOSIERY AND LINGERIE
CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS *and* MEN'S SOCKS

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REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS
Indianapolis, Indiana

I would like to take advantage of your service in buying hosiery and lingerie. Will you have a Representative call at my home?

Name _____

Address _____ *'Phone No.* _____

City and State _____ A1

Every piece of material from which Realsilk lingerie is made must first prove itself, by test, to be both color fast and durable. Each garment, when completed, must be of exact size so as to assure perfect fit.

So it becomes quite evident that with Realsilk, quality is not only an ideal, but a great business necessity. It is only because Realsilk has reached the highest standard of quality that it can say to its millions of customers—"You be the judge."

The next time our Service Representative at your door says "Realsilk," by all means have him come in. Through him you can deal *direct* with our great Mills—not only in supplying your own hosiery and lingerie needs but the hosiery requirements of the entire family . . . and everything can be had at the most invitingly low prices . . . permitting the most astounding savings.

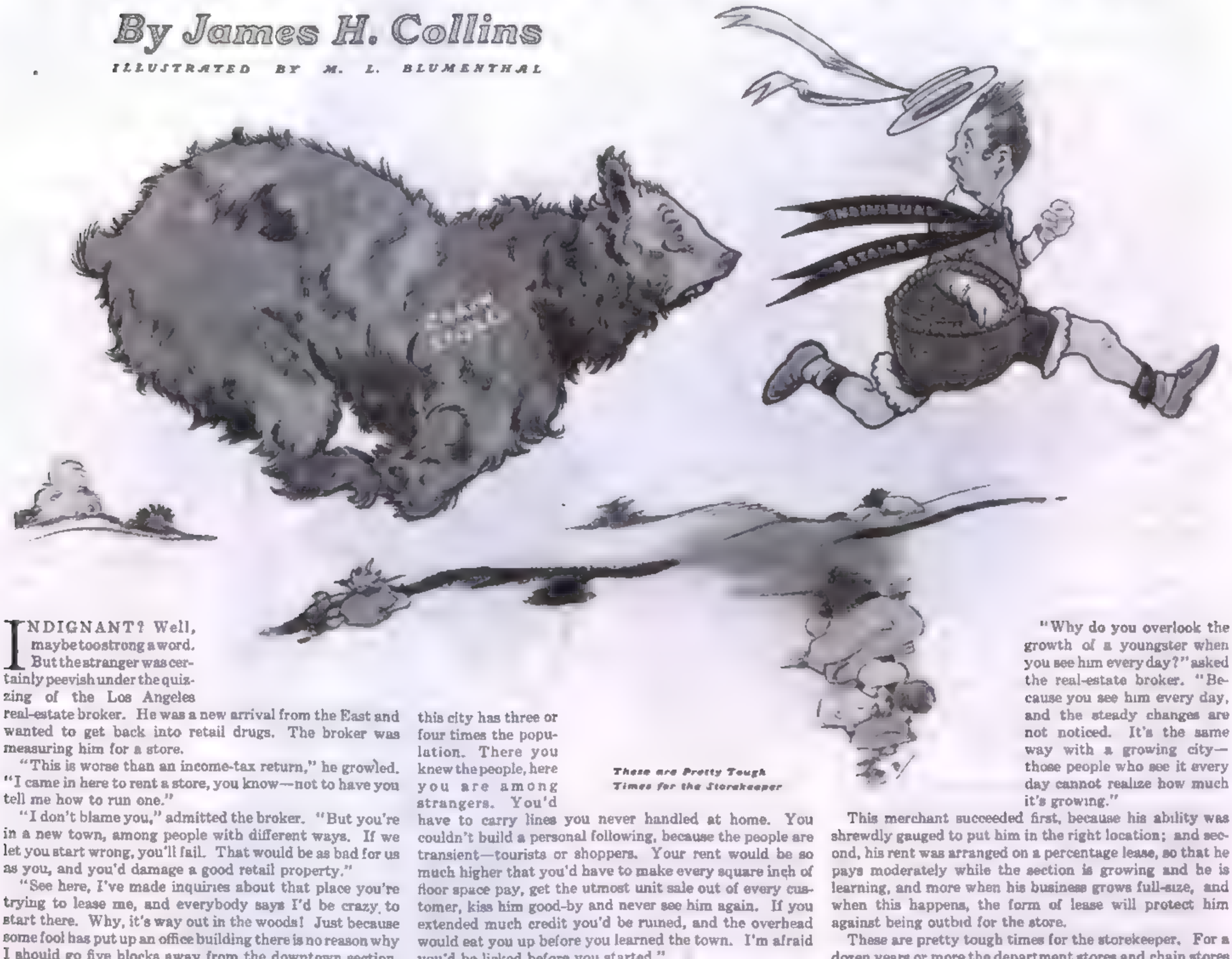
If you don't care to wait until the next call of the Realsilk Service Representative permanently assigned to your neighborhood, just fill in the coupon below and we will arrange a special call to suit your convenience.

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U.S.A.
World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie
350 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
Consult 'Phone Directory for Your Local Office

THE STOREKEEPER FALLS IN WITH THE SPENDING AGE

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



These are Pretty Tough Times for the Storekeeper

INDIGNANT? Well, maybe too strong a word. But the stranger was certainly peevish under the quizzing of the Los Angeles real-estate broker. He was a new arrival from the East and wanted to get back into retail drugs. The broker was measuring him for a store.

"This is worse than an income-tax return," he growled. "I came in here to rent a store, you know—not to have you tell me how to run one."

"I don't blame you," admitted the broker. "But you're in a new town, among people with different ways. If we let you start wrong, you'll fail. That would be as bad for us as you, and you'd damage a good retail property."

"See here, I've made inquiries about that place you're trying to lease me, and everybody says I'd be crazy to start there. Why, it's way out in the woods! Just because some fool has put up an office building there is no reason why I should go five blocks away from the downtown section. I'll bet not 1000 people pass in the busiest hour. At home, my sidewalk traffic was from 3000 to 4000. Why hasn't some Los Angeles druggist located there? If it's so good, it would have been snapped up before now by somebody that knows the town."

"What is the population of your city?"

"More than 300,000 now."

"You knew a good many customers personally?"

"Hundreds of them, and their family affairs—grew up in the town."

"You had a good many charge accounts?"

"The best names in the place, and seldom lost a dollar in bad debts."

"I assume that you're a pharmacist—did you do a big prescription trade?"

Too Close to See Clearly

"THAT never appealed to me. My prescription departments were holes in the wall. I made my money on the merchandising end of the business."

"The chain stores never bothered you as competitors?"

"I was the fellow who bothered them. They couldn't get my customers away. They bought me out finally—that's why I'm here."

"It is one thing to make a go of it in the downtown section of a city like yours," said the real-estate man. "But this city has three or four times the population. There you knew the people, here you are among strangers. You'd have to carry lines you never handled at home. You couldn't build a personal following, because the people are transient—tourists or shoppers. Your rent would be so much higher that you'd have to make every square inch of floor space pay, get the utmost unit sale out of every customer, kiss him good-by and never see him again. If you extended much credit you'd be ruined, and the overhead would eat you up before you learned the town. I'm afraid you'd be licked before you started."

Now deep down in the heart of every merchant is the ambition to be a downtown merchant. This druggist had been a downtown man in his own city. He had capital enough to open up in the heart of Los Angeles. Yet he was a neighborhood man in his new community, and fortunately was brought to see it.

The realty broker put him into the neck-of-the-woods store. It was neither a business nor a residential section, but one surrounded with gas stations, secondhand automobile dealers on vacant lots, lodging houses in old mansions, automobile parking places, junk yards. In five years the business section will grow out that far, but those will be years of wrecking and construction. A mess now, and five years of messiness ahead.

"You'll starve," was the prediction when he opened up there, and "Suicide!" was the verdict when it became known that his place would not even be on a corner. It is situated in the lobby of the building, where the few hundred people an hour congregate when they visit the wholesale concerns that do not yet fill the upper floors.

That was about a year ago. The other day he asked the real-estate broker to find him a second location of the same kind. He wants to open another store, and will probably succeed as a chain man—he had a small chain at home.

"Why have merchants familiar with the city overlooked the possibilities of that location?" he asked. "I couldn't see it. But I was a stranger."

"Why do you overlook the growth of a youngster when you see him every day?" asked the real-estate broker. "Because you see him every day, and the steady changes are not noticed. It's the same way with a growing city—those people who see it every day cannot realize how much it's growing."

This merchant succeeded first, because his ability was shrewdly gauged to put him in the right location; and second, his rent was arranged on a percentage lease, so that he pays moderately while the section is growing and he is learning, and more when his business grows full-size, and when this happens, the form of lease will protect him against being outbid for the store.

These are pretty tough times for the storekeeper. For a dozen years or more the department stores and chain stores have been driving the individual retailer out of business. He has borne the reproach that goes with rising living costs—the public has blamed him for higher prices. Economists say there are too many storekeepers anyway.

Turning Competitors Into Specialists

THE storekeeper's difficulties are of real concern to many people besides himself. To him, it is a matter of life or death. But 10,000,000 people make things in factories—how are they to reach the consumer without stores? The wholesaler, banker, property owner and others are affected; and, of course, the folks who work behind store counters, with the ambitious young fellows who hope to become storekeepers themselves.

However, the cloud has a silver lining. It isn't ruin that the storekeeper faces so much as change. Thousands of merchants who understand what is going on are succeeding, and thousands of young fellows who learn the new trends of storekeeping will succeed.

"Some retail merchants have been driven out of business in every city," said a business-property broker, "but more have been scared out. The chain store comes in across the street and begins a price war. The independent druggist or grocer tries to meet it on the price basis. That is hopeless. The chains have the advantage of great buying power. But if the independent fellow realized that this is an age of

specialization, and put in merchandise of a more expensive kind than chain stores carry, and built his business on a basis of service to his customers, giving them something they didn't get across the street, he would hold his own and make money. The chain cannot give individual service. It has him licked on prices, but he has it licked in personality."

He illustrated with the story of a druggist whose store was hedged all around with chain competitors. This was a pharmacist who had a real liking for the compounding and analytical phases of the business. On advice, he stopped trying to compete with the chains in selling merchandise and made his store almost exclusively a prescription establishment.

"Go into a drug store to have a prescription filled," said the broker, "and you are generally treated like a man in a barber shop that does a big business in bobbing the girls' hair. You wait. If it was a ten-cent baby rattle you wanted, the merchandise clerks would leap at you, but it's only a dollar-and-a-half prescription. Maybe it's for yourself, and you feel ill. Or somebody in your family is sick, and you're worried. A little convenience and sympathy right then would make a wonderful impression. But the prescription clerk, seldom a salesman, looks at you suspiciously, as though the thing couldn't be filled without a lot of trouble. He nudges you toward a row of chairs, where you can wait with the other mourners.

"Well, you must know how it is. This druggist became a specialist in prescriptions. He took the waiting out of them first. A fellow with some sales sense met the customers. 'Is this for yourself?' he would ask pleasantly. 'You'll feel better at home, resting; you needn't wait—we'll send it up in half an hour.' He sent a man to see doctors and persuade them to phone in prescriptions, so that it wasn't necessary to visit his store. A pharmacist specializing in prescriptions was new to the doctors, and did away with the old grudge against the druggist who'd rather sell a patent medicine than compound a prescription. He installed laboratory facilities for doing physicians' analytical work.

"As a cut-price merchant, he could never have made an impression on the chain stores. But as a prescription druggist, they can't touch him."

Close Buying and Lavish Spending

SPENDING has changed. The fellow who doesn't understand this is driven out of storekeeping. But the fellow who does can be more successful than retail merchants of other days.

This is an era of close buying in staple things, such as drugs and groceries. The chain stores build up an enormous turnover and dictate to manufacturers in purchasing, if they do not manufacture themselves. Everywhere the public is skinning a penny or two out of its quarter in buying such supplies.

But it is also an era of lavish spending. The money squeezed out of everyday things is going into motoring, radios, fine clothes, the luxuries of the rich yesterday.

"Gimme a silk shirt," said a roughneck in overalls, in the finest store in town.

"Here's one at four dollars, one at eight, eleven—and this is sixteen," said the clerk.

"Gimme the sixteen-dollar one."

"But, Bill," protested a pal, "it ain't got no collar!"

"Wot do I want of a collar?" said Bill scornfully.

It is not only the wage earner who chooses by the highest price. The idea is carried right up into yachts, winter homes, first editions and old masters. The highest price means the best, or at least the most in display, awe, publicity. The grocery bill may pay for it, not in a tightening of the belt, but in more careful buying. And so, from the standpoint of storekeeping, there is a chain store on every corner, but a jewelry store in the middle of the block.

The economists say what you would expect them to say—that it's all wrong and foreshadows the end of the world. So far they haven't proved it. The country has been thriving on it, with one interruption, since the war. If there was another interruption tomorrow, people would ease down through the depression and go right back to the new spending again. Bill and the sixteen-dollar shirt are an extreme case. The great average is more nearly the family buying groceries at the chain store and enjoying an installment automobile.

Whatever the economists say, this spending is actuality to the storekeeper. He must adapt himself to the economy end or expand on the luxury end, if he wants to stay in business.

"We sold $8000 worth of small ranches last Sunday and gave away fifty dollars' worth of eggs," said a Los Angeles realty man, and told me another story of economy for the sake of spending.

His small ranches are places of an acre or two, fifteen miles from town. To attract people, he gives away one dozen fresh eggs to every party that arrives at the property. The eggs are worth maybe forty cents, but the folks come for them and look the place over, and a certain number buy land. The purchasers are working people mostly, and they know what they're doing. Work is getting a bit slack and wages are inclined to shade off. These folks are going to keep all they can of the new conveniences won during the boom period. So they are moving into the country, where rent will be a lower charge and they can raise some of their food, as well as poultry, eggs, berries and other produce for sale.

Just now rabbits are the thing—so much for the rabbit as meat and so much for the pelt as fur. This chap told me that, were times better, his land would bring $2000 to $3000 an acre, but he is selling it for $1200 to $1500. Some of the small ranches are pretty far out, but his are within motoring distance of a city job, and have some of the improvements. He was quite honest in saying that his customers got good value, and that in five years the land would make them a fine profit. And the agricultural phase will work out all right, because these are not Eastern city greenhorns, but Corn Belt small-town people who know how to grow things.

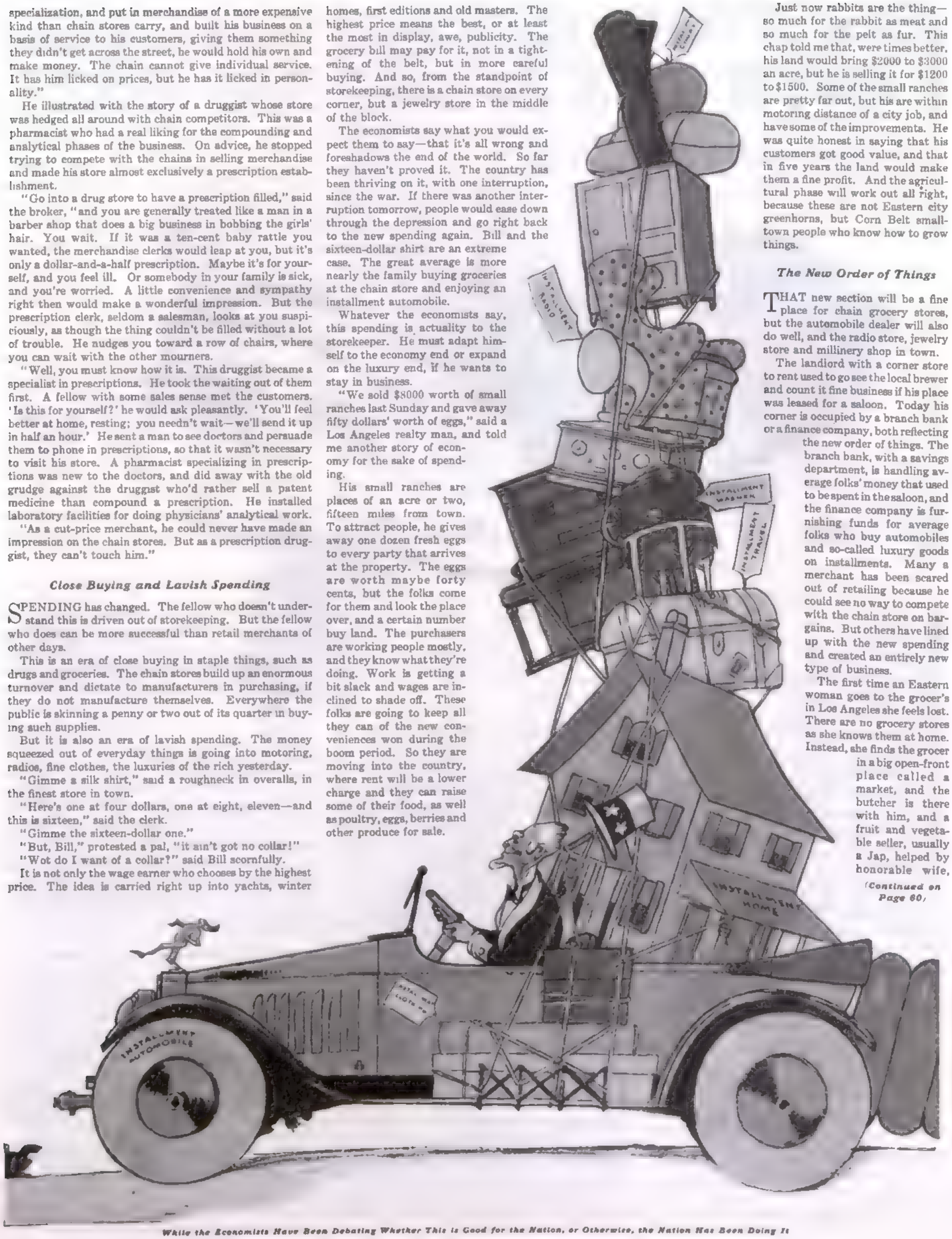
The New Order of Things

THAT new section will be a fine place for chain grocery stores, but the automobile dealer will also do well, and the radio store, jewelry store and millinery shop in town.

The landlord with a corner store to rent used to go see the local brewer and count it fine business if his place was leased for a saloon. Today his corner is occupied by a branch bank or a finance company, both reflecting the new order of things. The branch bank, with a savings department, is handling average folks' money that used to be spent in the saloon, and the finance company is furnishing funds for average folks who buy automobiles and so-called luxury goods on installments. Many a merchant has been scared out of retailing because he could see no way to compete with the chain store on bargains. But others have lined up with the new spending and created an entirely new type of business.

The first time an Eastern woman goes to the grocer's in Los Angeles she feels lost. There are no grocery stores as she knows them at home. Instead, she finds the grocer in a big open-front place called a market, and the butcher is there with him, and a fruit and vegetable seller, usually a Jap, helped by honorable wife,

(Continued on Page 60)



While the Economists Have Been Debating Whether This is Good for the Nation, or Otherwise, the Nation Has Been Doing It

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LORDS OF THE ATLAS

(Continued from Page 15)

At eighteen, Zohra was a fully developed woman; and as is often the case with Sous women, except for the bronze heritage of centuries of hot suns, she was almost white. She was slender, but was built on noble, classic lines, tall, strong, full-breasted. Her jet hair hung below the waist, and her big black eyes were set far apart below her broad low forehead. Her hands were graceful, but as powerful almost as those of a man. She never left the house unless veiled; but within, although she always wore her white native robes, she freely exposed her comeliness; and when alone with Madame Laferrière, expressed her views in a manner almost European.

The morning after Lieutenant Delorme's curious experience with the veiled woman in Djemaa el Fna, Zohra and Madame Laferrière sat in the patio, under an orange tree. They were sewing on a masquerade costume which the French matron intended for a Mardi-gras party of the colony on the next night. She reproached the girl, who had gone out the evening before to buy the silk, for bringing back twice the necessary quantity. Zohra merely shrugged her broad shoulders. She knew that the extra goods could be returned, so did not consider a reply necessary. They sewed silently a while, then Zohra spoke:

"I met Madani last night, on the way home. He is just back from Marseilles." The voice was deep, placid, even. She continued her work, but Madame Laferrière looked up quickly.

"That loafer—back again! You must not speak with him. He is no good, I have told you often." Her voice was high, inclined to be shrill. The girl was calm, unruffled.

"You should not be too severe," she replied, smiling slightly. "He is the Caid's brother, you know, brother to the Pasha of Marrakesh. If the French make Hadj Abdeslam the grand vizier, then Madani might be chosen in his place here. He is most popular with the people—the strongest of his family."

The wife of the government official sniffed contemptuously. "But he is no good—a seller of Rabat rugs in Marseilles. His French is the argot of the Cannebière and the water front. I cannot understand your interest."

"It is his interest," the girl protested softly. "He first came here, you remember, when he worked for monsieur, and where he saw my face quite accidentally. It was by chance that I met him last night. He insisted on coming home with me."

For several minutes they continued sewing without speaking. Madame Laferrière was thinking, and worried. It was true that the good-looking care-free Madani might soon be Caid, and by that same rank the great native seigneur of the region. Hadj Abdeslam was so powerful that the French wanted to get him away, to kick him upstairs, as her husband said, into the office of grand vizier, where he would be compelled to report to the high officials of the protectorate at Rabat. Hadj Abdeslam's sons were young, and following the example set by England with the Indian princes, France had insisted that they now learn Occidental ways at the École St.-Louis in Paris. But anyway, in Moorish dynasties succession does not always descend from father to son. Often it is the strongest of the family who takes the vacant place—the strongest, the most popular. Madame Laferrière found herself repeating Zohra's argument.

Madani, although hated by his brother so that rug selling had become a necessity, was also feared by him. And all the wild mountain tribes over which, despite the French occupation, the family still held despotic sway, adored Madani. She thought of the case of the sultan. Although legitimately of the royal family, Mulai Yusef was such an outcast that he was earning a living as a merchant, in Fez, when the French forced his half-brother to abdicate and offered him the throne. And Madani had only laughed insolently, she remembered, and had showed all his even white teeth, the last time she had ordered him to keep away from Zohra and from her home.

Omar, the native major-domo, entered the patio with a breakfast tray. He was answering a ring from Lieutenant Delorme's room, and stopped beside the sewing table to ask if there were orders for him in the upper part of the house.

Zohra looked up as the officer's name was mentioned, her face softening into a smile. She, too, had been thinking—thinking of the evening before, when she stood beside Delorme in Djemaa el Fna, of his confusion when she spoke to him. She had thought often of the young aviator during the few days that he had been in the house, but had taken good care that he should not see her. In the evenings, when he talked with his host and hostess, she had peeped through the curtains of the room. She had never before seen a young European of that sort, so she admitted an interest that threatened to crowd out the few fleeting thoughts of Madani. She was already beyond the age when most Moorish girls are married. Madame Laferrière had well inculcated her ideas on the subject of the harem, of the vassalage in which even the ordinary Arab wife is held.

Overhead, still in bed, enveloped in flowered silk pajamas, Lieutenant Delorme stirred his coffee and stared moodily out of the window. At dinner the night before he had not mentioned his experience with the veiled woman. Afterward, despite his fatigue, he had remained awake, living over that walk home from Djemaa el Fna in the dark, behind the mysterious girl and the equally mysterious man who, though in rags, wore a fine emerald in the hilt of his dagger. And what was the woman doing in the house where he was a guest? Was she old or young? What picture, ugly or beautiful, lay behind that baffling mask? He got out of bed and went to the window.

Below, in the sun-baked passage leading to the patio, an Arab sat huddled against the wall, squatting on his heels, head hunched into his shoulders, one of which was supported by the building. Delorme glanced at him idly. Probably he was one of the servants, or a retainer of the survey bureau, loafing about the place. He was so enveloped in a dingy burnous that his face was invisible. Delorme was turning away, when something caught his eye. He then leaned eagerly out of the window. Across the man's right shoulder, almost hidden by the folds of the burnous, was a thick velvet cord embroidered with silver thread.

"Madani," the officer muttered. The Moor appeared to be intently listening. The low hum of conversation in the patio wafted up to the window.

Zohra at that moment was taking up with Madame Laferrière the matter of the extra silk left over from the Mardi-gras costume. The suggestion that she blurted out was so startling that for a moment the Frenchwoman could only gasp in amazement.

"You—you!" she stuttered. "You want to go to the ball too! You, an Arab girl!"

"Why not?" Zohra answered calmly. "At Mardi Gras you follow the custom of hiding your faces just as we do. I speak French. I can dance—I think ——" She hesitated. "I have practiced—with the phonograph. I would wear a mask and no one would know." She placed a compelling hand on Madame Laferrière's arm. "Please let me," she pleaded.

The natural Gallic temperament of Madame Laferrière finally forced her to smile. A few moments later Zohra was standing, while the other, now enthusiastic at the idea, was measuring the girl's form with the remnant of the silk.

"You will be *très à la mode, ma chérie*," she was saying, as, with her mouth full of pins, she took tucks in the heavy native garments in order better to fit the flimsy silk against the slender body.

"There is, indeed, little of it. The skirt will be short, only to the knees—or less. But you have pretty, slender legs, very French. And you will be masked." She began to laugh gayly. "Oh, you should be a sensation! Delorme will go—he may fall in love with you. Then what would you do? Delorme and Madani." The thought of Delorme made her even more gay, so great was her distrust of the Arab. She loved the girl greatly. In her Occidental soul she might also have opposed Delorme in the rôle of suitor, yet she hoped with all her heart that Zohra's marital fate would not be that of the Arab woman, who usually is but one of several or of many loves.

Her laughter ceased abruptly; her finger pointed to the passage leading from the outer compound; her eyes stared. Zohra came quickly to her side and stared over her shoulder.

Madani was standing erect in the center of the narrow way, the sun falling full on his dark regular features. He was engaged in the deft art of rolling a cigarette with one hand, the right one, while the left toyed with the jeweled hilt of the dagger. His eyes met those of both women, one after the other—a level, open gaze. His face, somber at the moment of his discovery, relaxed into a smile, expanding his wide mouth. Lips that were thin for a Moor curved back over flashing teeth, and he bowed low, from the waist, ironically.

"*Bon jour, madame, mademoiselle,*" he said, in liquid, lisping French, "*et au'voir.*" He raised his head, while still bending, and his eyes joined his lips in mockery. He backed, silent in the dust, to the edge of the building and was gone.

"Madame Laferrière! Madame Laferrière!" The voice of Lieutenant Delorme was calling from the stairs. He hastily entered the room, a bright dressing gown over his pajamas. "There is a man, a strange Arab, in the garden. I have seen him before. He should not be here. Let me put him out. He was creeping into the patio. I saw from the window." His speech came jerkily, his fair hair was rumpled, his face flushed. He stopped suddenly. Both women had turned, and he was gazing into the eyes of Zohra.

The girl stood very straight and still, and she paled, even through the bronze. Then she moved, serene, majestic, to the door, her eyes fixed on those of the officer. She paused, looking him up and down, taking in the details of his bright attire. Again she met his eyes, and now her own were smiling. He realized the same bright gleam that had come through the mysterious eye slits the night before in Djemaa el Fna.

"*Bon jour, mon lieutenant,*" she said, in low deep tones, as she went out.

A goodly crowd was assembled before the town palace of Hadj Abdeslam Ben Mennou, Grand Pasha of Marrakesh, and chief Caid of the great Mennou tribes that hold the high Telouet Pass, key to the Atlas, since it is the main way from Morocco to all Africa. There were great men in the waiting throng, other and lesser Caids, and holy men from Mecca. There were rich merchants and learned men. There were loafers come to watch, and beggars. Only a day before the pasha had descended from his feudal castle in the mountains, and this was a day of audience.

The palace of Hadj Abdeslam is outside the Kasbah, or official quarter, which flourished centuries ago in the splendid epoch of the Saadian sultans, when Marrakesh was the capital. Nowadays the Kasbah, surrounded by thick, gloomy, crumbling walls, is overrun with lizards and scorpions. At night it is dark and filled with evil smells. Hadj Abdeslam, who succeeded his father to power at the beginning of the French occupation, elected that his city mansion should be modern not only as to exquisite Moorish art but in all that the European markets could supply.

On the side street separating it from the Kasbah, it seems quite ordinary. There it is, squat and rambling. Its plaster-and-stucco walls already show signs of peeling. It is on the other side, surrounded by the lovely tropical gardens, where the crowd does not gather for audience, that Hadj Abdeslam does things really *en prince*, and where he rivals even Indian maharajas in luxury.

The street crowd, half of which had been squatting or lying about in the dust, against the wall of the building, jumped hastily to attention. A long vivid automobile of expensive European manufacture was approaching. Hadj Abdeslam, returning from a drive in the Aguedal, that royal garden of olives and pomegranates that outstrips even Versailles in size and beauty, had decided that his faithful subjects had been kept waiting long enough. He was prepared now to discuss the affairs of his realm, the returns from which netted him so many millions annually that the powers of the protectorate were getting jealous. Muffled in his white robes, he nodded a response to the salaams of the crowd, as the car turned into the narrow driveway of the courtyard.

One man did not rise with the others to give loyal greeting. A young man in a tattered black burnous and dirty white turban remained recumbent in the dust, peering into the sun through lids half closed. The others took their former places in the shade of the wall and waited patiently through the long hot afternoon. Next to the young man sat a patriarch, richly dressed. Beggars came. The patriarch handed a large wallet to a servant, who passed out coins. There was little conversation—only a word here and there occasionally. A rich Berber merchant joined those sitting by the wall. Before taking his place, he stopped before the patriarch, saluting reverently. Then his glance fell upon the young man lying in the dust. The rich merchant knelt and kissed him upon the forehead. But the young man did not speak or move. Others came, knelt and bestowed the same homage. "Sidi"—lord and master—many murmured.

One by one the crowd dwindled through the dark portals of the building. When they came out they did not linger, but disappeared rapidly. When all had gone and the sun was almost down, Madani arose, dusted himself negligently and made his way to the doors. The custodian saluted, stating that the conference hour had passed. Hadj Abdeslam, he said, had retired to the inner patio, where food had been ordered.

"Summon the khalifa," Madani ordered curtly. Without waiting, he strode into the conference place, a large bare patio, a few dusty palms in the center, low rude benches on three sides, a couch on the fourth side, reserved for the pasha. Madani crossed to the couch and sat upon it, just as the khalifa, the official representative of his brother, appeared.

The khalifa stared at the young man, now recumbent on the silken divan, in silence. Then, as Madani likewise was silent, he came and bent over him, whispering, "It is better that you go quickly. He will not see you."

In a single lithe movement Madani was on his feet, towering over the other threateningly, eyes blazing. The khalifa cowered, hands outstretched.

"Who asked you to speak?" the young man snarled. "What are you? Wait until I bid you." He glowered a moment, then quickly crossed to the door through which the khalifa had entered. The older man, still trembling, made no attempt to stop him.

Madani passed from one great wing of the palace to another, traversing a side

(Continued on Page 47)

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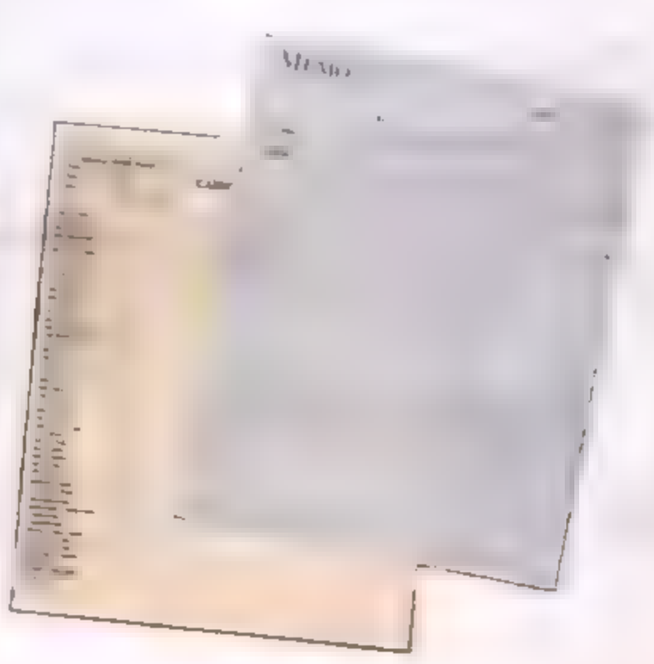

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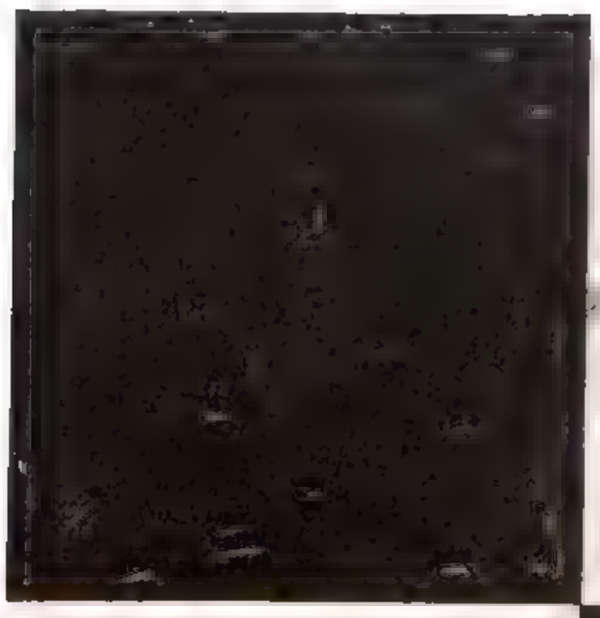

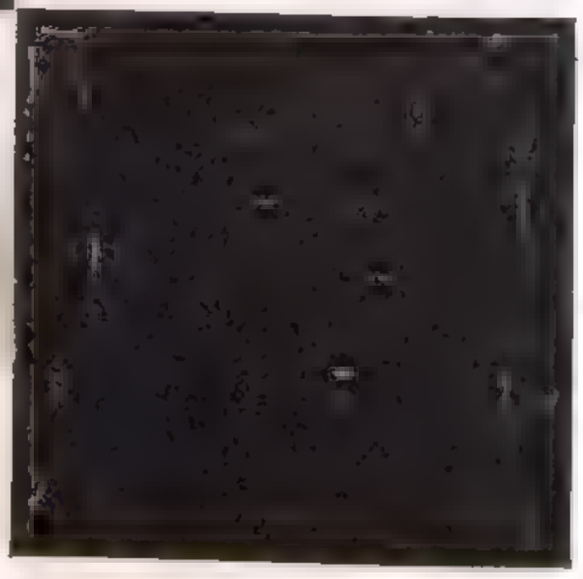

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 42)

passage bounding the seraglio. A eunuch barred the way, but was sent spinning with one powerful push of the arm. He whined an apology as he recognized the visitor. The young man continued through the gardens. Swans circled about the miniature lake. A flock of storks whirled overhead, carrying twigs in their bills, to make nests on the tops of the buildings. Beyond the pond he came to the new pavilion. Here attendants again barred the path, only to move aside quickly. One said that the pasha might be in the new *salle de réception*, just equipped with furnishings from Paris. Madani mounted the tiled stairs and entered the room.

It is beautifully proportioned, probably the finest example of modern Moorish art. The lofty domed ceiling is marvelously carved in wood, intricately joined by a process that has been lost to all but the Moorish artisan for a thousand years. The walls are in delicate, exquisite mosaic. Madani disregarded these details, but stared, frowning, at a weird assortment of modern Louis Quinze chairs and sofas strewn about. They were all of crude satin and plush upholstery, in bright blue. A dozen clocks were grouped on marble pedestals, all keeping different time, occasionally chiming. High-caste Moors possess many clocks as a sign of respectability as well as affluence. A grand piano completed the furnishings. Madani rolled a cigarette, which he lighted, then dropped ashes on the polished lid. Hadj Abdeslam was not there.

"So this is the new throne room," Madani reflected. "Here the Marshal Lyautey came. Here the new governor general will come one day—to be impressed. H'm!" He dropped more ashes on the rich Rabat carpet, a piece of weaving without a single seam covering the entire floor, which two hundred workers had taken more than a year to make. He passed out of the room, crossed the hall to the sleeping apartments reserved for European visitors. He tried several doors. One opened to a large bathroom, containing two immense, beautifully tiled tubs, side by side. One was for cold and the other for hot water; the visitor might have either or both. Madani stared at these innovations, flicked the stub of the cigarette into one of the tubs and continued his search.

Beyond the new pavilion is the oldest portion of the palace. Here, in the arched vestibule of a vast patio, floored with squares of white and black marble, where graceful fountains tinkle, day and night, into basins of onyx and ivory, where oranges bloom and jasmine climbs upon slender trellises, Hadj Abdeslam reclined under a silken canopy. He was dining alone, served by Haleema, a dusky slave girl. The haunting sound of tom-toms droned across the court.

Hadj Abdeslam was about forty, but looked older. He was tall—taller than his brother Madani—thin, and with an ascetic face that also resembled the hawk's. High, broad forehead, prominent cheek bones, narrow, strong, protruding chin, high-bridged aquiline beak, set between small beady eyes. He was swarthy, but with no negroid trace. Unlike the three recent sultans, who were half brothers by different slaves, both he and Madani had the same mother and father. The mother had kept her place as head of the female portion of the ménage almost from the day of her marriage, and had died only a few months before her husband.

In his youth, Hadj Abdeslam had no opportunity for European travel such as is possible now. However, he had gone to Mecca, and he valued his title of hadj, or holy man, quite as much as his great personal and political position. Although he spoke no other language, he was considered one of the great Arabic scholars of the day. His library contained rare manuscripts that European museums often had tried to buy. Until lately, this collection had been his sole hobby, but now he was taking interest in things of the Occidental world. He had been to London, and for a week lived at the Savoy Hotel, attended by a great Oriental retinue. He had visited Paris, where he bought clocks and furniture. He had taken the cure at Vichy, where he had bought a villa. He was reflecting upon these places while he awaited dinner, comparing them with Dar Mennou, his great impregnable fortress home in the mountains, where he had once entertained a minister from England. There had been great feasting and a thousand dancing girls.

Haleema entered, bearing a large earthen basin filled with lamb pie. He sampled it, according to Moorish custom, with the deft fingers of the right hand. He was lost in thought, until suddenly he realized that he was not dining alone. Another hand, long, brown, powerful as his own, was dipping into the basin at the same time. Madani had glided beside him and was helping himself, imperturbable, silent.

The pasha drew back. It was against custom that anyone should sit at meat with him uninvited. Even his family took the remains of each dish after it had passed from his hand, and ate at a separate table. That this hated younger brother should have encroached upon inviolable form was a still greater affront.

He had always hated Madani, and the hatred had grown when he realized the young man's popularity among the tribesmen. His own despotic sway was founded on fear. At one time he had considered poison as the best means for ridding himself of Madani, but he dared not risk it. He contented himself finally by driving the young man out to shift for himself. It annoyed him to know that this to Madani did not greatly matter.

Madani ate enthusiastically and calmly; Hadj Abdeslam pulled himself to the extremity of the divan. He looked about for Haleema, but the slave girl had disappeared. His arrogance, his pride, would not permit him to get up in order to push the electric signal button. So he waited, his face somber, his eyes glittering. His brother almost finished the lamb pie before looking up. Then he carefully wiped his lips with Hadj Abdeslam's napkin, which had been pushed off the foot-high table to the floor.

"Hungry," Madani announced at last. "Not eaten all day." He helped himself to water, then leaned back luxuriously on the divan, lighting a cigarette.

"Go!" Hadj Abdeslam ordered curtly, rising and pointing across the patio. "Go quickly!" But Madani only grinned up at him and blew clouds of smoke.

"Sit, brother," he said finally; "sit and be patient." Carelessly he hitched the dagger about him until it rested upon his stomach. The facets of the emerald caught the dying rays of daylight.

"You have managed to keep the jewel, I see," Hadj Abdeslam said, frowning and remaining standing.

"It was our mother's," Madani replied. "I remember that she gave it to me."

Hadj Abdeslam turned away abruptly and began pacing up and down the marble floor. "You shall go now, even if I call soldiers to throw you out."

Madani continued smiling, and played with the handle of the dagger. The smile became evil, sinister. His brother stood still.

"Sit," the young man now ordered; "and remember that I am skillful with the dagger—at throwing it quickly. No, I do not threaten"—Hadj Abdeslam had made a nervous movement—"but if you stir again, I will stab your robes into the wall behind you."

"What do you want?" Hadj Abdeslam said, gulping, his face purple.

"Ah, that's better." Madani laughed as his brother seated himself on a divan opposite. "And I want—h'm, that is to say, I will have many things. Summon the khalifa. . . . No, keep still; I will do it." He arose with the same lithe, single movement and pressed the button attached to a small inlaid table. The brothers watched each other, silently, warily, until the khalifa arrived. Madani bowed mockingly. His tone was airy.

"My brother, the grand pasha"—he gestured vaguely toward the recumbent figure—"commands that you supply me with raiment, rich raiment; also with a purse of gold—a large purse, filled to the top. Also that at this hour tomorrow a harka mounted on your best Arabians shall attend me behind the walls of the Kasbah."

The khalifa hesitated. The brothers again looked at each other calmly, their eyes deadly with menace. The thin lips of Hadj Abdeslam were tight together. Madani's were parted slightly on one side, showing a long white tooth, which at that moment resembled a fang. No one spoke, then Madani took a short step toward his brother. Hadj Abdeslam rose quickly, but with dignity, motioning the khalifa from the room. "It is understood," he said. "My brother has stated my commands."

The brothers were again alone, neither moving, each eying the other, alert, waiting. Madani was erect, but apparently inert. His long arms dangled, but one hand was within an inch of the dagger. Hadj Abdeslam then smiled. The smile made his mouth curve evilly.

"Instead of cavalry, why didn't you command a fleet of automobiles, my own limousine for yourself?" he asked ironically.

Madani shrugged.

"Your generosity has not been such that I know about automobiles. But I can still ride—better than anyone." He too smiled, broadly this time. Hadj Abdeslam threw his hands apart, palms outward, and also shrugged.

"What if I countermand the orders?"

"My brother, Hadj Abdeslam, might do even that—break a promise to a brother." The smile became gay. "But the grand pasha, First Lord of the Atlas, will not countermand an order to his khalifa. Besides, when I leave, I will let the orders be known."

"What if you do not leave?"

A look so evil flitted across Madani's face that the older man stepped back. The only sound was the tinkle of the fountains into the ivory-and-onyx basin. Madani moved to the vestibule entrance, lightly, silently. Outside, the patio was darkening. Hadj Abdeslam watched, tense, but the young man always met his gaze.

"Today, at the hour of siesta," Madani said finally, slowly, each word falling precisely, in low, even tones, "I reposed in the dust of the street outside your house. My head was covered and none recognized me. I heard you drive away to the Aguedal. Then I uncovered my head, and those came who had appointments for audience." He stopped for a moment, then continued: "Others came, many others, who had not audience. They saw me lying, head uncovered, in the dust, the sun beating upon me. Before then none knew that I had returned from Marseilles, none of importance—except one. But then they all knew. Si Driss came, and El Thami, and the Sheik Hamedi. They all knelt beside me in the dust and saluted me upon the brow with a kiss. Hadj Ait Arrami came and sat at my head, shielding it from the sun. They called me *sidi*, Brother Abdeslam, they called me lord and master. Yes, brother, we now are Lords of the Atlas together." He broke off suddenly as Hadj Abdeslam rushed at him.

The pasha had drawn a dagger from the white folds of his kjebala and was holding it above his head. Madani caught the uplifted arm. Both exerted every effort, but there was not the slightest movement from either. The clutch upon Hadj Abdeslam's arm was steel.

"It would be dangerous to keep me here!" Madani hissed the words. "Very dangerous—for you!" He held until the arm became numb. "You are getting older, Brother Abdeslam. A few years ago you could wrench that arm away. See, now I am the stronger."

The pasha began to gasp jerkily. Again that evil smile flitted across Madani's face. Then the clutch was released and the arm fell, inert. The older man stumbled to the divan, drained a glass of water, his face flushing and paling.

"What do you mean to do?" he asked finally, dully. "Why do you want a harka waiting in the Kasbah?"

"A desperate need, brother—desperate, indeed, otherwise I would not trouble you." Madani wrapped his dingy burnous about him and lingered in the vestibule, tall, erect, inky against the shadows of the patio.

"The woman—if you must know—the only woman." He whispered the words and glided away. Hadj Abdeslam sat quiet for a moment, wearing an expression of bewilderment. Then he smiled, a slow smile of content. Haleema entered with a large dish that exhaled succulent odors. The pasha dined heartily.

The Café de France had been engaged for the Mardi-gras carnival dance. Djemaa el Fna, opposite, was already long asleep when the revelers from Gueliz arrived, all in fanciful costumes and masked. An orchestra had rehearsed for weeks on jazz selections sent from France. This now alternated with a phonograph stationed at an end of the bar. Above the bar was a faded advertising lithograph portraying Niagara Falls, hung there by an adventurous American salesman years before.

The majority of the crowd was too intimate for much real mystery, but the pretense of unrecognition was kept up. Delorme had borrowed Laferrière's dinner clothes, and wore a black mask that hung loose about his head. It gave him an unpleasant gunman aspect. Madame Laferrière, behind a grinning mask and in skittish costume, was a success, but the tall girl accompanying her was a sensation. As the Frenchwoman had predicted, the left-over silk had provided a scanty costume. Zohra's skirt ended an inch above the knees, revealing limbs that had the perfection of the huntress goddess. The tight bodice showed lines of regal elegance, matching the generosity of her proportions. A silk headdress concealed her hair. Her paper mask was dead white. It was the face of a grown-up doll, with a naïve expression, so bordering on the complete blank that it became intriguing. Her identity was guessed at eagerly.

Leaning against the bar was Redhavens, sole Englishman of Marrakesh. He had come, a pioneer, twenty years before and engaged in great land operations with the Arabs, spoke their language better than any foreigner and was uniquely trusted and respected. The Englishman, after dining alone at his house in the Arab quarter, had gone to the café, unmasked and in ordinary clothes.

During the day, in his curious Arab deals, he had heard things that excited his curiosity, also uneasiness. On his way to the café he had ordered the chauffeur to pass through the Kasbah. There were no unusual signs in the neighborhood of its gloomy, frowning walls, although once, from a cavernous depth, he imagined that he heard the whinny of a horse.

It was a perfect African night, full-starred, with a rising moon. The activity within the Café de France had overflowed slightly into Djemaa el Fna, so when Redhavens arrived, a fringe of silent natives stood scattered along the roadway, watching. The Englishman told the driver to turn the car into an alleyway beside the building and wait. He glanced keenly at the Arabs, but they were so enveloped in their robes and in the night as to be unrecognizable.

He checked his hat and pushed through to the bar. He had no intention of participating in the fête. That was a French affair. Several called him by name. He recognized many of the crowd, a curious *mélange* of minor colonial officialdom, officers, merchants, tradesfolk with their families, a few *filles de joie*, such as can be found always, even at the outskirts of Occidental civilization.

A private bottle of Scotch was taken from a locked drawer by Jean, the Algerian barman. Delorme approached. He had met the Englishman casually, several times.

(Continued on Page 49

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(Continued from Page 47)

"Hello, Redhavens, what are you doing here?" the officer said. The Briton's tall lean frame sagged languidly on the high bar stool. He glanced morosely at the hooded, banditlike figure.

"Who are you?" he asked, and then the officer remembered that concealment was part of the program. He laughed, suggesting that the other guess. Redhavens yawned and called upon the barman for a second glass. He indicated the bottle and turned his back.

"By Jove!" he muttered, and Delorme whirled about. Madame Laferrière was crossing the dance floor to a table in a far corner, followed by Zohra. Both men stared. Delorme started away, when Redhavens clutched his arm.

"I know you now," he said quickly, but without changing his indifferent, lazy attitude. "She's a beauty. I don't blame you. But if you dance with her, bring her out here later, to that small table at the end of the bar." He hesitated, then continued, lowering his voice and leaning forward earnestly: "It's necessary, or I wouldn't suggest it." His manner forced Delorme's attention. The officer peered at the Englishman through the loose holes of the mask, then nodded and broke away. Other men—cavaliers, courtiers, harlequins—were heading for the Laferrière table. Delorme crowded ahead and bowed before the silent girl in the corner. The orchestra began a one-step as he led her on the floor.

The girl danced naturally, lightly—divinely, Delorme thought, as her solid, slender form yielded to his arms. He gazed at the blank mask, then peered closely through the eye slits.

"Who are you?" he asked. She laughed softly, musically. "I know now," he then said.

"Then why ask?" It was the same rich contralto that he had heard before. His arm went more tightly about her.

"You are Zohra." There was no answer, only a sharp gasp, and he felt her tremble. "You are adorable." She almost made a misstep. "Will you raise the mask, please?" Again a tremor, also a faint negative shake of the head. Under the dusty central chandelier he could see her eyes shining. The orchestra stopped, but before they reached the table it began a waltz—the old Destiny waltz. Delorme again encircled the girl's waist and again they danced.

"I must see your face again. Yesterday morning was not enough—you are so beautiful." The haunting melody cast a spell. "I must—I must see your face." She danced closer to him, thrilling.

Another man stood beside Redhavens at the bar, under the faded lithograph of Niagara Falls. He was a tall, slender man, in rich Oriental dress, wearing a wide crimson velvet mask. He had given no order for drink, but stood with his back to the counter, staring at the dancers. The Englishman glanced at him carelessly, then keenly. The waltz ended and Delorme and the girl were approaching. He touched the stranger on the edge of the djelaba of heavy cream-colored silk, embroidered in blue and silver.

"*Bon soir*, my friend," he said. The other made no reply, and Redhavens was convinced. He spoke quickly, in fluent Arabic: "You know me and I know you, Madani." The other gave a slight start. "I saw El Thami today, also the Sheik Hamedi. I am your friend—but be careful." His voice was a whisper. "This is a French affair, remember." The Moor made no sign, even of hearing; then carefully drawing away from the detaining hand, he glided across the dance floor. Over his shoulder, on a slender rope of gold thread, hung a dagger with a big emerald set in the hilt.

Admiration greeted him. Many asked his name, and a general masculine opinion was voiced on the originality of his coming in Arab costume—"so simple, instead of thinking of something, as we had to do."

In the center, where the crowd was still dense, he met Delorme and the girl. He drew aside and bowed low, courteously. Zohra was clinging to the officer's arm, looking up at him, so she did not see the stranger. The Frenchman sensed the other's presence and his eyes strayed from the girl. They glimpsed the dagger. He drew himself straight, was about to speak; then remembering Redhavens' caution, he hurried the girl to the table.

The Briton joined them. "May I?" he asked ceremoniously, bowing to both, but at the same time drawing back a chair. André the waiter, frowzy by day, but now in borrowed evening dress, took their orders.

"You speak English, I suppose," Redhavens said casually, using his own language. Delorme nodded that he understood.

"Then be on guard," he continued. "You have seen whom I have seen—I was watching you. You almost made a break by stopping him then. I think he means trouble, but don't make any move yet." He raised his glass, bowing to Zohra, and drank. "Say something in French—anything—don't want her to catch on." The officer took the hint, saying to Zohra lightly that he refused to introduce Redhavens because the latter was supposed to be incognito, like all the others, until midnight, the unmasking hour. The girl laughed. Redhavens sipped his drink slowly.

"He is a fool, of course, to come here." He was again speaking English. "I know what I know—which is little—from his friends—who are mine also." Again he broke off, and then to the girl, in French: "Forgive me, mademoiselle, for using my own language, but my French is so indifferent." He grinned and shrugged deprecatingly. The girl bowed solemnly and transferred her gaze to Delorme. The officer again began his entreaties that she show her face. She made no answer. From behind the blank mask there was no sign, even that she smiled.

Madani crossed to the table where Madame Laferrière sat, surrounded. The orchestra was beginning another one-step.

"You will honor me, madame," he said, in slow, careful French, so as not to betray himself. The Frenchwoman looked up wonderingly, then admiringly, at the rich dress and stately carriage of the man. She arose immediately.

"None can guess who you are," she chattered as they danced. "You are got up so wonderfully. Why, you even have dyed your skin! It's marvelous! Here we all are, among the Arabs, and we never thought of such a costume before."

Her partner did not answer, except to chuckle. He continued guiding her, quickly, lightly, through the dance, holding her deftly.

"Where did you learn to dance so well? But in France of course."

"Of course," he echoed. At the end he conducted her back to the table. Madame Laferrière invited him to a seat and offered champagne. He shook his head slowly and asked for water. She showed surprise. "Arabs do not drink wine," he said gravely, "so I keep in the character."

The Frenchwoman laughed and called the attention of the others. "He will not even drink," she burbled. "He remains an Arab until midnight, when we unmask. Afterward you will drink?" She placed a hand on his arm.

"At midnight," he replied, sipping his water. "I did not know that you have a sister, madame," he then said, his eyes wandering to the table near the bar. Madame Laferrière again seemed surprised. He pointed toward Zohra, sitting with Delorme.

"Oh!" the Frenchwoman gasped. "Oh, yes—yes! How did you guess?"

"The similarity of costume, evidently made by the same hands, at the same time." She glanced at him anxiously, but the face below the mask was immobile.

"It is true," she said, after a moment of hesitation. "She has only arrived—from Nantes." Madame Laferrière was beginning to worry about the unmasking, although it had been arranged that Omar should come for Zohra before the hour struck. But madame was also regretting her impetuosity in permitting the escapade. Delorme—she had recognized her husband's dinner clothes—seemed greatly interested, and now this tall, imposing stranger was following the girl everywhere with eyes that glowed behind the crimson disguise.

Zohra and Delorme were again dancing. Several men tried to cut in, but he would not give way, and the girl clung to him. Again they joined Redhavens at the small table. In response, finally, to the officer's urgings, she turned her face to the wall and shyly lifted the mask.

"Zohra!" Delorme breathed.

"*Mon lieutenant*," she whispered.

Redhavens got to his feet noisily. Madani was sauntering toward them. "Take her away—back to that table where you found her. I'll wait."

Delorme did as the Englishman ordered. Madame Laferrière reproached the girl for not dancing with the others. Madani halted beside Redhavens, who was again hunched over his whisky and soda. He bowed ironically, but the Englishman paid no attention. The Moor turned back, his lips smiling, until again he stood before Madame Laferrière. He bent low, one hand across his breast, the other resting on the dagger—a figure of statuesque lines and courtly grace.

"You will honor the unknown with a presentation to your sister, madame?" The easy smile never left his lips, even when Delorme half arose from the table to protest. Madame was gay.

"*Ma chérie*," she said to the girl, "until this gentleman unmasks, you, too, are unknown. But he insists that we are sisters. I present you." She bowed and giggled. Madani murmured something to the girl, but before she could reply he had taken her arm and led her to the dance floor. The time was a few minutes before midnight.

The Moor guided his partner toward the exit. Delorme moved into the chair beside Madame Laferrière, whispering earnestly. She half arose, excitedly clutching the edge of the table. Redhavens stood up, still leaning against the bar, but with head thrust forward eagerly. The hour struck. The music stopped. Then everyone began to laugh and to raise their masks. Suddenly Madame Laferrière screamed.

"Zohra! Zohra!" she cried. There was silence, and the crowd followed the direction of her pointing finger.

Madani stood in the open door, unmasked, a gay, insolent smile lighting his face, his arm tight about the girl. Her face was still hidden by the inane mask of the grown-up doll. Several called to her to take it off.

"No! No!" Madame Laferrière screamed. Madani laughed loudly. Again silence. He drew the girl closer. In his other hand was the dagger.

"No!" He repeated the Frenchwoman's cry, his voice thunderous. "No, the Arab girl remains veiled!" The crowd gasped, but no one moved. The Moor, with a swift motion, lifted the girl in his arms and backed out quickly, without sound.

Delorme sprang across the room, his face white, savagely pushing aside the crowd. Redhavens disappeared through a window, to receive the chauffeur's report that the rear tires of the car had been slashed mysteriously. He heard a woman's cry. In the dark street, before the café, he stumbled across Delorme, flat on his back, a swelling lump on the forehead. Across Djemaa el Fna, disappearing in the direction of Bab Ahmar, the gateway to the open plain, he could hear swift hoof beats.

The dawn was the delicate pink of flower petals, when outriders of the troop surrounding Madani and Zohra sighted Dar Mennou, grandiose stronghold of the first family of the Atlas since the Middle Ages. Throughout the night Madani had ridden steadily, one arm encircling the girl, who lay against him, inert. The moon had disappeared when, about three o'clock, the

(Continued on Page 51)

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(Continued from Page 49)

plain ended and they reached the foothills of the mighty range that separates Morocco from the desert. News of their coming had long preceded them, so there they found fresh animals.

Madani changed mounts without once releasing his burden, swinging easily to the ground, springing to the waiting horse. His arm was tireless and he drew the girl closer, so that her back would not rub against the horn of the high Arab saddle. The girl's eyes remained closed. Her face, when he had peered into it through the soft moonlight, apparently was lifeless. Scarcely a word was spoken. The troop rode in silence, except for brief commands from Madani, and at the swift, changeless gait that Moors, mounted on thoroughbreds, can keep up for hours.

From the foothills the way became steeper, harder. They followed the new military road that army engineers have cut across the Telouet Pass to connect with the route from Tafilalet to Algeria, an accomplishment that has added enormous strength to the French hold on her North African empire. Before the road making began, the only transport to Dar Mennou was on mule back.

The languorous warmth of the plain gave place to a chill, increasing, penetrating, as the party approached the snow line. Then they rode in complete darkness. Often even the stars were shut out by the great peaks towering above them, groping, as if to press them back, or down the deep rock precipices. Occasionally the air filled with the roar of a mountain torrent. Sometimes it would break close to them, and then die away to a tiny tinkle, a mile below, in the gorge. Madani permitted no stop or rest, and they stumbled steadily on and up. Once they climbed through solid patches of white that were not snow, but flocks of cowbirds, nesting in the scrub vegetation.

Dar Mennou, an immense mass of red sun-baked clay, is built on an eminence dominating the valley that rises to the opening of the pass. It was chiefly by Hadj Abdeslam's good will that the French, harried as they had been by Abd-el-Krim in the Riff country, were able to progress in the work of peaceful penetration. Often the road building paused, and all Islam watched the Riffian successes with enigmatic placidity. Abd-el-Krim once arrived within six miles of Fez, the sacred city. Then, had Hadj Abdeslam so decided, the rule of the white man in Morocco would have ended. But at that moment Hadj Abdeslam went to Vichy, where he was received as an Oriental potentate and entertained royally. General de Chambrun held his battle line until aid came from France. The wild Atlas tribes, instead of joining the revolt, again watched the tightening of the French grip. As Dar Mennou came into view, Madani turned back and spat upon the new road.

The horsemen clattered into the great *enceinte* of high walls, flanked at the angles by crenelated towers, except at one corner, where the minaret of a small mosque loomed through the breaking night. They dismounted in the dusty courtyard. Madani led the girl to the wide stone step of an arched doorway, where she sank down passive. He walked up and down, taking the pure cold air of the mountains in deep breaths and limbering his cramped arm. The local khalifa, awakened by the clatter, appeared with a lantern. Madani gave orders for posting the troop and for breakfast. Then he and Zohra were alone.

He stood looking down at her as she sat huddled on the step. Her mask had slipped off in the night and her black hair had tumbled about her shoulders. She was cold, in the flimsy masquerade dress, and shivered as she tried to draw the skirt over her knees. During the ride, Madani had wrapped her in the folds of his own heavy woolen burnous. Now he slipped it from his shoulders and placed it about her gently. Neither spoke. The light was coming slowly.

Far down the valley, over the road they had traveled, two lights gleamed feebly against the advancing day. They were tiny moving dots, the headlights of an automobile. At times they disappeared in the twists and curves of the road, then reappeared, nearer, on a higher level. Madani watched. Without turning, he sensed that Zohra had risen, stood beside him, also watching. Many minutes they waited, side by side, until the car came into plain view outside the open gateway.

It was Redhavens' car, equipped with new tires, that had followed them. The owner sat behind the driver, calmly smoking a cigarette, his long form sprawled out. Beside him sat Delorme, rigid, in uniform, and with a bandage showing under his kepi. Madani felt Zohra clutch at his arm, but he made no move.

"May we come in?" Redhavens drawled. Madani gave a sign and the pair got out. The Englishman stretched himself slowly and lighted a fresh cigarette. The officer was white-faced, nervous, but holding himself straight. He looked steadily at the Moor. A heavy revolver was strapped at his belt. The pair eyed each other, while the Englishman flicked at the dust with a light cane.

"You are brave—to come here," Madani said finally. "Last night I tried to kill you, but—but Zohra saved you."

Delorme flushed at the mention of the girl. His hand moved toward the revolver. Redhavens, who apparently had been paying no attention, quickly seized his arm.

"Don't be a fool!" he said. "You are covered from every angle. If you make a move, you're a goner." Again the lieutenant and the chieftain glared at each other. Zohra, her head uncovered, stood erect at Madani's side, her hand still clutching the fold of his djebala.

"How did she save me?" Delorme asked, finally recovering himself. "I heard her cry out." He looked at the girl, but she gave no sign of recognition or of any emotion whatsoever.

"It was merely the handle that gave you that"—Madani indicated the bandage—"instead of the blade." He paused, then—"Why do you come? Answer!"

"For her." Madani smiled. He felt a slight quiver in the touch upon his garment. "For her," Delorme repeated passionately. "She is not for you. She has been raised as a European—not for the life you would lead her."

"Do you expect to take her?" Madani asked quietly. "I said that you are brave to come here. Do you expect to take her now?"

"You must let her go—go home, to Madame Laferrière. If not I shall appeal to the general at Marrakesh. I can telephone from the road builders' camp." His voice rose. "I am a French officer, you understand, and the French are now Lords of the Atlas."

There was a slight whirring sound, coming from far overhead. The men looked up. The light was still indistinct. The soaring shape at first looked like a mountain eagle. It was the mail airplane from Casablanca for Dakar, far south, beyond the Atlas, in Senegal, completing the last lap in the regular postal service from France. It seemed symbolic of the officer's words.

"Lords of the Atlas!" Madani startled them by his sudden violence. "Yes, today, perhaps, because we permit. My brother and I"—his arm swept about in a full circle, indicating the great *massifs* surmounted by snow—"are Lords of the Atlas. Today we take what you give. You give much—roads, airplanes, electricity, many things. But what if we do not want your road?" Again his arm swept the full circle. "Behind every hill there is a host of warriors to answer our call. If we ever give it, your guns will not save you. And you take much for what you give—too much. We accept the will of Allah. We wait. We Moslems know how to wait. We know better than anybody." He stopped abruptly, his face darkened. "But two things you will not take—you will not touch: Our religion and our women. Go!" He thundered out the last word as he pointed at the gate, his eyes glittering points fixed on Delorme.

Delorme returned the gaze for a moment, then Redhavens touched him on the shoulder.

"It's no use," the Englishman said. "Come. You see he doesn't even ask the girl what she thinks. Arab women are not supposed to think. Come." He tugged at the other's sleeve until the officer turned. They passed through the gate and climbed into the car. The chauffeur had strolled away. Redhavens got out his cigarettes while they waited.

Throughout the scene Zohra had not stirred, had not even lifted her eyes to the passing airplane. She remained silent, beside Madani, erect, her head held high, the eyes staring ahead fixedly.

Madani turned to her slowly and touched her shoulder.

The heavy white robe was dislocated at his touch. It slipped down, spreading about her knees like a marble pedestal. The wind from the valley flipped the flimsy masquerade dress close about her body. She shivered, then sank slowly down, until she knelt at the chieftain's feet. Her lips moved as he bent over her.

"Sidi," he heard her whisper—"oh, Sidi Madani"—lord and master.

He lifted her quickly, keeping his arms about her and turning her toward him. For a long time they looked into each other's eyes. There was something in Madani's that seldom comes to a Moor. Zohra had not expected to find it, and feared she would not. It was a revelation, the revelation of the one woman, and not the many. She smiled, and the valley wind carried her hair about his head.

The full dawn came. A ray of golden sun suddenly emerged from behind a peak and enveloped them. The muezzin on the minaret of the tiny mosque in the corner of the court gave the musical morning call that makes Christian listeners remember Gregorian chants but commands Islam to prayer.

PHOTO. BY A.E.F. PHOTO SERVICE

A Scene on Mississippi Sound

Watch This Column

LAURA LA PLANTE in "POKER FACES"

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON is one of the foremost comedians in America—LAURA LA PLANTE has earned her laurels in many a remarkable picture. We selected these two to play the leading roles in *"POKER FACES"* from the story by Edgar Franklin. Directed by Henry Pollard.

A review of this picture proves to my mind that we were not mistaken in our judgment and that this screen triumph deserves a leading place in Universal's Greater Movie List. I commend it to all readers of this column.

In picturing *"The Flaming Frontier,"* a representation of Custer's last battle with the Sioux, a stirring American historical event, we selected HOOT GIBSON, the king of Western riders—DUSTIN FARNUM, a romantic actor of high ability—ANNE CORNWALL, a beautiful woman of fine talent, and our judgment has again been confirmed by the plaudits of the press and the people. This is a great picture, a real Universal Special.

In producing *"The Midnight Sun,"* a Russian drama of the former Imperial Court, we selected LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMANN and RAYMOND KEANE. And again the critics and the people have signified their unqualified approval.

I want you to see all these pictures and render your decision in a personal letter to me. Even if I am in Europe your letters will reach me and be answered.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

For the thrill of seeing world events as they actually happen watch for International Newsreel—issued twice a week

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TAKE THE STAND, PLEASE

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT W. STEWART

"How Long Was He in the Hospital?" "Five Weeks. He Testified, and I Think That Is Right"

THE hour was nine o'clock. Court would be convened at ten. The venerable James Bledsoe sat in his office, gazing out the window toward the courthouse, three blocks distant, and meditating over the recent interview with his client. Silently the door opened—closed—a puff of cigarette smoke floated toward James Bledsoe's desk, and by these signs he knew that his youthful law partner, John Ennis, had arrived.

"Have you seen him?" Ennis asked anxiously.

"Yes."

"Does he understand now what happened?"

"No."

"Not even after you explained it to him!" Ennis exclaimed.

"I decided not to explain, Ennis," Bledsoe replied.

"Well, then you won't dare put him on the stand, will you?" Ennis inquired.

"Yes, I'll put him on the stand."

"But won't he convict himself?"

"He may, Ennis. Dog-gone him! And yet—and yet, I think I know how to handle him. You see, he is so beautifully unsophisticated that when he talks, the real truth comes out without his knowing it. If I handle him right, what actually happened ought to become perfectly plain."

"Yes, but he'll deny point-blank the very facts upon which his defense depends," Ennis objected.

"That's true," Bledsoe agreed. "Yes, that's true enough. And yet, my boy, he didn't fool us, did he? The truth is mighty, and I have even heard predictions that it will prevail, so I'm going to put that prediction to the test. Nothing is more dangerous, my boy, than coaching a stupid witness or a child witness. It's better to let God's innocents tell their own stories in their own way. They say He takes care of them."

"I approached Rogers indirectly yesterday to see if he wouldn't drop the prosecution," Ennis remarked.

Bledsoe laughed. "I know in advance," he said, "how that came out."

"I don't understand Rogers," Ennis added. "Why is he so determined to prosecute? Don't you suppose he understands the risk?"

"Of course he doesn't," Bledsoe replied. "He's a shrewd judge of men and he knows our client pretty well, therefore he can't fear him. Moreover, you forget what Mr. Rogers doubtless calls the publicity value of this trial. Think of the names that will be mentioned. Why, they are music to his ears, my boy. This was no back-alley row. Even when you get a black eye in such company you can almost borrow money on it from a national bank."

"Then you are going to take a chance on Thornton's story just as he told it to us?"

"Exactly, Ennis."

"Well, then, I'm ready to kiss the case good-by right now," said Ennis.

"I don't greatly blame you, son; but take care of the office. I must be going now. Good-by."

"Good-by. And good luck."

"Thanks, Ennis. I'll need it."

II

THE hour was three o'clock. Court had been convened at ten, and now all the state's evidence against Howard Thornton had been presented.

"We rest," said the district attorney as his last witness left the stand. There was a momentary hush in the court room, then gradually all eyes turned toward the bald head of James Bledsoe, a former judge, now counsel for the defendant. Finally he touched his client's shoulder and said:

"Take the stand, please."

"Be sworn," commanded the clerk, rising, and at the same time lifting his right arm. This ceremony concluded, the defendant seated himself, glanced at the jurors, and then faced his attorney. He was a tall man with black hair and large, quiet blue eyes that said nothing, a man of military bearing, who wore a neatly tailored chauffeur's uniform with distinction. There was not the slightest indication of nervousness as he calmly rested his hands on the broad railing around the chair in which he sat.

"What is your name?" asked Judge Bledsoe, beginning the direct examination.

"Howard Thornton, sir."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight, sir."

"Your address?"

"County jail, sir. I had to give up my room when I was arrested."

"Were you asked to leave?"

"No, sir, but I have no assurance of being able to pay my rent in future, and so advised my landlady."

"What is your occupation?"

"None, sir. I assume that I am discharged, in view of the late unpleasantness with my employer."

"How long were you his chauffeur?"

The faintest suggestion of a wince flickered about the eyes of Howard Thornton, and then he answered, choosing his words very carefully, "I served him as chauffeur for three months, sir," he said.

Judge Bledsoe smiled. What Thornton objected to, he surmised, was the "his chauffeur." Thornton would think of himself as "a chauffeur" but not "his chauffeur."

"And previous to that?"

"I was with the field artillery, sir, in France."

"And previous to that?"

"I had no occupation, sir."

Judge Bledsoe stared at the witness as if amazed at this disclosure.

"How did you earn a living?" he asked.

"I didn't," the witness answered, smiling.

"Well, then how did you live?"

The witness answered apologetically in a low tone: "I was wealthy, sir. That is to say, my family was wealthy. My parents were living then. They died while I was in France."

"Didn't you ever assist them in the management of the estate?"

"No, sir."

"Were you never employed in any business enterprise constituting that estate?"

"No, sir."

"Never sold goods or services or solicited trade or clients?"

"No, sir."

"Well, how did you spend your time?"

"I was experimenting with airplanes, sir."

"Did you accomplish anything?"

"Only a broken arm."

"And you have had no business experience of any kind whatsoever?"

"None, sir."

"Are you still wealthy?"

"No, sir."

"How did you lose your wealth?"

The district attorney turned a weary, casual glance toward Judge Bledsoe, as much as to say: "That's irrelevant, old chap, and moreover, I don't see how any of this can possibly benefit your client."

"When I came back from the war," the witness answered, "I had to take charge of the estate. I bought Liberty Bonds up to the hilt with all that I had or could borrow, and when they went down to eighty-three I was wiped out."

(Continued on Page 54)

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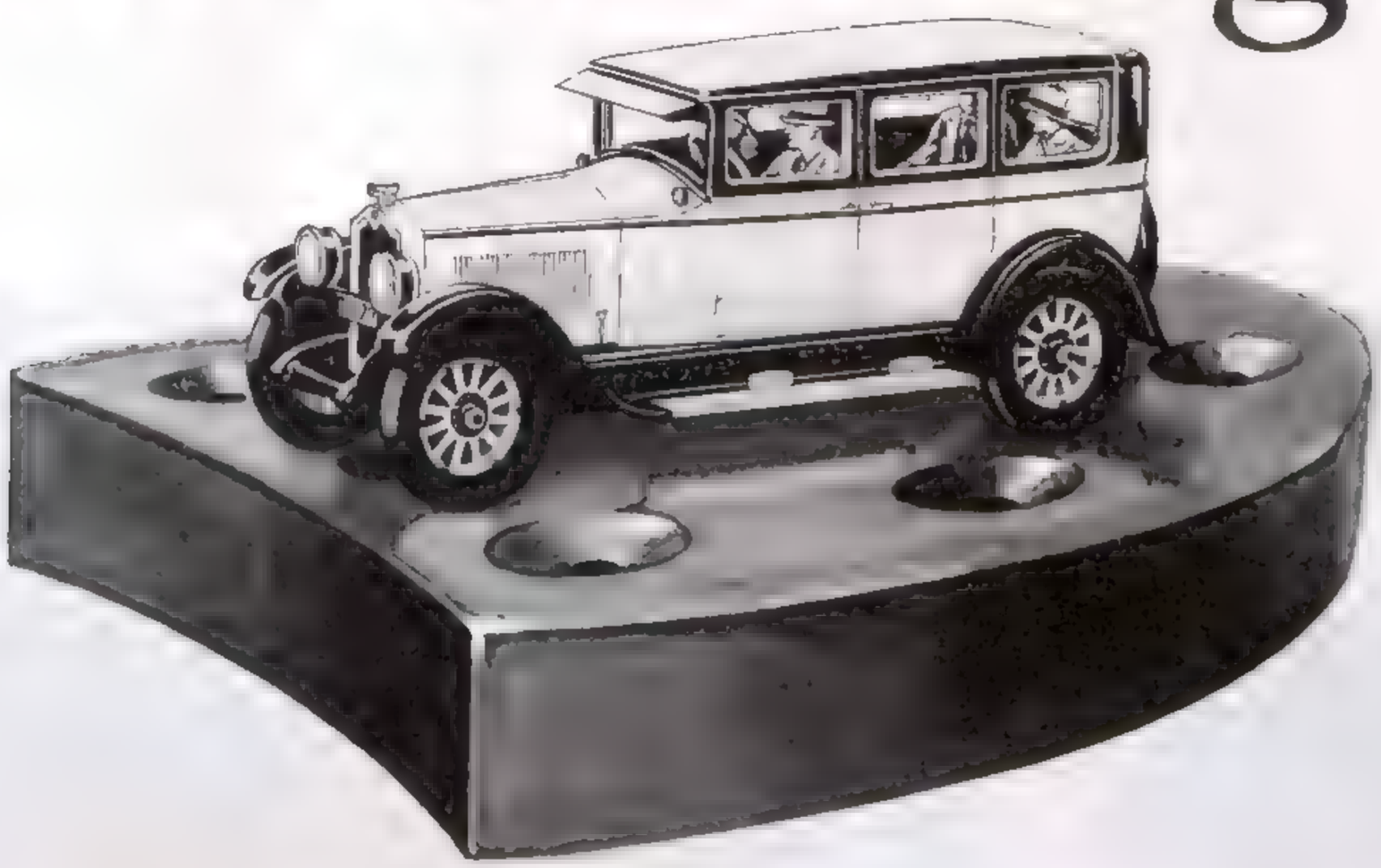

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VALVE-IN-HEAD Buick MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 52)

"I object to that as irrelevant and self-serving," said the district attorney, suddenly coming to life.

"How self-serving?" asked Judge Bledsoe innocently.

"Well, isn't the man trying to tell us that he lost his fortune bolstering and supporting the Government's war-time securities?"

"I didn't hear him say anything like that," Judge Bledsoe countered, smiling pleasantly. "I thought it was just a business deal." Then turning to the witness: "You expected to make a profit on those bonds, didn't you, Mr. Thornton?"

"Yes, sir."

"You thought they were sound securities and cheap at the price?"

"Yes, sir. I never dreamed that they could go so low. I thought people must be crazy to sell them at such prices."

"Exactly, Mr. Thornton." And then to the district attorney: "Any objection now?"

"Oh, I guess not. Go ahead, go ahead."

"Thank you. And now, Mr. Thornton, after you came back from the war and lost all of your money dealing in Liberty Bonds you found work as Mr. Rogers' chauffeur."

"I was a chauffeur, yes, sir."

"How did you manage to come in touch with Mr. Rogers?"

"I met him on the street, sir. I had known him in college."

"And asked him for a job?"

"No, sir. He remarked that he was selling securities of various sorts, promoting companies, and so forth, and asked me to join his force of salesmen."

"Did you accept?"

"No, sir. I didn't want the job."

"But you were in need of money, were you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nevertheless, you didn't want the job?"

"Exactly, sir. I didn't want it."

"And then did he offer you a job as chauffeur?"

"In a way, sir. He said he needed one. He knew I could drive. I climbed into the car and said, 'Old boy, you've got one.'"

"And were your relations as employer and employe satisfactory thereafter?"

"I thought so, sir."

"No disagreements arose?"

"Nothing to speak of, sir."

"He was very generous with you, I believe he said?"

"Yes, sir. He bought me about three hundred dollars' worth of clothes, including a tailored suit costing $125."

"Was that a chauffeur's uniform?"

"No, sir, it was a gray business suit."

"And did you wear that while driving?"

"Yes, sir. He insisted upon it. He also placed his large car in the garage and bought a roadster. After that we sat side by side when driving. He said he did not wish to flaunt an old college chum and a war veteran as his chauffeur. Even when we drove out in the large car he would pretend that it was mine and that he was my guest."

"Do you mean that he pretended to be your guest when you two were alone in the car?"

"No, sir. Only when others were present."

"Well, didn't this little game sometimes call for explanations as to the business you were in?"

"I think not, sir."

"Did anyone ever ask you if you were associated in business with Mr. Rogers?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many persons?"

"About five or six, sir."

"Name them, please."

The witness named eight and then estimated that there were possibly two or three more.

"What did you reply to these inquiries?"

"I simply said no."

"And would that end the matter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did Mr. Rogers ever remonstrate about this?"

"No, sir."

"Did he comment at all?"

"Not that I recall, sir."

"You have no ground then for suspecting that your disavowals of any connection with his business made him angry?"

"No ground whatever, sir. I was bankrupt and a chauffeur. I do not see how his purpose could have been other than generous. He seemed to like me very much."

"Nevertheless, you had declined the offer of a connection with his business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Eventually, I judge from your present costume, he supplied you with the conventional uniform of a chauffeur. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you first discuss the matter?"

"No, sir. I learned by chance that a uniform such as this could be purchased on the installment plan. I had never previously heard of such arrangements. The dealer required only five dollars down and an assignment of a very small portion of my wages, so there was nothing to discuss with Mr. Rogers. I simply purchased the uniform and wore it."

"Did Mr. Rogers comment on it?"

"He asked me where I got it and how much I paid for it. I told him, and later I learned that he had paid the balance."

"Why were you so insistent upon wearing a chauffeur's uniform?"

"I had no objection, sir, to being a chauffeur. I have none now. It is an honest employment and one of the very few in which I could honorably recommend my services. Since I have to work for a living, I consider it a very pleasant, decently paid employment."

"What salary did Mr. Rogers pay you?"

"Seventy-five dollars a week, sir."

"Is that the usual wage for a chauffeur?"

"I have no idea, sir. I have never employed a chauffeur. I drove my own car before the war. It does seem rather high, but I am told that wages are much higher since the war. I have never had occasion to inquire about chauffeurs' wages because I have had only one job."

"All right, Mr. Thornton; did Mr. Rogers ever pay you anything extra, like a bonus, or expense account, or anything of that sort?"

"He offered to several times, sir, but it was embarrassing to me and I declined with thanks."

(Continued on Page 118)

"She Knows That It Takes Several Generations of Nice People to Produce a Lad Like Howard Thornton"

FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

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PACK HORSE

(Continued from Page 37)

"Maybe I can when the note actually comes due. I'll try."

Lord, how rotten the whole thing was, this stalling and pretending! How he hated it! How tired, tired, tired he was! He felt like an old man as he went back to the store, wrote his letter to the Convex credit man. He tried to make it human and appealing:

I know we have been dilatory, but the whole situation here is peculiarly hard for the retail stores. I have just been talking with the president of our biggest bank, and he agrees with me that it is unwise to press too hard on the solid rural trade. The farmers have had a bad season and are behind with their payments and not buying much. I am making every sacrifice to meet your bills, because the goodwill of your firm and the long association mean much more to me than the average business connection. I appreciate your patience, your understanding, your coöperation more than I can tell you. The inclosed check ——

He pared his bank balance to the bone in the amount of that check. Looking at the figures, he knew that he was on thinner ice than ever before. But where could he retrench? Not in salaries, not in wages, not in upkeep. He wished he dared reduce his own salary, but certain slips from the chief bookkeeper warned him that he had already drawn ahead. Not for himself—it was that big house; the parade that Dora loved, must have. He got nothing out of it except a roof over his head, his food—and an overwhelming load of worry and care. He was the pack horse, galled, weighted, whipped on mercilessly.

He dragged his mind away from such futile images. Such thinking did no good, weakened him for the work he must do. He had won a breathing space and time to turn round. Trade might pick up, and at least he had tightened everything, all through the organization. He might lay off a few of the clerks, but he hated doing that. Before he could ever resolve to let an employe go, he went into the case personally—did he or she have a home or any savings, any other chance to get a job? A man or a woman with dependents, responsibilities, could not be turned out just so—that was the rule in the Wyllie store, and it was a rule Ross Wyllie had made himself, and rigorously enforced.

In the evening he spoke once more to Dora: "Cut down on Janie's party as much as you can. I'm in a very tight place."

Dora had shrugged her shoulders. "You always say that, Ross. It's your stock excuse."

But later Veevee had drifted into the library where he sat reading. "Father, here's your angel child. Tell me something, will you?"

"I thought you young people knew it all."

"Oh, we do; but now and then we put up a front of deferring to our elders."

"When you want a favor, I suppose."

"Righto!" They smiled at each other with perfect comprehension. "You know, I'd like this party awf'ly, but I heard what you said to mother. If it's going to cramp your style—seriously, I mean—I'd rather not have it. I should care what Edna Tomlinson does, or anybody else!"

He was infinitely touched, but he would not show it. "I wish you'd try to speak the English language," he scolded.

"I do—modern style."

She smiled again, pursing her red lips naughtily. He looked at her with loving exultation. A beautiful, untouched, untamed young thing.

"You're going to have your party, Miss Modern Style, but don't pile it on too hard, that's all."

"Honest Injun, cross your heart, it's all right?"

"Honest Injun, cross my heart. You know, Janie, this is an expensive establishment to keep up, and there's Junior's school bills, and Ella's. It makes a pretty staggering total." It was the first time he had ever said so much to her. She looked bewildered.

"But I thought we had lots and lots of money. Mother always says so."

"Your mother doesn't understand business. When trade's brisk and people buy freely, we have plenty. But trade's light now, people aren't buying much. It makes things hard for me. The store costs just as much to run in hard times as good ones. This is very elementary, you understand."

"I think it's thrilling. What do you do for money when trade's bad?"

He looked at her, wondering. He knew that Dora had a mind like a sieve and he had long ago stopped telling her much about his business, lest she broadcast it at every tea and bridge, so it was peculiarly comforting to talk to Janie, to feel her interest. It lifted the weight a little, eased his harness.

"When times are hard I borrow money from the bank to tide me over until things pick up again."

"At Walter's father's bank?" And when she said Walter's name she blushed—a rare, lovely, betraying blush, but her eyes met her father's bravely.

"She loves that boy," he thought, "and she hardly knows it herself." She had grown up, his little Janie; she had found her woman's heart. It made him feel lonely and wistful and very tender for her. "Yes, at the First National," he said carelessly.

The doorbell rang, faint, far away. She reverted instantly to her eager girlishness.

"How funny! I'll bet a nickel that's Walter this minute. We're going over to Edna's to dance—a whole crowd's going. . . . Oh, you didn't say if you like my dress."

She shook out her draperies of scarlet chiffon, pinched at the gold flower on her shoulder. Her father understood that she was wondering if Walter Purviance would like it, was asking for reassurance. He had seen his grandmother once dressed in winered corded silk and she had dropped the little boy he was a playful curtsy and asked him how she looked. So he spoke to Janie in the words he had used then: "You look fine."

She hardly heard him; she was already at the door, as if the presence of Walter Purviance drew her toward him. Then her father heard her voice in the hall, the young man's voice answering, their concerted laughter. Against his will, he thought, "If she marries him it'll be a good thing for me. Purviance will be easier to deal with." He saw with shame that he had sunk to looking for advantage to himself in his girl's happiness.

But even while he rebuked himself, the incident cheered him, seemed to promise something for the future.

He began the next morning an even closer watch on the store's business than was his custom. He prowled among the departments, observed the feeble spurts of trade in bargain sales, harried the window trimmers and reluctantly cut down his sales and office force as much as he dared. If he let too many people go it would start bad rumors. He made small savings where he could—of coal, electricity, phone service, office and washroom supplies. Every cent he saved, he argued grimly, was worth a nickel in the present depression. He put a little extra pressure on overdue accounts. But in the aggregate it did not amount to much. He held his own, that was all. The depression had become general, and all his savings and scrimpings no more than kept him going. He didn't gain an inch, and he was unpleasantly aware that he had spread a spirit of gloomy uncertainty all through the store. Well, let 'em gloom. He couldn't help that.

There were a few lifts—the Convex credit man had replied satisfactorily, though he didn't spill over himself to be gracious. He was giving the Wyllie store more than a fair chance, but he said frankly that their future relations depended on Wyllie. All the same, Barton reported that the negotiations with Tomlinson were suspended. That was a real triumph.

He had been so absorbed, so intensely wrapped round with his contrivings and plannings for the store that he had ceased to think about his family. In the morning he had his breakfast and was gone before Dora and Janie appeared; he lunched in his office on milk and crackers, and by night he was too tired, too withdrawn, to notice much. The two women talked, if they were there, but he was only with them in body. His mind perpetually ran through a round of figures, grinning hateful figures, each one with its little taunting dollar mark, each one pulling at him, draining him. After dinner he would go into the library with his trade reports, his papers, and work there until exhaustion drove him up to bed.

One morning as he started from his private office to the bookkeeping department he heard a shrill voice behind a stack of files denouncing him:

"Yes, nagging us about every letter clip and rubber band we use; but he can throw it around like nothing for his daughter's party—that's what gets me. We're the goats, down here at the store, while Miss Genevieve Wyllie makes her grand daybew like she was Princess of Wales or something." The voice said his daughter's name mockingly, malice and envy in it.

Ross Wyllie closed the door and went back to his private office. He had been so engrossed—he was so unaccustomed to having any help or coöperation from Dora in any difficulty—he hadn't thought—yet he had warned her, he knew he had warned her. Ah, but he had warned her before. He looked about him helplessly. How could he find out, who would tell him—his glance fell on the morning papers, and he opened them, hunted up the page he never read, never looked at even casually—the society columns. Weddings, receptions, engagements—he ran quickly over them, then his own name jumped at him:

The whole social world and the younger set in particular is all agog over the coming debut of Miss Genevieve Wyllie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Wyllie, of 404 Park Boulevard. A little bird has whispered it about that it will be the most elaborate and beautiful entertainment ever given for a local bud. Miss Wyllie, ever since her return from school, has been a great favorite among the sub-debs, and there is every reason to believe that this popularity will be enhanced when she makes her formal bow to the oldsters of society, where her mother, Mrs. Ross Wyllie, has so long been one of the leading figures. Miss Wyllie's debut party will be the first in a series given in her honor, and will inaugurate what promises to be the gayest season our city has ever seen.

It was only the conventional patter of the society editor, but Ross Wyllie felt sure Dora had herself dictated it, and left it indefinite so that, should he see it, he would feel no alarm. But its very vagueness was sinister. What had she been up to? He called his house on the telephone, but one of the maids reported that Mrs. Wyllie would not be in until half-past eleven. He was too restless, too uneasy to wait, so he took his hat and coat and went home. On the way he had ample time for self-reproach. He ought to have kept an eye on Dora, too, while he was watching the letter clips and rubber bands. He ought to have given her just so much and forced her to make it do. But he knew she wouldn't have paid the least attention—there would have been the usual aftermath of bills. Dora with cash in her hand always spent it at least three times. This time, though—this time when he had been so urgent—— Oh, well, what was the use?

Once in the house, he went straight to Dora's room, to her desk. A young woman, strange to Ross Wyllie, was working there, with boxes of stationery heaped around her.

"Mrs. Wyllie hired me to address the invitations for Miss Genevieve's debut, Mr. Wyllie," she explained. "I'm Teresa Kugel—my sister works in your bookkeeping department."

Very probably it was her sister, then, who had made the gibe he had heard in the morning.

"If you'll excuse me, I'm looking for a paper Mrs. Wyllie has here," he said, and Teresa stood aside.

A sizable bunch of papers rewarded his search. He took them downstairs to the library.

There was the caterer's estimate, the florist's, the orchestra. All were out-of-town firms, all were staggeringly high. There was an item from the modiste—"with real lace, two hundred and fifty; with imitation, two hundred"—and there was an unexpected memo that had nothing to do with the party. It appeared that Dora had secretly bought a small sport car for Junior, had made a very small cash payment and was being dunned nastily for the balance of more than five hundred dollars! A boy not quite seventeen, at prep school, with a car of his own! Of all the insane folly, the bad judgment! As if Junior wasn't already spoiled enough, inattentive to his studies! His anger rose, and his shame. As Dora came in he called to her. She looked wonderfully well, her cheeks pink from the fresh air, a rose pinned in the fur of her collar.

"What's the matter that you're home this time of the day?" she asked. "I hope you're not sick."

"This is the matter." He showed her what he had taken from her desk.

Her color deepened, her eyes sparkled with instant anger. "Since when have you been rummaging in my private papers? I think that's low—I think it's positively indecent."

He tried not to let his own emotion show, to hold himself checked, cool, for he knew he needed his self-control.

"Dora, this is serious. I wasn't fooling when I said you must cut down on the expense of Janie's party. I'm in a desperate situation. Do you want to see me go bankrupt, to lose the store, to lose this house? That's what it means unless you call a halt to your extravagance. These estimates are enormous—and then this car for Junior. Why didn't you tell me about that?"

"For the very same reason I didn't tell you about the estimates—I knew you'd begin the same old yammer-yammer-yammer about expense again. Besides, you're never fair to Junior. All the boys he goes with have cars but him. I'm not going to see my son at a disadvantage. Those hateful old auto people will get paid in time. I was only waiting until after Veevee's debut, when I could save something out of the house money and give it to them. Good heavens, it's not any pleasure to me, Ross, to have to do things behind your back, and to have people writing and telephoning about bills! But you're so unreasonable, and particularly about Junior."

"I don't mean to be unreasonable. I want the children to have everything I can give them, but there's a limit. These bills here"—he waved them at her—"and these estimates amount roughly to fifteen hundred dollars. And there's the five hundred you owe on that car—two thousand dollars—which happens to be the exact amount I need to keep my credit good at the bank. It's due in a couple of days. Don't you understand? It's vital that I reduce those notes. I really, seriously, mean, Dora, that if I don't I may be bankrupt by the time Janie's party's over."

"You are perfectly absurd. You know very well we're not going bankrupt. As to business, or credit or notes and all that sort of stuff, I don't pretend to understand about them. Very funny, your needing the exact amount I planned to spend ——"

He caught her by the wrist. "Dora, it's not so funny as you think. Stop this nonsense and listen to me. You can understand anything you want to, and you'd better get this through your head right this minute—that if you give this party it'll very probably be the last you'll ever give. This house will go, the business will go,

(Continued on Page 58)

The Landau Sedan $1295

WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL
Last Year ··· This Year ··· Next Year

All America is Giving This Car a Veritable Ovation

No other word describes the reception now being accorded the Greater Oakland Six · · · America is welcoming it as it has welcomed few other cars—welcoming it with outspoken praise—welcoming it with downright eagerness to take the wheel and drive · · · All because Oakland has made a great automobile still greater with 77 important refinements, including: the Rubber-Silenced Chassis, an epochal and exclusive feature, imparting an almost unbelievable quietness of operation; smart new Bodies by Fisher, in new and strikingly beautiful two-tone Duco colors; new tilting-beam headlights with convenient foot control; and vital engine developments resulting in still greater smoothness and greater operating efficiency · · · One motorist is telling another that Oakland has scored again · · · One after another they are buying this car and confirming everything they have heard of Greater Oakland Six leadership.

Touring $1025; Sedan $1095; Landau Coupe $1125; Sport Roadster $1175; Sport Phaeton $1095; 4-Door Sedan $1195; Landau Sedan $1295; Pontiac Six, companion to the Oakland Six, $825 to $895. All prices at factory. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan

The Greater
OAKLAND SIX
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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Junior's car and your car will go. We'll have to go back to the house on Market Street and I'll have to begin all over again. Your diamond pin and rings will have to go, the silver, the furniture ——"

She wrenched away from him. "You must be crazy, to think you can scare me with such stuff as that! You say very probably it'll be the last party I'll give—that lets you out. Then after I've given up this party and taken poor little Junior's only pleasure away from him, you'll suddenly find that it was only a false alarm and you're all right after all. I haven't lived with you all these years not to know you perfectly, Ross Wyllie. Now I'm going—I'll be late for my engagement as it is, listening to your silly stuff. And I give you fair warning that if you keep on worrying me and making life so perfectly impossible, I'll leave you—and take the children with me!"

The door banged behind her and Ross Wyllie stood staring at its handsome mahogany panels. With harsh self-reproach, he realized his own cowardice, his own futility, his own weakness. Dora was stronger than he; he had always known it; but never before had he felt it so bitterly. He was helpless against her. He would have to yield. Not that he was afraid of having her leave him—he knew that threat for its proper worth, which was exactly nothing. What she was counting on was the hell on earth she would make for him unless what she wanted was forthcoming. And she was counting on that lack in him which made it impossible for him to be as merciless as she was, as hard, as grasping for what she wanted. She would poison the children against him, she would nag and cry and sneer. In his weakness, his loneliness of spirit, he yearned toward his children. He loved them so tenderly, they were solace for so much.

He went back to the store, shut himself in his office. He had bent once more to the lash, he was still the pack horse, staggering under his burden, but moving on. With infinite care he began to draft a letter to Purviance—he didn't have the nerve to face him again—to sound out the bank's attitude if the promised reduction of the note wasn't made. Trade had not picked up, everything looked bad, he didn't want to lay off any more clerks, and so on and so on—excuses, promises, hopes. But he wrote with a divided mind. He was still sore from his knuckling under to Dora. Why hadn't he played the man, forced her to do what he wished against her will, if she wouldn't do it to help him in his need? Why hadn't he outblustered and outbullied her own blusterings and bullyings? Why was he such a coward when it came to her?

It wasn't in him, he thought. There was something of cold steel lacking in his make-up that she had. His hand, holding the pencil, twitched with nerves, ached with tension. If he but had an ally now, if he had someone to stand by him, someone who could impress Dora with the truth of what he had told her! He was ashamed that he should need outside assistance, but he longed for it. But there wasn't a soul. Perhaps Janie would; but he sheered away in horror of dumping his burden on a child's slender shoulders, of dimming Janie's happiness, and perhaps making her lose faith and affection for him. He'd be a pitiable object to his daughter. He couldn't bear that. He must still turn and twist and contrive—maybe there would be some way out of it all.

He called in his secretary and dictated to her the letter he had written in longhand. Presently she brought it to him, typed, and he reread it. By a tremendous effort he concentrated on it, made a few careful changes, pointed up a phrase here and there, softened the darker side. It must appear that he was a confident patron writing to one who would be only too glad to oblige, not a beggar with hand held out. He hated himself anew. It seemed as if his whole life had become nothing but this writing of letters for money, for credit, for time. And in his heart he had no hope. Disaster was at his heels; he was only eluding it by hours, by minutes, so long as Dora ——

He signed and sent off the second draft of the letter. He'd know tomorrow. "The condemned man is granted a reprieve of twenty-four hours before he goes to the chair," was his inward comment. Then he shook himself. This wouldn't do. Old Purviance was not a fool—he'd know what a blow it would be to the city, to the whole community, to have Wyllie's go to the wall. He'd think of that—they couldn't afford to have a big smash just now—it would be bad for the bank. People would say "Why, I thought the First National was behind Wyllie's"—and the bank would suffer in prestige and patronage.

When he went home at night, Janie, again in her scarlet chiffon, was waiting for him in the hall. Lovely, glowing Janie. She pretended to scold him.

"Were you sick this morning that you came home? I didn't know about it until Ada told me, just a couple of minutes ago, so I came down to wait for you. She said you'd gone right back. You don't look so very well. And I don't know—I got worried. Here, I'll hang up your coat."

"I'm all right. Let's sit down and talk a little. What have you been up to all day?"

"Oh, working hard, licking stamps on the party invitations. Teresa had to go home today; her mother was sick. So little Veevee got very busy."

"Overworked terribly, I suppose."

"You're always razzing me, dad. You think I'm perfectly useless, I bet. I can do heaps of things you don't imagine. And you're very smartly changing the subject. Aren't you well? You looked so white and so tired—I wish you'd take a nice long rest. Why don't you?"

Her solicitude warmed him. Again the suggestion came to him that he should tell her, get her to stand by him in this crisis. But it seemed such a tremendous chance to take, and he was, as she had seen, so tired. No, he wouldn't tell her. He wouldn't unpack his load on her, dim her radiance, blight her gayety, take away the precious irresponsibility of her youth. The irony of her suggestion made him smile.

"Maybe I shall be able to take a rest a little later," he said. "I wouldn't be at all surprised. But I'm really all right, and you're not to worry, my girl. . . . What are you all dressed up for tonight—and in this dress I like?"

"All the boys like it," declared Veevee, with intentional mischief. "That's why I wear it so much. I thought it out myself. You know, dad, a red-headed girl always has lots of suitors, so, as long as I couldn't change my hair, I thought I'd see what a red dress would do."

"And has it worked?"

"I'm not complaining." She was demure now.

He put a gentle finger against the velvet of her cheek. "Does Walter Purviance like it?" he asked.

"O-oh, that's a leading question."

"Leading where?"

"Now, dad, stop teasing. Walter's all right. We're going to a party tonight, just a little one. Oh, dad, isn't my party going to be perfectly glorious? I'm so thrilled I can hardly wait. What a darling dear lamb you are to let me have it!"

"Janie, it appears to me I'm not the only one who can change the subject. I was not talking of your party."

She rose and shook a finger at him. "I hear the gong, and you are not ready for dinner. Hustle up or you won't get any soup."

"Then you won't tell me anything about Walter?"

She stopped and looked up at him; her eyes were stars of joy. "There's nothing to tell—yet."

Then, like a child suddenly overcome with bashfulness, she ran away from him into the dining room. Ross Wyllie squared his shoulders. Janie was worth carrying the pack for at least. He pushed back his anxiety for the thousandth time. These alternating moods racked his nerves, left him unsteady, shaken, yet he could not have endured the constant depths of fear and dread. Even so, he was near hysteria.

What would Purviance say? Would he be convinced, or would he shrivel the half-hearted arguments that Wyllie had presented? If he refused, what would be his next move? He forgot about Janie as he stumbled through these questions, and he looked about him strangely. The gracious wide dining room across the hall, with its soft lights, its tinted glass, its polished silver, the silent, efficient services of the maids, the delicate food—strange surroundings for a man so near disaster. He looked at it all wearily—it cost too much, it cost too much. It cost his strength, his peace, his finest honesty—too much, more than he had any right to give, far, far more than any material comfort was worth.

In the morning he went through his mail hungrily. There was no letter from Purviance. Well, that might be a good omen, or a bad. He had no means of knowing. In mid-morning, though, there came a message: "Mr. Purviance asks if you could come over to the bank."

"Tell him," said Wyllie, "that I'll be over in about half an hour." He spoke calmly, but the muscle in his cheek below the left eye jerked uncontrollably.

He walked back and forth in his office, marshaling his strength, shaping arguments to convince, and in half an hour he appeared at the bank.

Purviance was more cordial than he had been on his last visit. Had Wyllie been less stressed with his own emotion he would have seen signs of a strange embarrassment on that granite countenance. The banker hardly knew how to begin. He chewed the end of his cigar, twiddled his fingers, looked out of the window.

"You know, Wyllie," he said at last, "they say a man's got no secrets from his priest and his doctor—and I guess they might add his banker to that list." He waited, turned a curious purplish red and swung round straight to the other man. "Say, d'you know where Mrs. Wyllie was yesterday?" He did not wait for an answer, but blurted on: "Maybe you'll think it's pretty raw of me to talk to you about your wife. I had a battle to make up my mind to do it, but this is what happened: Yesterday she sat beside Mrs. Purviance at some woman's lunch, and she was kind of upset and excited, and finally she opened up to Lilah, and she said you'd been making an awful fuss about this debut party for your daughter, and other expenses, and that she wasn't going to pay any attention, because you always talked like that, and anyway, you always came through in the end with what she wanted. And Lilah came home and told me—and it let in a great big light on a lot of things."

He paused a moment, but Wyllie did not speak. He could not. He was choked with his abasement, his betrayal. He could hear Dora, see her petty indignation. Oh, the fool—the fool he had been! He knew her so well. There was no excuse.

"I've always thought, Wyllie," went on Purviance, "and I guess a lot of other people have, that this extravagant way you live was as much your doing as your wife's. But with what Mrs. Purviance told me, and other little hints I've had here and there, I came to the conclusion that—it's true a man's worst foes are in his own household. You seem to be able to manage your business pretty well, but at home you—you seem to have kind of let your wife run away with you. Isn't that so, Wyllie?"

"Yes, it's true," said Ross Wyllie in a low voice.

"And it looks like pretty poor policy to me, in these hard times, for you to splurge with a big party for your daughter and buy your boy a motor car when you can't meet your bank loans."

"She doesn't understand—I can't make her understand." He could say no more without accusing Dora, betraying her worse than she had betrayed him.

Purviance was watching him. "If you'll ask her to come down here and talk to me, I'll guarantee to make her understand. Wyllie, it's bad dope—this party. You've not even the excuse of helping local trade; everything's ordered from out of town—music, flowers, even the caterer."

So Dora had told that too! What could he say?

"And I've just this much to add: You've got to reduce that note, and pretty substantially. You can do it if you retrench at home. I'm making no complaint about what you've done in your business—there I know you're all right. But if you can't be master in your own house, if you're going to let the money run out the spigot faster'n you can pour it in at the bung, you're a bad bet. The next thing'll be to require an indorser on all your paper."

"But—you don't mean that! That means ——"

"I know what it means as well as you. It's up to you. If you've got the nerve to do at home what you've done at the store, you'll be all right."

Wyllie looked about him haggardly. "I haven't got the nerve," he said in a loud, harsh voice. "I've tried everything I know. I can't make my wife see. She won't see. Don't you think I've tried?"

"Hey, take it easy!" said Purviance. "I think so—of course I know you're no fool. Well, as I said, maybe if I spoke to Mrs. Wyllie—sometimes a word from outside, you know—it's no pleasure to me, you know, but to help you. I don't want to see you go to the wall, Wyllie. It would be an awful jolt all through the community. But I believe it's better in the end than this eternal running on a shoe string. You telephone to Mrs. Wyllie—let's get this over."

He pushed the telephone over toward Ross Wyllie. It had come then, the aid he had so needed, so longed for, the fortuitous outside aid which would strengthen him, arm him, make Dora see what he could never show her. He lifted the receiver, gave the number mechanically: "Main 2658." And then, suddenly, decisively, he hung up. "No, I won't! If I can't do it myself—if I'm so far gone, such a poor boob ——"

He got up and looked at Purviance. "You'll hear from me later in the day," he said, and walked out.

It was the unconcealed contempt, the pity in Purviance's tone, the condescension of his phrase that had done it. "Let me manage your life, since you're not up to it," it had implied. "You've sunk pretty low to need me, but somebody's got to drag you out of this mess, for the good of the community." The acid sting of it, the utter desperation of it, had reached something in him unstirred before.

His backbone felt like steel, his mind was clear and hard and cruel. Deal with a fool according to his folly. And Dora was a fool—as big a fool as he himself had been. Had been! He used the past tense, assuredly.

He walked into the house and straight up the stairs. In Dora's room, Teresa Kugel was piling up a great basketful of square white envelopes.

"You can give those to me, if they're finished," said Ross Wyllie. He took the basket, went downstairs to the cellar and stuffed the envelopes in the furnace. It made him feel like laughing as he watched the edges sear and curl and blaze. "I ought to have made Dora steam off the stamps," he thought drolly.

As he came upstairs with the empty basket he met Dora, hastening down. "What are you doing? Teresa said you'd taken the invitations ——"

"I've just burned them up. There isn't going to be any party. Now I'm going to wire to everyone you've engaged things from and let them know."

"Ross Wyllie, have you gone crazy?" It was so unexpected, so violent a surprise, that she was not ready with her lash.

"I told you yesterday, I warned you. You wouldn't listen. So I've had to act.

(Continued on Page 60)

When grandfather bought his first car, even the *top* was "extra"

WHEN your grandfather and mine bought their first automobile, they bought little more than a buggy with an engine in it!

And then, as finances allowed or fancies suggested, they equipped it with a top, a windshield, big brass headlamps, a bulbous horn that you blew by hand, a speedometer or odometer, storm curtains, a Buffalo robe, a few spare inner tubes and a pump.

The World Has Moved Swiftly in These Twenty Years

The winding paths that crept over the mountains and the rutted roads that wound through the forest have been covered with concrete or macadam. And onto these roads has poured an unending stream of motor cars—millions upon millions of them.

Everywhere traffic is congested. Long lines of lumbering old-style cars move with the pace of the snail over roads miles from the city; while in downtown areas, streets are well-nigh impassable. Only cars of a *new type* can hope to compete successfully with this changed "New-Day" traffic.

Paige and Jewett Sixes have come to be known as "New-Day" motor cars because of the superlative manner in which they meet and master every single "New-Day" condition and need.

Paige and Jewett Sixes accelerate with the swiftness of thought; their Paige-Hydraulic 4-Wheel brakes bring them to cushioned rest *instantly*. Their motors are ultra-modern—powerful, speedy, economical. They are roomy, comfortable, easily handled cars. They are equipped with every known essential for easier, safer, pleasanter motoring. And they are as smart and fashionable as the hour of 4 at Deauville!

Enjoy—Soon—Your First Drive In A Truly "New-Day" Car

Paige and Jewett engineers were first to foresee the coming of this New Day, and first to offer truly New-Day cars. If you have not driven one, you have yet to know how almost human a motor can be. Any Paige-Jewett dealer, entirely without obligation, will gladly accommodate you.

The Most Beautiful Car in America

Assets of $20,000,000

Worldwide Dealer Organization

One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the Industry

17 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively

Never Reorganized—Never Refinanced

PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

New-Day Cars for New-Day Needs

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And about Junior's car—I'll telephone the people you bought it from to go and get it."

"You will not! You wouldn't dare! Ross Wyllie, I told you something yesterday. I warned you. I'll leave you!"

He felt like laughing again. "But what will you live on? You'll simply make me advertise in all the papers that my wife, Dora Wyllie, having left my bed and board, I hereby warn the public that I refuse to be responsible for any debts she may contract. Would you like that?"

"You wouldn't dare!" She said it again, but her tone lacked conviction. He was so cheerfully cynical, so careless, it impressed her more than earnestness. This was a new Ross Wyllie, with a will as sharp-edged as her own.

"But what am I going to do? Everyone knows that the invitations were to go out today. I've already told the society editor that they ——"

Dora, asking what she should do! A miracle!

"It doesn't matter what you do. But there aren't any invitations and there won't be any party. And if you've got other extravagances in mind, better countermand them before I do. Tonight I'm going over all the accounts of this house and we'll see where we stand. We're going to cut down everywhere."

"But the children—Veevee'll be heartbroken!"

"Janie's better stuff than that. Now, Dora, listen! You're up against it. You say I'm always crying wolf, pretending that I'm in financial trouble. But remember, in the fairy tale, the wolf finally came. The wolf has come. Either we cut down and save every cent we can or we go bankrupt. If you don't believe me, go down to the First National and talk to old Granite Purviance."

He was not above mentioning his ally, now that the first skirmish of the battle was won. If he could defeat Dora once he could do it again. He could and he would—endlessly, if need be.

"Well, you always make such a fuss. How was I to know?" demanded Dora. "But if we've got to ——"

"We've got to," he interjected grimly.

"I suppose I could give it out that Aunt Martina's very sick—she's not well—and she lives so far away. On account of the serious illness of a near relative—yes, that would do."

"Save your face if you want to. I won't stop that. And better be getting things straight for me tonight. I've got to go back to the store now. No funny business or tricks behind my back, remember. Wait, get me the addresses of the people you've been dealing with—for the party, I mean. I'll send those telegrams myself."

In a curious dazed fashion she gave him what he wished. He tucked the paper in his pocket, walked out and shut the door behind him.

He wanted to wave his arms and shout. He wanted to sing. Oh, he wasn't through with it yet! There'd be a long hard way to go, a steep way. Dora was only temporarily conquered. He'd never be able to change her nature, but he could control her acts.

Pack horse? Huh!

THE STOREKEEPER FALLS IN WITH THE SPENDING AGE

(Continued from Page 40)

and maybe a baker, a delicatessen man and a poultry dealer. Everything for the table under one roof. Any one of them will take telephone orders for all, and the delivery is made by a boy who collects for everything.

In these markets they all live together like the fabled prairie dog, rattlesnake and owl, happily and profitably, because they have solved the storekeeper's most pressing problem—rent. The market is everywhere in Southern California, and the idea will undoubtedly spread because it is right. No individual grocer, butcher or fruit dealer can compete with the merchant established in such a place. It utilizes floor space to a degree not possible in the individual store, and gives each merchant the advantage of a crowd of customers. Because the woman buying groceries passes the meat counter and the delicatessen dealer's customers, buying cold meat, pass the Jap's wares and are reminded of salad.

Yet in every neighborhood the individual grocer can be found. When others sold out to the chain systems, or went into markets, or were driven out of business, he turned specialist in fancy groceries, carrying delicacies that bargain grocers cannot afford to handle. He fell in with the new ways of spending that lead the housewife to watch the pennies on canned tomatoes but look for something exceptionally nice when she entertains. In every city there used to be a few downtown grocers selling the fancy stuff to the carriage families. Baby-carriage families traded elsewhere and never the twain would meet. But now the baby-carriage families are buying fancy groceries as Bill bought the sixteen-dollar shirt. When they entertain, their outlay for hospitality, in proportion to income, makes the millionaire blush. The carriage-trade groceries are scattered all over town, in neighborhood stores. Merchants who saw that trend specialized in the finest stuff, where others went with the bargain end of the business and expanded in chain stores. Not all the chain groceries are run by the big companies. In nearly every town may be found the merchant who has his small chain, built on sound knowledge of what's what.

Not Everyone Gets a Lease

One field of retailing, more than any other, shows the whole trend of the times. That is hardware. If you remember your town the past fifteen years, you can think of many hardware dealers who have disappeared. And the hardware stores that have survived, or opened up in new locations, are very different from those of yesterday.

The old-fashioned hardware store was a man's store, and its crusty proprietor was a man's man. Kegs of nails formed an aisle leading to grottoes of dark green drawers where the bolts and locks were concealed, and picks, pails and pans hung like stalactites from the ceiling. For window display, sledge hammers, two-inch belting and a black cat. It took the hardware dealer as long to weigh out five cents' worth of nails as to sell a forty-two-dollar stove, and nobody knew where anything was except himself, and he often had to look up old invoices before he could tell you the price of a lawn mower or a rat trap.

The five-and-ten-cent store took the first nip at him, when all his small wares were arranged on counters and marked with prices—six small screws or three big ones for a nickel, a box of assorted nails for a dime. The customers leaned up against that counter and filled their eyes with hardware. The girl clerk chewed her gum while they made selections. Nails suggested tacks, and the customer who wanted a dime's worth of wire spent a dollar in trinkets that he remembered were needed when he saw them. Women found a place to shop for hardware.

Department stores cut in at another angle. Hundreds of new things that appealed to women were coming into this field of retailing—everything from aluminum cooking utensils to vacuum cleaners. The department stores displayed them, demonstrated them, sold them on installments.

Right then and there the old-fashioned hardware dealer who could pick up a pound of nails with unerring precision should have asked the milliner to give him some merchandising tips. Instead he died with his boots on, and where six hardware stores were, now you'll find one. But that is modern, in charge of a young fellow who knows storekeeping. The small wares are arranged on the help-yourself plan. The vacuum cleaner is operated by a pretty girl, up front, where the most attractive merchandise is kept. The aluminum dishes are on the fire, with a domestic-science expert serving snacks from them.

The finance company makes it possible for the small retailer to sell on the installment plan. Even the saws and axes are laid out to intrigue the eye, an exposition of the useful arts.

"How much money have you got?" was the first question yesterday when a young man contemplated storekeeping. Today it is last. Money is necessary. Too many young fellows start with insufficient funds, believing that ability will overcome lack of capital—a mistake. But character is put first, and after that business ability. In Los Angeles, the renting agent specializing in downtown properties makes a systematic survey of the merchant who wants to rent a store, for this city is peculiar in that hundreds of merchants and clerks are constantly arriving from other sections of the country, and the field is crowded, besides being new to most of the would-be storekeepers, and it is necessary to know that a man has some chance of succeeding before he is accepted on a lease. He is put through a systematic quiz, and his home town is asked for bank statements, creditors' opinions and other information, to show what sort of storekeeper he may be; for even a good man has more competitors than the average in such a community.

Is he a good merchant? Well, what kind? There are downtown storekeepers and neighborhood storekeepers, chain-store men and individual store men, some by experience, others by temperament. The neighborhood storekeeper will build up one store by personal attention, while a chain-store man, starting with a single shop, will instinctively work out a system for other shops. The neighborhood man may be an excellent salesman himself, and a manager of others while they are under his eye. The chain-store proprietor knows more about selecting and holding employes. The one-store downtown merchant, given several other stores to run, will fail, even with capital. He will have buying power that he fails to utilize, advertising not backed up by display, clerks who do not get the right unit sale from customers.

The economist says there is a wild orgy of spending.

The storekeeper complains that he is being driven out of business.

In between them there is a new generation of spenders that must be handled with a certain cold-blooded efficiency. It amounts to getting as much of their money as possible, while giving them value, and wasting no time or sentiment on them.

The spenders today are overbearing; how much so you can see by watching your own attitude in a shop. You expect attention, yet do not like to answer questions. If this shop doesn't happen to have what you want, you walk out indignantly. You really belong to a generation that, yesterday, was being ridiculed for its bad English and peasant ways, having lately arrived from Europe, which scrimped, saved and bowed the knee, and now has money and demands servility—a generation that wants the showiest car, the most expensive clothes, the fastest trains, the million-dollar theater when it spends fifty cents on the movies.

The alert storekeeper gives it what it wants. He no longer asks "What can I show you today?" or discusses price or quality when the customer names the article.

The new generation isn't certain of itself, and suspects that he is patronizing it with superior knowledge. Half his merchandise is on display, plainly priced, so that customers spot what they want while a clerk is approaching. The bargain goods, upon which little profit is made and the big competitive battles are fought, are out of sight and the most profitable stuff spread before customers. The clerk no longer suggests, "Something I can show you today?" He pauses beside the customer, apparently on his way to the telephone, and says, "Good morning." The customer wants to look at hosiery. The clerk shows him the most expensive socks in stock, saying, "This is the best we have." If that quality isn't satisfactory he shows something cheaper. Under the one-price system, bargaining is no longer done to save a few cents, yet it is done just as skillfully on grades, and the customer is led to buy as fine a quality as can be sold.

The most productive salesman in the modern store is not on the pay roll. He sells more merchandise than any other clerk, at lower cost, gets a larger unit expenditure from his customers and sends them away satisfied, pleased with themselves, imagining that they have controlled the transaction from start to finish and put the storekeeper in his place. His name is Suggestion.

"The ideal store today isn't a store at all," a credit man told me. "It's a restaurant."

"Why?"

"Because a well-managed restaurant has no dead stock. Everything is eaten up at the end of each day. If others could do with drugs, haberdashery or groceries what the restaurant man does with ham and eggs, they would be able to do what he does in rent—pay the highest percentage of gross receipts for location, which is what a good restaurant does—10 to 12 per cent, against 5 to 8 per cent for other retail lines."

Keeping Economists Guessing

Hand-to-mouth buying keeps down the storekeeper's investment in merchandise. Wholesalers and manufacturers have come closer to him, so stock can be replenished by telephone or express orders each day. Certain lines of merchandise, such as shoes, have been scientifically figured so that customers can be fitted with different styles on the minimum carry of stock. Where the storekeeper used to order weeks ahead and have much of his capital tied up in staple merchandise, now he invests in fine fixtures and automatic devices for waiting on customers, and in luxury goods. The druggist who formerly had to clean out his oversupply of thirty-cent toothbrushes by putting them on the bargain counter at nineteen cents now has a collection of hairbrushes at forty and fifty dollars waiting for the luxury customers who are certain to come sooner or later.

Through the finance company, the individual retailer can now sell upon the installment plan, which seems to be worrying the economist just now. He makes the sale, collects the first installment, delivers the radio or washing machine, and turns the papers over to the finance company, which does the rest.

While the economists have been debating whether this is good for the nation, or otherwise, the nation has been doing it. The system grew out of our building activities after the war. People built homes that way, and furnished them, and discovered that automobiles, tools and store fixtures could be bought and sold in the same way. They went to it, and after several years the economist found them doing it, hence the discussion.

The other day, waiting in a Hollywood barber shop, I heard a discussion of considerable economic importance. The boss

(Continued on Page 62)

How Gabriels Work

When your car hits a bump, the car springs compress, and the slack in the Gabriel belt is taken up by expansion of the coil *spring* "B". Then as the rebound of the car spring commences, the 4½ *coils* "A" (giving up to 180 sq. ins. of friction surface) immediately tighten and begin to create friction on the brass band between them. This resistance increases gradually—returning the car springs to their normal position *without a jerk or abrupt stop*. The result is that those in the car stay on the seats and are not bounced or jolted from them.

The Gabriel Snubber Mfg. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio Toronto, Canada

Almost without exception, the 38,000 automobile dealers of America recommend Gabriels when the question of a comfort device comes up. In addition, 5,000,000 car owners know that Gabriel Snubbers do give greater riding comfort to any car.

GABRIEL'S SNUBBERS

Gabriel—and Only Gabriel—Is a Snubber

On a hill and his engine coughs, sputters and stops.

Don't get the habit of neglecting your spark plugs. Keep them clean and replace bad actors with the ever-dependable Splitdorf Half-Dollar Spark Plugs.

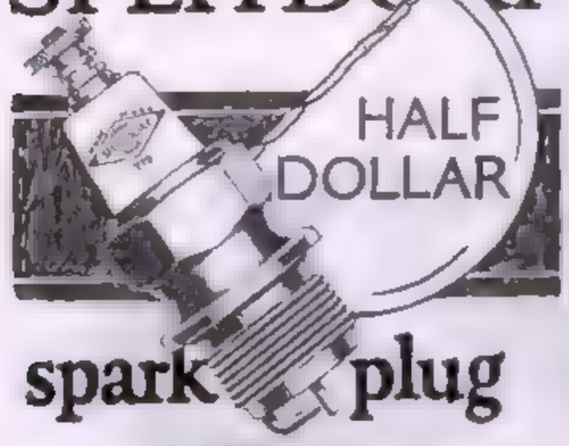
They're high quality, porcelain insulated plugs that sell anywhere in the U. S. at 50c each. (In Canada, 65c each.)

Special set of four for Fords $1.75. (In Canada, $2.35.)

Get the right type for your car

Auburn	requires Type No. 6
Buick	requires Type No. 7-B
Cadillac	requires Type No. 6
Chandler	requires Type No. 6
Chevrolet	requires Type No. 8
Cleveland	requires Type No. 4
Chrysler	requires Type No. 4
Dodge	requires Type No. 8
Essex	requires Type No. 9
Ford	requires Type No. 1
Franklin	requires Type No. 7-F
Hudson	requires Type No. 9
Hudson (up to 1921)	requires Type No. 6
Hupmobile	requires Type No. 6
Jewett	requires Type No. 6
Lincoln	requires Type No. 6
Locomobile	requires Type No. 6
Marmon	requires Type No. 5
Nash	requires Type No. 7
Oakland	requires Type No. 7
Oldsmobile (4 & 6 cyl.)	requires Type No. 7
Oldsmobile 8	requires Type No. 4
Overland 90	requires Type No. 3
Overland 4 cyl	requires Type No. 3
Overland 6 cyl	requires Type No. 6
Overland (Champ.)	requires Type No. 3
Packard	requires Type No. 6
Paige	requires Type No. 6
Peerless	requires Type No. 6
Pierce Arrow	requires Type No. 6
Pontiac	requires Type No. 8
Rickenbacker	requires Type No. 7
Rolls Royce	requires Type No. 9
Studebaker Big 6	requires Type No. 2
Studebaker Light 6	requires Type No. 2
Star	requires Type No. 6
Stutz	requires Type No. 8
Stutz 8 cyl.	requires Type No. 9
Velie	requires Type No. 6
Wills Ste. Claire	requires Type No. 9

SPLITDORF



spark plug

At jobbers, accessory stores and garages

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY
392 High Street Newark, N J
Subsidiary of
Splitdorf-Bethlehem Electrical Company

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barber and a customer in his chair were comparing notes on secondhand automobiles.

Ten years ago, I presume, they might have been comparing notes on a pair of shoes, teaching each other the tricks of shrewd purchasing; but this was a conversation in keeping with the times. Each knew where to look for bargains in secondhand cars, and how to dodge the gyp tricks employed in selling them, and invariably every example of a well-bought secondhand car was acquired, figuratively, through the finance company.

"Then you know the car is right, Fred," said the boss barber. "So you go to the finance company—see? And you pay so much down, and sign papers for so much."

"But that's 15 per cent!" objected Fred.

"Sure it's 15 per cent. But you got the use of the car while you're paying. They have expenses for the lawyers and other things. You gotta pay for service, ain't you? Whatta you expect?"

The question of its soundness may still be open, but they're doing it, and it is part of present-day storekeeping; and I suspect that when Los Angeles wage earners go looking for small ranches on Sundays to cut living expenses they know what they're about, because it has all been talked over in the barber shop. Many an economist might learn something by having his hair bobbed.

The country is certainly spending more, possesses and enjoys more, craves and is working to acquire more. Then why should merchants be going out of business? The chief reason is, clearly, that they do not fall in step with the new times. If they do, they prosper. And besides the old fields of retailing, there are new ones in which young fellows rise—radio and electrical appliances and lighting and specialty shops, for example.

Consider haberdashery. Once there was a "gents" furnishing store which sold twenty-five-cent neckties, dollar shirts, cheap suspenders and what the English quaintly call sleeve garters. There was also an old-time clothing store, where men accompanied by their wives bought ready-made suits about once every two years. The department stores combined these two lines and made the appeal to women, with the outcome that about 80 per cent of the furnishings and clothing worn by men were bought by women, many of them not bothering to take the men along.

A Common Cause for Failure

Yet these lines are coming back strong in the man's shop, found in every town. A young generation of merchants have built upon the young generation of men who may dress for women, but are not dressed by them. The man's shop sells cravats up to five dollars and more, silk shirts, and sport sweaters that cost as much as a suit of clothes of other days, and entirely separate outfits for winter, summer, spring and fall. It sells travel and outdoor kits as well as clothes, and generally hats, and sometimes shoes. There is where the snappy youths go, and a good many of the older men are in revolt against woman, the easy boss; and in the larger centers this type of shop is growing into chains, built on the new retailing idea.

Yet with these men's shops thriving in every good-size town, you can find young fellows who have been driven out of that line, and their experience reveals another reason why storekeepers fail. In the list of commercial casualties the reason may be given as insufficient capital or unwise credits, but the true cause is not among those used in the schedules of the credit agencies.

He could not pay the rent is the real reason, and it hits men's shops harder than others, because such establishments must be downtown. Many a capable young fellow has found the location, and had the experience, the capital and the customers. But one morning he covered the whole front of his store with a sign, Selling Out—Lost My Lease; and it was the truth, not a bargain deception.

Los Angeles is an unusually good town in which to study this rent situation, for it is growing so fast that real-estate values are constantly rising, and the speculative landlord has a viewpoint all his own.

Not long ago a realty broker listed nearly 300 empty stores in the downtown section of the city. Many of these he could have leased to capable merchants, provided the owners would have let their property for ten years at a reasonable rent. None of them were willing, and that's why their stores were empty. Most of them offered to lease on reasonable terms for two or three years, but the rent would be raised when property values rose. It is foolish for a merchant to take a store on such terms, install expensive fixtures, throw down roots for his business, only to be forced out later by demands for rent beyond his ability to pay. The property owner wants to gamble. If the merchant gambles with him, taking the store on a short lease, even at a low rent, he loses more often than he wins.

Rent Based on Earnings

A doctor from the Middle West moved to Los Angeles for his health. He was a middle-aged man, and had money. Buying a good site on a boulevard, in the line of march of business, he built some stores. Like most property owners of that kind, he regarded them as the finest in that section. They embodied his personal judgment in choosing and building. They were the apple of his eye.

For rent he wanted a monthly sum figured on ten years' return for his investment. It would have been a reasonable rent spread over a ten-year period. But it was more than any merchant could afford to pay while the neighborhood was developing from a residence to a business basis. Only one tenant was found, a druggist, and he, after two years, was heavily in debt to his wholesale merchants. They adjusted his lease and moved him elsewhere, at a rent that would enable him to make money, pay his debts and transform him into a good customer.

After his stores had been empty two years the doctor began to think. Nothing hurts business property more than standing idle, unless it be a succession of tenants who fail.

A chain grocery company's real-estate man visited the doctor and offered him a percentage lease. At the outset the monthly rent would be hardly half what the owner had figured was necessary for a ten-year return on his investment. But as the neighborhood grows and the chain store does more business, the rent will grow too. Yet it will always be a fixed percentage of the grocery store's gross sales. In a locality where population and business are growing the percentage lease is likely to make a higher average rent, spread over ten years, than a fixed monthly rent based on the ten-year return.

The chain stores have insisted on this kind of lease because they have the power to get it. Now individual storekeepers are adopting the scheme, and realty brokers in business property are recommending it both to merchants and to landlords. It is fair to the merchant and makes the landlord more money.

The chain store has been able to demand the percentage lease because it is a very desirable tenant. Even should a chain store be unprofitable for a time, the property-owner knows that it will not fail, because it is part of a system. The chain store attracts people, and also other storekeepers. The doctor had hardly rented his first shop to a chain system when real-estate men were on hand asking for percentage leases for individual merchants in other lines.

Of course, Southern California is not the only section of the country where property owners have the speculative viewpoint or ask too much rent. You can find the same situation in your town, and it's one of those things for which ignorance is to blame more than landlords. The landlord has been asking too much rent, and the storekeeper going broke trying to pay it, because neither of them knew what the rent ought to be. Each has been figuring for his own profit and both getting the short end of the deal. Now they are learning how to measure rent by the percentage lease. The chain stores introduced it and the real-estate men are adopting it as something vital to their own business.

The percentages of rent that storekeepers in various lines can pay have been pretty accurately determined, and range from 2 or 3 per cent for automobiles to 12 per cent or a shade higher for restaurants and millinery. They are gauged by the size of the business, small merchants paying from 6 to 10 per cent, and large stores from 3 to 5.

Percentage leases are seldom obtainable for downtown sections of a city, because competition for stores in that restricted district is too keen. But in an outlying section an experienced man will estimate the potential business by the number of people in surrounding territory likely to give him their trade, or part of it, and by that determine his rent. In one case where $250 a month was asked for a suburban store a real-estate broker estimated that there were 1500 people—persons, not families—in the neighborhood. A druggist could expect about $100 a day in trade from them—between six and seven cents a day per person. On a 6 per cent basis, for a drug store open every day in the week, the proper rent was $180 a month; but it would grow on a percentage lease at about twenty-five dollars monthly each year, so that in four years the landlord would be getting more than he asked then, provided the druggist was a capable merchant.

In some cases the cut-and-try method is necessary for new lines of business. How much 1000 families will spend for meat or groceries can be estimated, but not always how much money they will put into a neighborhood bank. Now that the chain-store idea has come into banking, with competition as keen as in groceries, the banker cuts and tries. He will open several branches in a given territory, with inexpensive equipment, and according to the deposits that come, determine which is the branch that best serves the territory. Then the business is merged in that branch and the others closed.

Taking Lessons From Big Stores

After a period during which he was crowded closely by big stores the individual storekeeper is learning from them, and they, in turn, are at some disadvantage. The department store, for example, has the great advantage of large buying, but he may achieve that tomorrow through organization.

The department store meanwhile has devoted costly space to non-productive attractions. Its selling costs are high—its roof garden, one might say, has become a heavy factor in the overhead.

If the individual storekeeper understands the age he will get his business space on the scientific percentage basis and utilize every square foot of it. His window dresser will be as good as half his sales force. In the California market there are no windows at all, but every foot of aisle through which customers walk is a merchandise exposition. In some lines, like clothing, half the store space is now given up to windows, ranged one behind the other. This new spending public buys largely through the eye. It wants to make its decisions privately, at leisure, without compulsion from the salesman, and that fits in with the storekeeper's plans, because sales people are among his heaviest expenses.

But of all the difficulties in storekeeping that have been discussed during the transition period the past dozen years probably the most important has been overlooked. That is rent. If the rent is right, the store's pretty certain to be right.

No Air Can Escape

at mouth of valve with this New Improved Valve Cap

Guarantee to Motorists

WE guarantee that the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap (sold in the red metal box) is air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand

If the No. 880 Valve Caps are not air-tight when subjected to the test explained in this advertisement, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge.

Five in the red metal box cost but 10¢

HERE'S a test that every car owner is urged to make. It shows you the importance of using the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap on every tire valve.

First—buy a new box of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps at any accessory store.

Next—inflate a tire to its proper pressure. Unscrew valve inside until you hear the air escaping.

Then—attach a new Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap firmly by hand (do not use pliers). Hold a glass of water over valve. You will find the valve absolutely air-tight. After above test screw inside down tight and replace cap.

When the valve inside becomes worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap protects against escape of air at mouth of the valve until you have an opportunity to replace the inside. Schrader products are sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

AND PRESTO—

(Continued from Page 9)

The only reason Chris stayed with the show, I found out, was because once when he asked for his money Mr. Sleason had got rough with him; and, though he paid Chris' dentist bill later, Chris bore a grudge and was always hoping to get even, though it did not seem likely he ever would.

Allie had come from Kansas and, since the show was working west, she had decided to be satisfied with railroad fare home.

In my case, having twice asked for my salary and having been told I was getting my—invective—pay in publicity, I stayed because my conscience told me I ought to keep on looking out for Allie. And I am not exaggerating when I state that, in a refined way, we had got to be very fond of each other.

But it is hard to be patient with a man you do not respect, and it was soon evident to me that Mr. Sleason had not the slightest interest in the refined art of magic. All he wanted to do was to make a sensation the easiest way possible, as in the packing-box escape. And the way he did not have any conscience in this gave me a pain.

Chris had made the box so perfect that there was no possibility of failing to get out of same. And it was a cinch that if anything had ever happened to prevent Mr. Sleason from escaping he would never have given a cent to the party nailing him up. Yet about once a week, in order to get written up in the papers, he would escape in thirty-five seconds instead of thirty; and in these cases it was always fixed up first with the town loafer, who would receive an important-looking envelope with One Hundred Dollars written on the outside and nothing inside but a two-dollar bill. It made good advertising, but nobody with a conscience could have pulled this and slept afterward.

And always and forever the first thing Mr. Sleason would do, after getting out dressed as a demon and waving the American flag while the roller organ played The Stars and Stripes Forever, was to camp down on top of the box, and as soon as the curtains had been drawn, fish his dress suit out of its hiding place. You would have thought we were all looking for a chance to steal his roll. Yes, it gave me a pain, and it gave Allie and Chris a pain too.

The only pleasure I got out of the day's work was talking to Allie, and though this was a pleasant way of passing the time, it always left me depressed, because she was so down-hearted on account of the way Mr. Sleason acted.

Ever since I had shown I was interested he had begun being interested himself, and was always trying to get familiar with Allie. And I could do little or nothing to prevent this.

"If I were a man," she would say, "I would do something."

"What would you do?"

"I would use a club, and if that didn't work I would buy a battle-ax."

"What about your conscience?"

"If my conscience said anything it would get the battle-ax first."

And when I would try to comfort her by the explanation of some illusion that we would do together when we had our own magic show her mouth would droop and she would stop talking.

It was Tuesday afternoon in Pearl City when I decided to take the last five dollars of the money earned in the restaurant to buy her a little present. I thought it might cheer her up. At a novelty store I purchased a neat bead bag, which I placed in my overcoat pocket before coming back to clean up the hall for the evening's performance.

And at this point the incident occurred which was to change the current of my life.

I had just arranged the last row of chairs when I noticed Mr. Sleason standing by my overcoat and smiling at me in a peculiar way.

"Boy," he said, shaking me by the hand, "you are certainly some trickster. You can do stuff that goes way over my head."

"What?" I asked, feeling much complimented, though this sensation was not to last long.

"Well, a minute ago I picked up your overcoat and a little package fell out of the pocket. I grabbed it, and presto—it disappeared in my hands just like that. I am still puzzled."

"How could it disappear?" I asked, hardly believing my ears.

"That is what I can't figure out. At first I thought I might find it by hitting myself on the head and then opening my mouth to see if it would drop out. But nothing doing. Then I looked under my vest and back of each knee, the way you do with that half dollar. Nothing doing again. Yes, I ought to have known better than to fool with the property of a real magician the same as yourself."

I looked him square in the eye: "Have you examined your own pockets?"

"No," he said with a laugh, "but if you feel like trying it all you have to do is to reach out your hands and dig in."

At first I thought I would, and then, after looking at him as big as he was, I changed my mind and walked away. But I was sore all over. Nor was I any less sore that evening when Allie showed me the identical bead bag, stating that it was a present to her from Mr. Sleason.

I might not have told her what had happened, if she had not been on the point of indignatiously pitching the bag out of an open window. Then I explained all.

"Why didn't you call a policeman?" she said when she could speak calmly.

"I might not have been able to prove anything," was my reply.

"How do you know you couldn't?"

"Well, suppose I had proved something: would it have been conscientious of me to have my employer arrested for what he probably meant as an innocent prank?"

"That is the trouble with you," she said, her eyes flashing; "you have got a conscience."

"Is there anything wrong with having a conscience?" I inquired in a mild voice.

"There is a lot wrong when it is a ball-and-chain conscience like yours. If you have got to support a conscience in luxury, why not get one that will do a little good to somebody now and then? But that subject is closed and it can stay closed. Kindly never tell me any more about your old conscience, because I don't want to speak to you again as long as you live. So there."

At this harsh remark I did not know what to do, and was about to turn sadly away when I felt two arms thrown around my neck, and the next instant she was crying and kissing me at the same time.

Nothing like that had ever happened between us before, and I can only describe the effect by saying it was like an electric shock. For a minute I could not have said whether I was on my head or my heels. And when once more I straightened up I could see that—presto—the whole current of my life, probably including my conscience, had been changed.

IV

I DO not know how I got through the evening performance, because everything was in a daze, especially when Allie would smile at me, as she did whenever we got a chance to look at each other.

My all-confused state was not only the result of what Allie had done, but because of fundamental changes that seemed to be taking place in my conscience. As related, I had always lived up to the principles which my father, a parent of the old school, had impressed upon me. But, reviewing my past life, I saw for the first time that by being conscientious as instructed I had rarely acted for the benefit of all, or even for the benefit of myself. And my head buzzed with the difficulty of trying to figure out how I could use my conscience to work for me instead of against me.

It was one o'clock that night when I saw what should be done about my case, and it was all so plain and so simple that I wondered why I had never thought of it before. And it was so important that I did not hesitate about waking Chris and explaining everything.

As he was pretty sleepy, at first he did not understand the theoretical part as well as I could have wished, but when I began on the practical side he brightened up and said, "Ya, ay tank so," and lit his pipe.

We continued talking over my plan until three in the morning, when I went to sleep well pleased with the thought that at last, by using my conscience, I would be able to do a good deed for the benefit of practically all concerned.

I said nothing to any other person, outside of Chris, because I thought that such a secret had better not be shared among too many. But during the entire day I let my conscience take its course. Fortunately, I was able to earn most of the money needed by giving some private lessons in sleight of hand to a barber next door to the hotel who wished to become a parlor entertainer. And Chris had a ten-dollar note sewed up in his breast pocket.

Though, as a matter of course, I had made up my mind to cease all official connection with the Modern Miracle Show, an unexpected event which happened Thursday morning made me do this sooner than I had expected.

I had gone to Mr. Sleason's hotel to get the tickets from him and had found him in the lobby regarding a sign which said: Headquarters of the Antiprofanity League Convention.

"Well," he said, talking to himself as much as to me, "those—invective—birds are my—invective—meat. Watch my smoke."

Owing to a snake eater and some other educational attractions having already rented our store for the last two days of the week, Mr. Sleason had been planning to get out of Pearl City Friday morning; but the fact that the Antiprofanity League was arranging for an entertainment on Friday night had given him another idea. And, whatever might be said against Mr. Sleason, whenever he thought there was a chance to get money out of somebody he was always full of energy and ambition.

While I was standing there Chairman Leverett of the Antiprofanity League came into the lobby, and I heard the entire conversation that followed.

It began by Mr. Sleason introducing himself as much interested in the work of the league and how he was willing to make a big sacrifice as to terms for the privilege of entertaining the convention. He talked fast and polite, and you could have gone through all he said with a fine-tooth comb and never found a single invective. Instead, it was full of courtesy phrases like "Excuse me" and "Begging your pardon" and "Will you kindly be so kind?"

"Chairman Leverett," he said, "I would not feel I was doing my duty by our cause if I did not warn you that the dramatic play now being produced in Pearl City is full of words that would bring the blush of shame to anyone's cheek. There are movie shows—but I guess you know the language of movie directors as well as I do myself. And you probably have a pretty good notion of the kind of remarks passed back and forth in vaudeville shows. That is why I am venturing to present my own refined entertainment for your kind approval."

Chairman Leverett may not have been very much interested in the proposition at first, but Mr. Sleason kept on talking, and the more he talked the more polite he got, until you would have thought he did not have a single invective in his system.

"Yes, Chairman Leverett," he kept saying, "there is nothing that shocks me like profanity and I have been that way since I was a boy. And it is because I approve so highly of the noble work you are doing that I am going to make you a gift price of fifty dollars for the entire evening's entertainment."

And he kept after Chairman Leverett until the latter finally said: "All right. O. K. But it is understood you will not receive a cent until the entertainment is over and we have seen for ourselves that it is as refined as you claim it to be."

Mr. Sleason now talked for a long time about how refined he was and how refined his show was, but President Leverett refused to advance him a cent, and finally Mr. Sleason had to go away well pleased, but not so well pleased as he might have been.

"Mr. Sleason," I said, "I would like respectfully to state that I have been working for you now during a month and I have not yet been paid."

"Well," he said, "if you don't like your—invective—job you know what you can do about it."

"That is what I am going to do," I stated, "especially since under the circumstances my conscience would not allow me to work for you Friday night at the Antiprofanity League, as I feel you will be appearing there under false pretenses."

His response was one of the invectiveat which I had so far heard, all of the invectives being directed at myself. He wound up by saying that if he ever caught me fooling around his show or trying to talk to any member of his troupe, and particularly Allie, he would give me a free pass to an—invective—hospital.

I only stood there calmly until he got through, never letting him suspect how my conscience was working. When he had finished, I said in a quiet voice, "I hope your conscience is as easy as mine, Mr. Sleason."

Then I went back to the hotel, got my things together, and told Allie I would not be able to see her again until Friday evening. Next, after a word with Chris, I went to the hall where the Antiprofanity League was holding its convention and paid twenty-five-cents initiation fee, one dollar annual dues, and for ten cents bought the league's large white-ribbon badge, which I pinned on the left-hand lapel of my coat.

V

FRIDAY night when the performance for the Antiprofanity League commenced I was seated way in the back behind a very stout member. Being thin and short myself, I stayed pretty much concealed and did not really get a fair view of the entertainment, but this did not matter, as I had already seen it so many times I knew it practically by heart. In spite of her make-up, Allie's eyes were red, which was natural, as she did not know the change that had taken place in my conscience. Chris looked wooden faced, as usual.

So, with much applause from the members of the Antiprofanity League, the performance went on as customary, up to the time when Mr. Sleason began to present his sensational challenge escape from any packing box whatever.

With his usual politeness, he announced what he was going to do, and asked for some member of the league to kindly be so kind as to nail him up.

There was a scuffling of feet, but before anybody else had a chance to get up on the stage I was there myself, with my Antiprofanity League badge on the left-hand coat lapel.

"It is our new member," President Leverett called out. "Well done. Give him the Chautauqua salute."

And this was done, followed by a generous burst of applause, during which Mr. Sleason remarked to me in a low voice: "If

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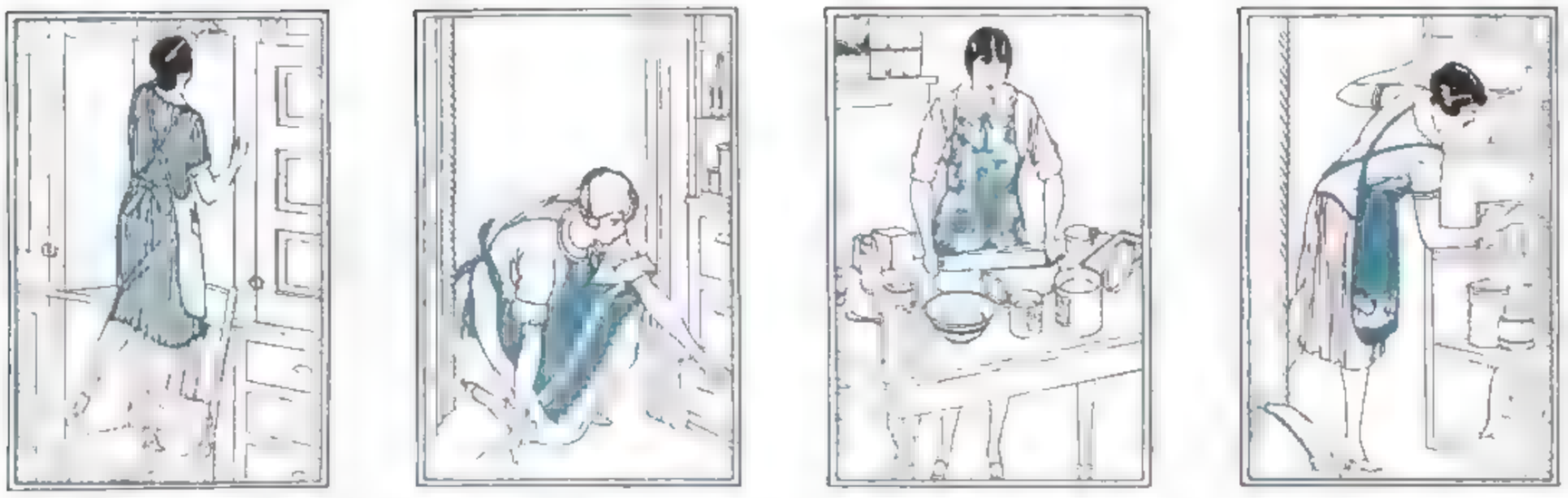

Which—cupboard, pantry, table, shelves? *Or thousands of steps saved with a real working center?*

IT'S an old, old household saying, "Use your head and save your heels."

But you know—any woman knows—that saving steps is not always a matter of head work. It depends upon the kitchen you have to work in.

You *can't* save steps if you have to make a trip into a pantry 10 or 15 feet away every time you need a lid or pan.

You *can't* save aching muscles if you have to stretch or climb to get the dish you want from a too-high cupboard shelf.

You can't really save work unless you have *equipment* that saves work.

Cupboards, pantries, tables, shelves—these are necessities in the average kitchen for adequate storage space—

BUT where do you work?

Domestic science authorities long ago found that the only way to work efficiently and save time and strength is to have *a real working center* in your kitchen. A Hoosier!

"Everything to work with, right where you want to work!" It is this *combination* service—Hoosier working space, Hoosier working accessories, Hoosier storage space—that cupboard, pantry, table, shelves alone, cannot possibly provide.

Can you realize that the lovely new Hoosier model shown here will actually save 1,000 steps a day in the preparation of three meals? This is the exact saving a prominent domestic science authority made by actual test!

This is the newest Hoosier model—a working center of unequalled capacity. It has a wonderful uncluttered work table full four feet wide. Will hold 55 lbs. of flour. You can have it in your kitchen now, at only little more than half the former price of this size cabinet

A Hoosier brings more than scientific efficiency to your kitchen. It brings new beauty—soft, restful beauty. Hoosier color schemes are lovely, in two-tone grey, silver oak and white, with gay decorations.

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New Hoosier values —unprecedented prices!

You can have Hoosier efficiency in your kitchen without extravagance. The beautiful new model shown here is now obtainable at just a little more than half the usual price for this extra large size. Hoosier prices range from $37.25—values you can never approach in built-in cupboards!

The Hoosier store in your town has all the newest models to show you. See them there. If you are building or remodeling, ask your architect about installing a Hoosier Cabinet and Units as a permanent part of your kitchen equipment.

The Hoosier Easy Payment Plan applies to any model—just a small down payment; the rest on easy terms.

FREE! TO WOMEN WHO WANT BETTER KITCHENS

This book is full of suggestions on kitchen planning, furnishing and decoration. You can apply the information it contains to your kitchen and enjoy new convenience and beauty. Send for it—it's free.

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An open book to the Expert - And revealed to the Owner in terms of Service

The basic sources of motor car value are not always apparent to the eye.

A motor car, like a house, may *look* more substantial than it really is.

But *experts* know. And Dodge Brothers Motor Car, subjected to their sharp scrutiny, has received the unqualified endorsement it so richly deserves.

Electrical Engineers, for instance, will tell you that Dodge Brothers starter and electrical equipment throughout are exceptionally efficient and dependable.

Metallurgists will confirm the fact that in no other car built is so high a percentage of costly chrome vanadium steel employed.

Tanners will tell you that Dodge Brothers, for their leather upholstery, will accept only a distinctly superior grade of stock.

Upholsterers concede that you will rarely find mohair velvet of equal quality and taste.

Automotive Engineers point to Dodge Brothers one-piece chrome vanadium front axle—a valuable and exclusive feature; to the bearings—bigger and better than strict necessity requires; to the spring leaves and spring clips—chrome vanadium, *every one;* to the motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential, rear axle shaft—all made chiefly of chrome vanadium; and to numberless other examples of high engineering standards long ago established and strictly maintained today.

Sources of *long life* and *dependability* that reveal themselves to the owner in terms of upkeep dollars saved and faithful service over a period of years.

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

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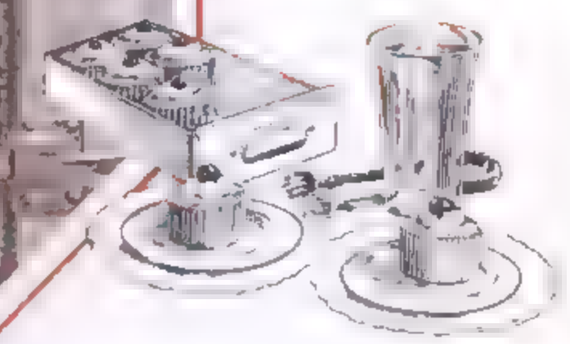

Be sure it is a Frigidaire

There is only one electric refrigerator named Frigidaire. It is a product of General Motors, made only by Delco-Light Company, the world's largest builder of electric refrigerators. It is serving more than 200,000 satisfied users today. Ask for Frigidaire by name—look for the Frigidaire nameplate—be sure it is Frigidaire

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If you want to equip your home with a complete new refrigerator, you will find exactly what you want in one of the new low-priced metal cabinet Frigidaires. They are the finest refrigerators built—finished in lustrous white Duco, trimmed with bright metal and lined with seamless porcelain enamel. They are sold on the General Motors payment plan

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AT surprisingly small expense you can convert your present ice-box into a genuine Frigidaire. The Frigidaire frost coil will be placed in the compartment which now holds ice; the quiet and dependable Frigidaire compressor will be installed in the basement or other convenient location; a single electrical connection will be made—and you will begin to enjoy immediately all the advantages of Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.

You will be through forever with the possible uncertainty and annoyance of outside ice supply. All foods will be kept colder, better, longer. You will have plenty of ice—sparkling cubes, frozen from your own pure drinking water. And you will be able to serve many new and delicious frozen desserts, made for you by Frigidaire.

Ask your friends and neighbors about Frigidaire. Let them tell you how their own experience has convinced them of Frigidaire's dependability and economy. Then visit the nearest Frigidaire sales office and find out how little Frigidaire will cost completely installed in your home, and how easily you can pay for it with the General Motors plan of deferred payments. Write for the Frigidaire Catalog today.

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Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation

The World's Largest Builder of Electric Refrigerators

(Continued from Page 64)

you do anything to give away the trick, I will knock your—invective—block off."

As my conscience would not permit me to get my former employer in wrong by letting the league know what he had said, I merely smiled the same as if it was a compliment, while Chris came up with the hammer and nails.

"The gentleman has examined the box," announced Mr. Sleason to the audience; "and I wish to say I am prepared, as hitherto stated, to forfeit one hundred dollars to him if he succeeds in nailing me up so that I do not escape within the first thirty seconds. And I will further forfeit one hundred dollars for any minute or fraction of minute thereafter in which I do not escape. And now," he said after slipping me an invective whisper, "I am going to ask you, my friend, to kindly be so kind as to nail me up. As soon as the last nail has been driven in, my assistant here will time me with the watch now in his hand." Here he pointed to Chris, and with a last low invective climbed into the box.

I passed a kindly smile to Allie, who sat by the organ apparently not knowing what to make of things, and then turned to my work. Inside you could hear Mr. Sleason getting out of his dress suit in an invective manner.

The nailing up went on as usual, except for whispered invectives which interspersed the remarks issuing from the air holes in the box.

"Kindly be so kind as to drive those nails in good and solid—*invective—invective—invective*—another nail, please. I want to be nailed up tight. *Wait till I get out of this—invective—box.* I am going to ask your indulgence to clinch over those nails so they can't be pulled out. *You will have to go to a—invective—beauty parlor when I get through with you.* Are the nails all in?"

"Yes, Mr. Sleason," I replied in a polite voice.

"Time!" he yelled.

At this moment a very remarkable thing happened.

In the back of the packing box a little door opened, and just as Chris fixed the screen in front, all of Mr. Sleason's dress suit, including the pants, rolled out of the box and onto the stage.

With one sweep of his hand, and I had never before seen him move so quick nor with such a beautiful smile on his face, Chris dove down into the right-hand pocket of the pants and pulled out Mr. Sleason's roll.

And here, in order to avoid confusion for my readers I had better explain how this happened. After thinking the matter over carefully I had concluded it hurt my conscience to have Mr. Sleason always saying he could escape from any packing box whatever, when in reality he could not escape from anything except the box which Chris had made and which had a trick panel. Therefore Chris and I had built another packing box which from the exterior looked exactly like the one ordinarily used by Mr. S. Inside, however, there were two points of difference. First, the hiding place where the dress suit was to be concealed opened on the outside as well as within. Second, aside from this little slit, the box did not open anywhere else at all. And it was this new box which had been substituted for the old one, and in which Mr. Sleason was now securely nailed up.

"Well," I remarked in a loud voice, "I see Mr. Sleason has put up the money with his assistant. Now if he does not get out of the box in thirty seconds I am to have a hundred dollars, and a hundred dollars for every minute after that."

Chris was smiling to such an extent that I had to punch him in the ribs before he would say, "Ya, ay tank so."

But if Chris was not very conversationous, Mr. Sleason was talking enough for two.

Though having been brought up on a farm where the harvesters came, and afterward working in a garage, and then going on the stage, Mr. Sleason whispered at this point. And though I could not find it in my conscience to blame him, I hoped for his own sake nobody heard what he said except Chris and myself.

"Twenty seconds have passed, Mr. Sleason," I said in a kindly voice, after looking at the watch held by Chris. And then, feeling that Mr. Sleason might get in wrong with Chairman Leverett if his remark passed the footlights, I said to Allie, "Why not play something?" I also thought music might soothe Mr. Sleason.

With a smile upon her face Allie started the roller organ on the familiar tune:

In my prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you ——

"It is thirty seconds, Mr. Sleason," I announced, while Chris, with a smile like that on a camel, peeled five twenty-dollar notes off Mr. Sleason's roll and handed them to me.

A cry came from the box the same as from a wounded animal; but, as I knew Mr. Sleason was not wounded, I could only conclude that probably his conscience was hurting him. As, however, I could do nothing to help in this matter, and as I was afraid he might say something he would be sorry to have overheard, I was glad when the audience took up the chorus of the song and began to sing in unison:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come.

It was lucky they began to sing at this point, as Mr. Sleason had now stopped whispering and was saying what he thought out loud. Much of his conversation was directed at myself, but I could not bear any hard feelings toward Mr. Sleason on this account, because he was in a very unpleasant position and my conscience would not allow me to judge him too harshly.

"One minute more!" Chris yelled, and with that peeled off ten ten-dollar notes, which I placed in my pocket.

"Mr. Sleason," I said in a friendly voice, though I doubt if the audience heard it, because they had broken into applause, with many of them giving me the Chautauqua salute, while others went on with the song. "Mr. Sleason, I would kindly ask you to kindly be so kind and indulgent as to get out of this box as quickly as possible, because staying where you are is costing you exactly a hundred dollars a minute."

Mr. Sleason's reply was fortunately drowned out by the crowd, which seemed very light-hearted and glad because one of their number was cleaning up. Many, indeed, were roaring with laughter. But I could not join in their laughter on account of my conscience, as I knew just how Mr. Sleason must be feeling.

"Thirty seconds of the second minute have gone, Mr. Sleason," I announced.

The box bulged again and I could only be too glad that Chris had insisted on putting in a lot of angle irons and catches and so on. Otherwise Mr. Sleason might have burst his way out and offended the Antiprofanity League by his language.

"Forty-five seconds, Mr. Sleason."

"Another minute," yelled Chris and counted me out eighteen five-dollar notes and five two-dollar bills.

"How much is there left, Chris?" I asked.

A rapid survey showed that the roll was now reduced to seven one-dollar bills. As eight seconds had already passed Chris wanted to turn these over to me.

"No, Chris," I said firmly, making myself heard above the shouts and applause, "my conscience will not let me accept those last seven dollars, even though they are rightfully my due. Put them back in his pants. Mr. Sleason, I refuse to accept any more of your hardly earned money, and you can now take your own time about getting out of that box."

At this point Allie stopped playing the organ and a silence fell which was not even broken by Mr. Sleason, as he was entirely occupied with his efforts to leave the box. Rising from his chair, President Leverett shouted: "Young man, perhaps the performer has fainted! Find out!"

As my conscience would not allow me to pass over this benevolent appeal, I knocked down the screen and asked in a distinct voice, "Mr. Sleason, have you fainted?"

The box stopped bulging and Mr. Sleason answered. I am not going to try to detail this answer. I will merely say that even Chris put his hands over his ears. As for the Antiprofanity League, after listening about five seconds they begun to get red or pale, according to their temperaments, and started for the door. And the last sight I got of Chairman Leverett he had a fire bucket in each hand and was yelling, "Get the police—get the police." And when I heard that I was glad that my conscience had made me leave those seven one-dollar bills to help Mr. Sleason pay his fine. And I hoped somebody would be able to tell the judge that Mr. Sleason, when released, had waved the American flag as usual; for I felt that this would help Mr. Sleason's case.

"Where are we going?" asked Allie, when I had got her and Chris into the waiting automobile and had explained what had happened.

"We are going to the railroad station," I said, "and then we are going to a town in Iowa where I can get a job running a garage. With my conscience the way it is now, there ought to be good money in running a conscientious garage."

"Hang onto that conscience of yours," said Allie. "It is probably the most wonderful conscience ever in captivity."

And Chris said "Ya"; and then added, "Ay tank so."

A COLLECTOR OF FRIENDSHIPS

(Continued from Page 25)

Administration that Germany was bound to resume unrestricted operation of submarines at her own convenience.

This story was a bombshell in the campaign. If it had been allowed to flourish, it might well have sufficed to scotch Mr. Wilson's slender chances of reëlection. As it happened, I saw Colonel House the morning it appeared. He seemed very much worried over it, and I suggested that the only way to handle the situation was to have Gerard issue a denial.

"I guess you are right," House assented. "Our entire effort has been to persuade Germany to keep peace with us. This story will only serve to inflame anti-German opinion and make it so much harder for us to stay out of the war—and it may play into the hands of Tirpitz's crowd. I'll tell you what to do. You find Gerard and tell him I said to deny the story."

"I never saw Gerard in my life," I said. "Why should he believe me?"

"Tell him to call my private telephone number and I'll confirm you."

I finally found Gerard in his law office that afternoon, and the denial was duly published—on House's authority alone. The President, the State Department and the Democratic National Committee had nothing to say about it, which serves to illustrate the degree of the Texan's influence in national affairs.

That influence, however, was dependent wholly on friendship. Collecting friendships, you might say, is House's hobby. He never had any other string on Wilson than friendship, and that was at once the strength and the weakness of his peculiar position in the Wilson Administration. So long as he and the President remained friends he needed no title or commission. He was genuinely more powerful by the very reason of his possessing no tie save friendship. Not only the President but other leaders were glad to work with him, even to delegate their powers to him, because he never claimed any credit for what he achieved. All he worked for was the satisfaction of gaining results. But when he ceased to enjoy the friendship of the President he ceased to have any political power—that is, any extra-official political power. His brains, his ability, his anxiety to serve—all went for nothing. He must content himself with advising, without the power of compelling compliance.

This brings up the question frequently asked as to his motive in seeking political power without the responsibility of office. The answer is sufficiently simple. Born with the instinct of the politician, House was a sufficiently keen self-analyst to perceive that his lack of physical strength and aggressive personality would be fatal to his success as a vote getter. His were the talents of the study, not the Chautauqua platform; and he set himself to develop the use of these talents so that he might enjoy the exercise of the power he very humanly craved in the only way possible to him!—that is, through other men's prosecution of his ideas. He was materially assisted in realizing his ambition by the fact that his father, a Texas pioneer cotton grower and banker, left him an income of about twenty-five thousand dollars, which saved him from worrying over the routine difficulties of existence. He had no need of selfish interests and his time was his own.

The novelty of his position and the regrettable mystery which cloaked his earlier years of authority were responsible for some very vague and ugly stories put out about him, notably after the so-called peace leak in Wall Street. They affected him more than the insinuations and contemptuous references bred of partisan strife, and a year or so later, when he was discussing with me the material for a biography I subsequently wrote, he volunteered to show me his investment schedules. I had some difficulty convincing him that I didn't want to probe his personal affairs.

"After Wilson was elected I sold out everything I owned that could have been helped by government action," he said. "I cleaned out everything, whether it was convenient to or not."

I mention this disagreeable subject for the reason that, like all scandalmongery, it struggles back to life as fast as it is killed—which is perhaps a good excuse to ignore it. However, the bare truth is that House's association with Wilson, and the work he did for the Administration, crippled him financially. He was obliged to live beyond his means in order to keep up with the demands upon him. Some of his undertakings, such as his trip abroad in the spring and summer of 1914, when he proposed to the Kaiser an international assembly to adjust differences and curtail armaments, were paid for out of his own pocket. The most he ever received from the Government was the salary of a minister plenipotentiary on special mission with usual travel allowances, for strictly limited periods of service abroad.

He has always entertained a very high sense of personal responsibility, all the higher because he appreciates that his freedom from direct accountability for the bulk of his labors conferred on him an unusually severe moral obligation not to abuse the powers which fell to him. This feeling dictated the extreme frankness of the papers he recently published from his files. He considered that the public had a right to judge of his motives and conduct without being hindered by the reserves of confidence usually maintained by statesmen in

(Continued on Page 73)

Maybe you're the exception—

WHO can tell? Perhaps you are the exception to the rule that applies to human beings in general. Maybe this suggestion does not concern you at all. If so, you should turn over these pages and read something else.

But if you *are* like most people, you probably share the very human quality of neglecting or putting off many of the little things in life that should not be neglected.

Most of us are that way: call it careless, if you like, or just lazy.

Take that very important little business of tooth brushing, for example—how many of us neglect this *most* important daily job!

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

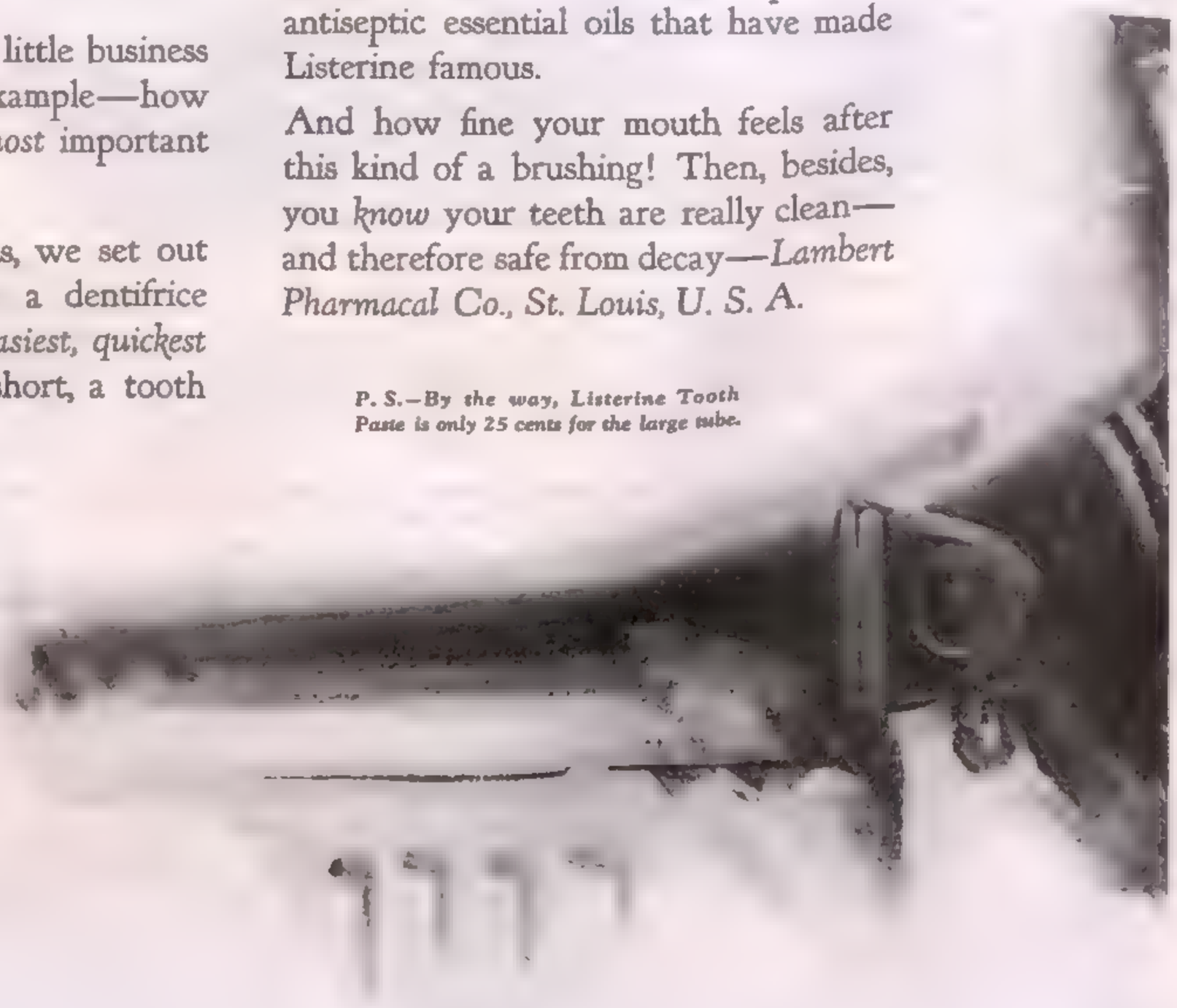
Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use.* It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.



**This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.*

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.

LISTERINE

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"—even for lazy people"

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WHERE you see this sign, you will find a dealer who has won public confidence and public patronage—who renders good service after the sale is made—whose ability and integrity indicate that he is in business to stay.

There is an RCA Authorized Dealer right in your neighborhood. He is identified by this sign, which is his as long as he maintains RCA standards. You need go no farther to be sure you are buying from a man whose word you can trust and whose willing service you can count on.

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(Continued from Page 69)

their memoirs. The consequence was an abandonment of reticence flatly contradictory to his character, which caused him a deal of mental anguish—for House is amazingly thin-skinned for a man who has sampled the exigencies of public life.

Another story which his supporters have circulated is that he did not seek offices for his friends. This is ridiculous. Whatever his shortcomings may be, Colonel House is quite human; and being human, he prefers to work with those he knows, and equally finds pleasure in helping friends to what they desire. Throughout the Wilson Administration, so long as he remained in power, he pushed his friends ahead at every opportunity. But he never recommended a friend for office unless he was convinced the friend was fitted for the work involved.

This trait of using friends was all the more pronounced in him because he was oddly distrustful of the professional politician as a type. He never had any use for the regulation products of the machine, with stray exceptions in the cases of men like Burleson, with whom he became intimate in the course of years.

"The professional politician is selfish," he said once. "He has to be. Politics are his business, not his avocation."

"But they are necessary evils," I suggested.

Disciplining Big Children

"Yes, necessary evils," he repeated—it is a trait of his to repeat a phrase that catches his mood. "We have to use them. The main thing is to use them so as to keep them from doing any more harm than can be helped."

He holds equally unorthodox ideas on the question of nonpartisan interest in politics.

"Personally, I am a partisan Democrat," he said. "I can't find it in me to be anything else. But I am bound to admit that the independents are the country's balance wheel. We'd be in a bad way without you fellows who are always ready to check the party that abuses its privileges."

He was always looking ahead to spy out ways to advance a friend who seemed worthy of it. There was the case of Frank Polk, whose ability as counselor of the State Department, and later as Undersecretary of State, impressed House very favorably. When he was looking for a national chairman for the Democratic campaign in 1916—a campaign which House ran direct from his study in East Fifty-third Street—he thought of Polk first, a Northerner of distinguished Southern ancestry. Moreover, he saw in the opportunity for Polk a natural stepping-stone to the presidential nomination in 1920.

"Steer the party successfully through a national campaign," he advised Polk. "Then run for governor or senator in your own state, and the nomination will be yours."

But Polk is something like House. He wasn't interested in an overstrenuous public career and declined the chance. Perhaps he was wise; John W. Davis, who afterward became his law partner, had the nomination in 1924—with results everybody knows. But then the Democratic Party was in very different shape from what it had been in 1916.

Similarly, in January, 1919, House suggested to me that it would be interesting to toss up a trial balloon to see how the country responded to Hoover as a possibility for the Democratic nomination next year. We tried it, with consequences most flattering to Hoover, but he subsequently upset the apple cart by deciding that he was a Republican.

For Wilson, Colonel House had an affection which never flagged, which persists to this day; yet it was never an affection which blinked his friend's blind spots. They disagreed again and again, but for years House was able to avoid any offense to the President's dignity without sacrifice of his own self-respect—very likely because, like Wilson, he seldom terminated an argument with a flat dissent. Don't mistake me, the colonel will not dodge a decision if one is demanded; he can be as blunt as a garage man, although he makes it a rule not to quarrel. I am reminded that one of the richest men in America complained that House was always busy when he telephoned.

"I haven't been able to talk to the colonel," he said. "What's the matter? Is he sore?"

When this conversation was repeated to House, he smiled, with a gleam of derision in his eyes—very remarkable eyes they are, his outstanding feature, intensely luminous.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I've had to discipline our friend. He has been mentioning my name too loosely. He didn't mean any harm, probably; but he ought to know better."

"He feels hurt," I warned.

"I meant him to," the colonel rejoined grimly. "I guess we can lift the ban though."

Afterward I watched him employ the same tactics on several occasions. They seemed to work.

"I don't believe in finding fault," he used to say. "A word spoken in anger cannot be recalled. You never can tell what effect it will have. So I make it a rule, when I am displeased, to confine myself to a lack of cordiality."

So far as I know, House passed through the eight tumultuous years of the Wilson Administration without a single quarrel. The rupture with the President never remotely approached the grounds of a quarrel, and whatever other misunderstandings he had were invariably steered clear of personal disputes or recriminations. Even that stormy petrel of politics, William F. McCombs was never able to quarrel with House. Indeed, this faculty of the Texan's, this rigid refusal to yield to open resentment, is as integral a part of his character as his unique gift for forming and maintaining friendships. The two interlock. They are the secret of his continued success in procuring legislation, party harmony and international coöperation.

"The touchstones of political success are coöperation and organization," he liked to say. "But to secure coöperation you have got to stop surplus talk. In all my work abroad, on the Supreme War Council and at the Peace Conference, my effort was directed along these lines. First, break up your unwieldy body into compact subcommittees, each with delegated tasks; then agree to curtail oratory; then arrange to interchange the results of the subcommittees' work through one central head or clearing house. It always works when it is fairly tried."

A Master of Compromise

It works particularly well when someone like House is nursing conflicting personalities along, watchful to compromise antagonistic views, quick to soft-pedal troublesome questions. He is probably the most successful practitioner of the arts of compromise in our time. Allowed enough leeway, he could bring the majority of opposing groups to a common basis of settlement.

Many persons claim that he is deficient in pugnacity and determination. "Why, the man hasn't any chin!" But behind that apology for a chin, if you look closely, you will note a very square jaw; and in the high cheek bones, the steady, glowing eyes, the broad, well-curved brow, there is promise of will power linked with speculative intelligence. On the other hand, it is true that House is not pugnacious. A practical idealist, he believes in securing as much of the pudding as possible, notwithstanding the choicest bits are inaccessible. For example, a treaty of Versailles with reservations was worth more to him than a scrapped treaty, thereby rendered practically unworkable for all concerned.

It isn't generally known that during the treaty fight House did all that he could, short of laying himself open to a charge of disloyalty to the Administration, to further the cause of a compromise on reservations. He was in constant communication with Senator Hitchcock, minority leader of the Foreign Relations Committee; he was likewise in touch with several of the Republican mild reservationists. Mainly at his suggestion, the British cabinet sent Lord Grey of Fallodon to Washington as temporary ambassador, in the hope that the former Foreign Secretary's statesmanship, impartial honesty and political candor could influence Wilson to the point of yielding somewhat on reservations. But Mr. Wilson never recovered sufficiently to receive Lord Grey, a fact somewhat strange in itself; and after some months of weary waiting in Washington, during which he conferred with House and other Democratic and Republican leaders, Grey returned home, sadly disgusted—with his lost eyesight recovered, however, thanks to American oculists.

Himself a realist, concerned with the accomplishment of the practical, House was unable to see why the President should carp over reservations to the League Covenant when the treaty at best was a makeshift document, compounded of hate and fear as well as idealism. His one aim was to get the world back to work on as nearly as possible a normal footing.

Wilson's Two Big Mistakes

"No man could have negotiated a perfect treaty in Paris in 1919," he declared. "Especially in the atmosphere of haste and uncertainty which prevailed. The main thing was to start the wheels turning again. Other people might have improved on our work in some ways, but I venture to believe they would have made some mistakes we didn't make."

"Do you think the treaty violates the Fourteen Points?" I asked him another time. We were walking, and he must have tramped a block before he answered.

"It doesn't track them very close," he said at last, with something like a sigh.

He is very loath to criticize Wilson, and when he does he is careful to point out a possible explanation of the President's course of conduct, as in his amendment to the remark quoted above:

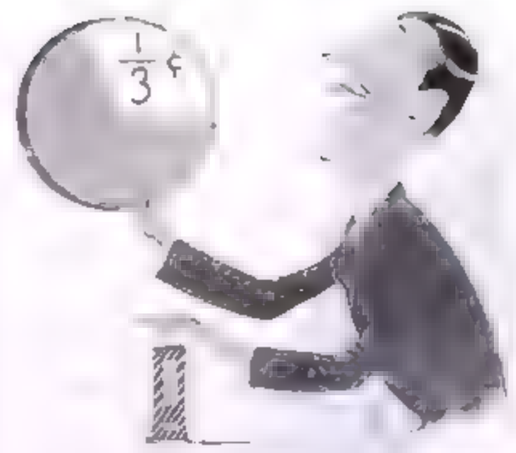
"But then it is very easy for us, looking back, to see where things could have been bettered. They attacked him most at home here on the Shantung business—and the Japanese have faithfully observed their commitments under the treaty. He was entirely right in his stand toward Italy; and if the League of Nations functions as it should—as it would if we were a member—the Saar question will be settled fairly. You've got to remember that in framing the treaty and the League Covenant we always had in mind the participation of the United States in continued efforts to improve international relations. France's attitude would have been very different in the years following the war if she had secured her defensive treaty with us and we had sat at the League's council table."

The strongest criticism I ever heard him make of the President dealt with the composition of the Peace Commission.

"The President made two big mistakes," he said. "One was when he called for the election of a Democratic Congress in the fall of 1918; the other was in ignoring the Senate, and especially, the active Republicans, in nominating his commission. You know, the great ambition of Lodge's life was to have a share in an international congress like that. It was personal resentment at being ignored, as much as anything, that made Lodge so bitter; and all the Senate on the Republican side felt pretty much the same."

"Some on the Democratic side too," I commented.

"Yes, some on the Democratic side," he agreed. "I wish I could have been over here, but I had to go abroad in the fall to organize the Supreme War Council, and get machinery started for the Peace Conference. If I had been over here I would



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have tried to get him to appoint one or two commissioners from the Senate. But he had a very low opinion of the Senate. A mistake. It's always easiest to manage any legislative body by conciliation. I've sometimes thought that he might have saved himself much of his trouble by merely reporting at intervals to the Senate during the conference—even if he had persisted in denying them representation on the commission. But we're looking back now, and nobody could have foreseen what happened."

Of course it is only fair to explain that in quoting Colonel House's views I am quoting the opinions of an advocate of the principle of compromise. Wilson was not a believer in compromising what he considered essential to our intercourse with other nations on honorable terms. It was more or less on this difference in their conceptions of statecraft that the two great friends finally split.

A Modern Prophet

"After I got to know the President," House told me, "I learned the best way to convert him to an idea was to plant it in his mind casually, but so as to interest him in it—so as to get him thinking about it on his own account. The first time this worked it was an accident. I had been visiting him at the White House, and urged a policy on him which he appeared to disapprove. But several days later, at the dinner table, I was amazed to hear him trot out my suggestion as his own. That was a trait of his, not only with me but with all his advisers. He was entirely honest about it. A great many people talked to him, innumerable plans were outlined by them. Those ideas that stuck in his mind soon would appear to have been original with himself; and if, after he had pondered them, they seemed worth while, he would proceed to adopt them as his own."

One of the few times House went to the extreme of a forthright dissension with the President was when Wilson attempted to decline an invitation from President Poincaré of France to a state dinner in his honor the evening of his final departure from Paris.

It is significant of the growing coldness between them that the news of the President's refusal reached House, not from Wilson himself, but from Ambassador Jusserand, who was then in Paris, and who came to the Crillon in a state of considerable excitement, at the behest of the French Foreign Office.

To the French, not unnaturally, the President's action seemed tantamount to a national insult, and the group of diplomats friendly to the United States—Jusserand, the Cambons, Tardieu—were loath to believe that he appreciated what he was doing in thus giving vent to his personal dislike of Poincaré, which had become increasingly marked during the concluding months of the Peace Conference.

House pacified Jusserand and telephoned the President's residence. Wilson was reported out. House left word that he had called, waited several hours to make certain the President must have returned, and then telephoned a second time. He was still unable to connect with the President, but was put through to Admiral Grayson, who interrupted his recital of the incident with the advice: "You'd better lay off that business, colonel."

Knowing Wilson, House understood that he must have expressed himself strongly to his entourage, and therefore decided there was every reason to force the issue. So he proceeded deliberately to run the President down, despite a very apparent reluctance to meet him.

"I haven't time," was Wilson's first answer. "My train leaves at midnight and I've got a lot to do."

"You had time for a farewell dinner the night you left last winter," urged House. "You needn't stay late. It is only that you should show yourself and say something appropriate."

"I couldn't sit beside that fellow Poincaré," growled Wilson. "If I did I'd choke."

"But Poincaré stands for France," remonstrated House. "You can't do this, governor. It's France, not Poincaré, you'd hurt."

"I couldn't swallow a mouthful of food sitting beside Poincaré," reiterated Wilson. "It would make me choke, I tell you."

Nothing that House could say would stir him that evening, but the wily Texan promptly turned to Mrs. Wilson, painted for her in direful colors the results of her husband's discourtesy, and so enlisted her aid that she swung the President to a sulky agreement to rescind his refusal of the invitation. And some people try to tell you that Woodrow Wilson was a cold-blooded, gray scholar, too anæmic for anything more violent than feminine petulance toward those he disliked!

Really, the most interesting aspect of this anecdote, though, is its demonstration of House's adroitness in securing his ends by indirect influence. It was the thoughts he instilled in Mrs. Wilson's mind, not his actual impress on the President's, that turned the trick.

Another remarkable trait of his is an uncanny ability to gauge the immediate future. I remember calling upon him the morning after the big German drive started in March, 1918. I had come straight from the downtown and midtown districts, from talking with business men and brokers who were chewing their nails in despair, from a publisher who was apparently considering canceling his whole spring list. It certainly looked that morning as if the western front was in process of dissolution. But House was calm, matter of fact, detached.

"It's a bad break," he admitted coolly; "but it means that the end is in view, one way or the other."

"The end of the war?" I exclaimed—people were still talking of years of war.

He nodded. "Yes, anything as big as this seems to be means that the Germans are playing for a quick decision. If they get it, if they break the western front, we will be beaten. There isn't any doubt of that. But if we hold—I don't care how deep they drive—we will beat them very soon."

"Can the Allies hold?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered. "It's too early to say." And he added a favorite phrase of his: "That's between us and the angels."

Before the first of June he was quietly predicting the end of hostilities in the fall.

He sized up the political situation with equal accuracy in the early fall of 1916, when he was conducting Wilson's campaign for reelection.

The Office Makes the Man

"I think we have just a shade the better of it," he said. "Yes, I know the Germans and some of the Irish are against us, and the more rabid pro-Ally people. But we have a progressive record of legislation, and I believe we can make inroads in the progressive Western states. The main thing is to spend our money without waste in building organizations in states we stand a good chance of carrying. That's our chance—that and taking advantage of Republican mistakes."

If House had his way, the Democratic Party would become in fact the progressive force in national affairs, instead of what it is—a loose combination of hidebound Southerners, products of Northern political machines and radical Westerners, paralleling fairly closely in a social and economic sense the composition of the Republicans in Congress. He hoped, after 1916, that the party leaders would seize the opportunity of that clean-cut progressive triumph to build their fences anew and clamp their title to liberalism; but it was not to be. The horde of petty issues bred of the war, and emphasis on international policies, washed the memory of 1916 out of men's minds.

But then many rock-ribbed Democrats would regard House with suspicion if they knew how radical were some of his theories regarding the American system of government. A man who believes that people get the kind of government they deserve! A man who is inclined to favor the parliamentary system over ours, as more responsive to the people's will! Who contends that, speaking generally, the office makes the man!

"It is only the exceptional man who rises to the full opportunities of his office," I have heard him say several times. "You could count on your fingers the Presidents who were great, aside from their office. The machine of government is greater than the individual; it always goes on, while men come and go. But for that matter, no man should be allowed to hold any office more than eight years. That is about the period required to exhaust the creative energy of the most brilliant leaders."

He was in thorough accord with Wilson's course in assuming the active leadership of Congress, even to making it visibly felt by appearing in person before the two chambers to read his messages.

Friendships and Compromise

"Under our conditions personal leadership is necessary to secure results," he says. "Otherwise you have the spectacle of Congress drifting along as it pleases. But it is seldom we secure a President who is capable of asserting and maintaining his leadership. Either he has a hostile Congress or a hostile majority in one of the houses, or else he lacks the personality to compel obedience. Even a strong President finds difficulty in keeping up discipline in the last half of his second term. Under a parliamentary system, however, you get immediate application of the popular will to any political controversy; the government must represent the national sentiment or it falls. As it is, all our strong Presidents have been political accidents.

"The instinct of the leaders of conventions, when they are in control, is to nominate men of average ability who will not be too independent of advice. And what happens? Our history presents a few scattered periods of creative energy in legislation divided by long gaps of plodding conservatism. The truth is that people get the kind of government they deserve. All that the minority of dissenters from an established form can do is to try to educate the people to want a better or a different form of government, perhaps to make the responsibility of government more emphatic to the people. But if there is one thing our experience has shown, it is that you cannot improve government simply by improving its machinery. First you have to raise the intelligence and political conscience of the people who use the machinery."

Similarly, in diplomacy House is quite as unorthodox as in his political theories.

"My idea of solving any problem," he once said, "whether in business, in politics or in international affairs, is to bring the conflicting parties together at a table and by reason discover a halfway point where they can join in reaching a solution. That is all diplomacy is. You don't need to be especially secretive about it, although it is better not to air disagreements too thoroughly before a settlement. A nation's pride is as touchy as a man's, and too much publicity is likely to make one side unwilling to grant a recession, which, in private, it might be constrained to yield."

In other words, compromise. And compromise is the clew to whatever success House has attained. Through friendships, and by arranging compromises among its leaders, he brought the Democratic Party into power. Through friendships, and by compromise, he helped in the passage of the domestic legislation which signalized the first Wilson Administration. Through friendships, and by the arts of compromise, he endeavored to guide the country's foreign policy during and after the war. He failed because one friendship failed him and compromise was denied.

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THE FRENCH CRISIS

(Continued from Page 7)

only such toll upon the surplus product of her unhindered economic processes as she could afford to pay and would be willing to pay as the lesser of evils.

Probable reparations, so regarded, were so little in contrast with the sums France had already spent, and the further sums she would have to spend to carry through her undertakings, that when she looked once more at her public debt, and at the yawning deficits in her several budgets, with the printing press all the time running at high speed, there was nothing to do but to look away again. Nobody could stop it.

At about this time another delusion took form. It concerned the war debts. Propaganda for an all-around cancellation of war debts, led by the British, had begun long before this. It was the first thought common in Europe after the Armistice; and a most alluring thought it was, since all the loss would fall upon the country that could afford it. It would cost the United States $10,000,000,000. Definitely, in fact and principle, the United States declined the part. The propaganda nevertheless continued, and hope survived that a way would be found to abolish the debts. The only way that was ever proposed, the only way in which it would have seemed feasible at all, was that of general cancellation by consent—consent of the United States.

But France found a way of her own. She could not talk away the debt. She had tried that. It occurred to her, however, that she could write it away. One word would do it, and she could write that word herself, without consulting the creditor. She did write it. Who first thought of it, who actually wrote it, nobody knows. But it happened that in the next annual statement of the public debt of France the word "political" stood written against what was owed to the United States Treasury on account of both war and postwar loans—against more than $3,000,000,000 of 5 per cent promissory notes, reading payable on demand, signed by the French Government, of which nearly one-half represented money received from the American Government after the Armistice.

A political debt, as everyone knows, is a matter that gives you no financial anxiety. It bears no interest; it never precisely comes due. You do not have to count it a part of your actual debt. You may forget it for as long as you like.

No Faith in Their Own Credit

The French people passed at once under the spell of this suggestion. Their war debts were political debts. They were not to be treated as commercial debts. Impossible! When once you think of a debt as political, not only does it become itself imponderable; at the same time it begins to weigh itself against imponderables—such, for example, as the indebtedness of the world to France for her sacrifices in the war, the gallantry of her spirit, her fight for priceless civilization.

Well, she might have treated it as a political debt forever. That was her business. We should never have done anything more than to write notes to her about it, and these she could have answered in her inimitable and disarming manner until we should have wearied of it.

We could afford to lose the money. But the time came when she could no longer afford to treat it as a political debt; and the reason she couldn't was that doing so began to hurt her credit in Wall Street. Other nations—Great Britain first—settled with the United States Treasury at anywhere from eighty to twenty-five cents on the dollar, under the American formula, which was to settle according to the debtor's capacity to pay, whatever that might be, and then to say it had paid the principal in full. Other nations, having settled with the United States Treasury on these terms, were then in good credit with Wall Street and borrowed there not only the money with which to make payments to the American Government but a great deal more.

When all the other nations had settled in this way France became very uneasy. Inflation was devouring the franc; the French as individuals were losing faith in their own money. They said it was the outside world selling the franc to depress it; they said it was a conspiracy of bankers. They said it was not the franc that went down—it was the dollar that went up. Yet all the time it was the French who sold the franc more than anyone else. They exchanged it for American dollars and English pounds, having more faith in American and English credit than in their own. That they were doing this was a notorious fact. Laws were enacted forbidding it—forbidding the French to sell their own money and to send their capital out of the country for safe keeping. The laws were cheated. This also was a notorious fact.

The Blame on America

When the franc was at one-quarter of its gold value, Monsieur Caillaux came suddenly to Washington to settle, for the sake of French credit. He said France could afford to pay $40,000,000 a year on her debt to the United States Treasury, but insisted on certain political conditions which the American Debt Funding Commission was unable to accept. It said: "However, if France can afford to pay $40,000,000 a year on account, as you say she can, let her do that, without prejudice to further negotiations." Monsieur Caillaux went home and was temporarily banished by the people; the sum of $40,000,000 a year which he said France could pay was never again mentioned.

When the franc had fallen to one-sixth of its gold value, inflation continuing headlong, the financial dilemma of France was critical. She could not stop the fall of the franc until she balanced her budget. She could not balance her budget until she stopped the fall of the franc. Neither one of these things could she do alone; to do both at once she required enormous credit precisely where she had lost it. That was in Wall Street. So then Monsieur Bérenger came to Washington, waived the old Caillaux conditions and signed an agreement calling for payments to begin at $30,000,000 a year. He said: "After too many delays and failures harmful to our credit, I was charged by the French Government to honor the signature of France toward the United States."

Then what appears? Having written the word "political" against this debt, having emotionalized the people to regard it in that imponderable character, the French Government finds it impossible to bring before them of a sudden a proposal of settlement without embarrassment, even danger to itself. What can it do? Really, its only line is to disclaim responsibility. It must blame the creditor. The United States has insisted that what was in fact a political debt shall be treated in a cold, commercial spirit. The position of France is desperate. The government has been forced to settle, and it defends the settlement on the ground of cruel necessity.

What? Do the Americans complain that in defending it only upon this ground the French Government leaves the people to infer that upon other grounds the arrangement is indefensible? What will Americans have? The French Government cannot forbid the French people to have emotions. It cannot help what France thinks; it cannot be held responsible for what France feels.

Now what is this all about? What was it Monsieur Bérenger signed at Washington? What was the nature of that debt settlement which the French Government could defend only upon the ground of hard necessity against the cry of the people that it consecrated the ruin of France and the loss of her independence?

There are only two ways of settling a debt. The hard and simple way is to pay it in cash. The easy way is more complicated. That is to settle it by a series of annual installments, which involves the use of interest and annuity tables.

In the case of France, as in every other case, the hard and simple way was impossible. Since it had to be the other way, it is very unfortunate for amity and lucky for demagogues that so few people will take the trouble to understand either the use of interest and annuity tables, by means of which the way of easy payment is worked out, or the meaning of the results.

Seven Dollars for Four

As the settlement signed by Monsieur Bérenger was represented to the French people it looked like this:

Debt of France to the United States.	$4,025,000,000
Payments to be made in sixty-two annual installments	6,847,674,000

Therefore France was expected to pay nearly seven dollars for four.

The fallacy of such conclusion is at once apparent when you ask yourself this question: What is the value to me now, the immediate cash value, of seven dollars payable sixty-two years hence?

One of the Municipal Building Operations on the Site of the Paris Wall. Apartments are $24 to $120 a Year, if You Have Children

It is not seven dollars, not four dollars, not so much as three dollars. The interest tables will tell you that two dollars invested at interest will amount to more than seven dollars in sixty-two years.

The French installments were spread over a period of sixty-two years in order to make the annual payments smaller—that is to say, easier. Suppose they had been spread over 4,000,000 years instead of sixty-two, and that interest had been charged at one one-thousandth of 1 per cent. The annual payments in that case would be very small indeed—something nominal—only $40,000 a year on a debt of $4,000,000,000; but if you added up the total payments by that plan, the settlement would look like this:

Debt of France to the United States	$ 4,025,000,000
Payments to be made in 4,000,000 annual installments.	160,000,000,000

Then it could be said that France was expected to pay $160 for four.

An Interesting Calculation

The present actual value of the sixty-two annual French payments provided for in the Bérenger agreement may be variably calculated; that is, it varies by the rate of interest you take to express the value of money. If you take 4.25 per cent, which is the rate the United States Government is paying on the Liberty Bonds it sold to raise the money that was loaned to France, the settlement represents half the debt; we forgive the other half.

If you take the value of money to be 5 per cent, then the present worth of the sixty-two annual French payments provided for in the Bérenger agreement is two-fifths of the debt; we forgive the other three-fifths. This happens to be an interesting calculation, since on that basis we forgive France everything she borrowed during the war and expect her to repay only the money she received from the United States Treasury after the Armistice.

While the American Government itself pays 4.25 per cent on that portion of the American public debt representing loans to France, it charges France interest, under the Bérenger agreement, as follows: For the first five years, nothing; for the next ten years, 1 per cent per annum; for the next ten years, 2 per cent; for the next eight years, 2.5 per cent; for the next seven years, 3 per cent; and thereafter 3.5 per cent.

Much to everybody's bewilderment, Article 7 of the Bérenger agreement was attacked by the Paris press and in the Chamber of Deputies with great passion. This article provides as follows: "France will issue to the United States at any time, or from time to time, at the request of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, in exchange for any or all of the bonds issued hereunder and held by the United States, definitive engraved bonds in form suitable for sale to the public."

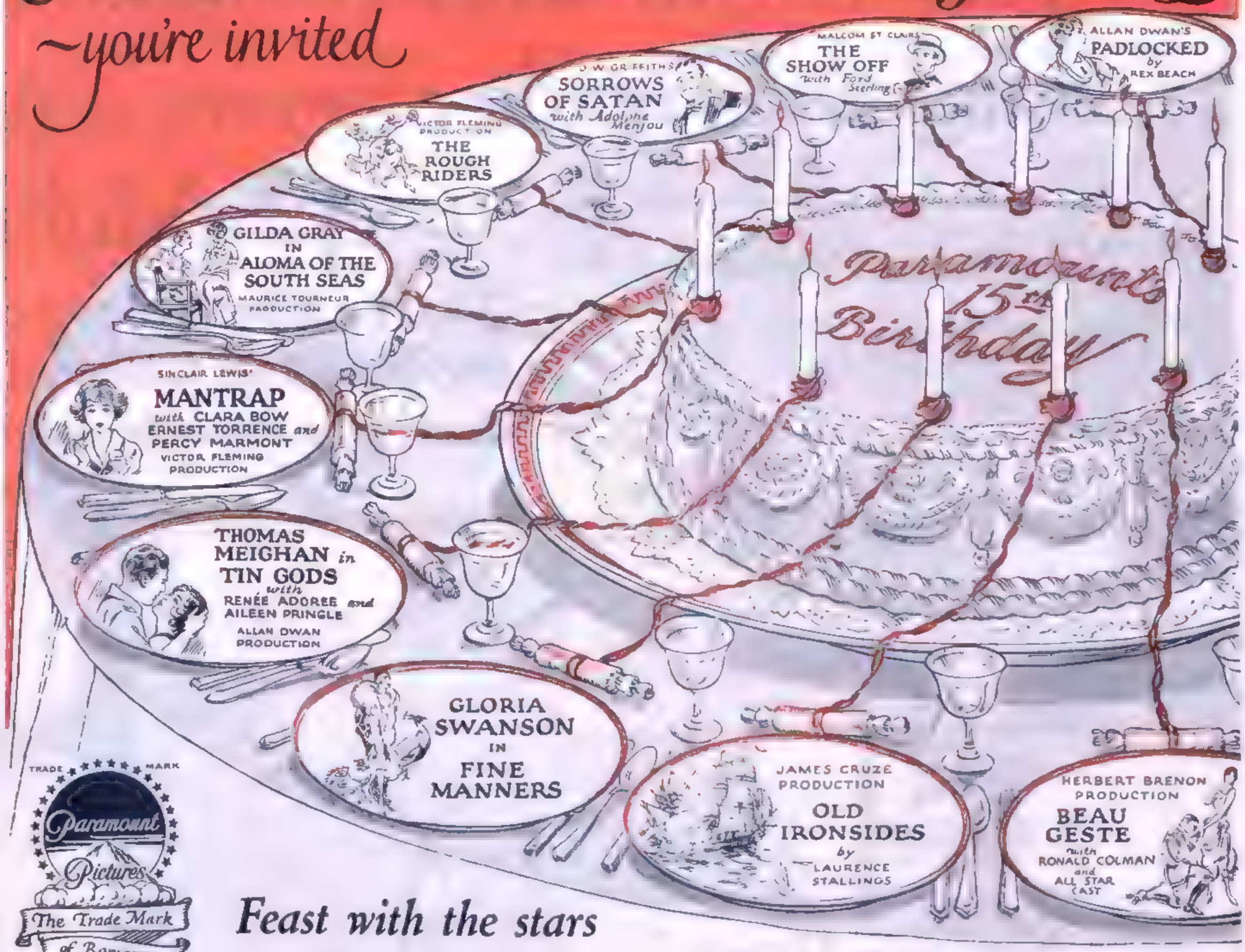
This is purely formal. The same thing appears in all the debt settlements. France alone was the one to object. What the article means is that for the bond executed in the first place under the Bérenger agreement France shall substitute, at the request of the United States Treasury, other bonds of a character defined in financial language as negotiable. Not that the American Government expects ever to negotiate or sell them; merely that it has the right to do so, and the right to ask that bonds physically suitable for that purpose shall be furnished if wanted.

There was no meaning to anything the French said about Article 7. They said it was an intolerable provision, insulting, injurious, tending to infringe their sovereignty as a nation, though it had never occurred to anyone that the same provision in the British agreement infringed British sovereignty. All this being so wildly pointless,

(Continued on Page 81)

Paramount's 15th Birthday Party

~you're invited



TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
The Trade Mark of Romance

Feast with the stars at Paramount's 15th Birthday Party!

There's a place at the festive birthday board for you, right with Paramount and the brightest stars that shine on the screen!

Ask no questions but open your eyes, gaze at the screen, *wish*, and it will all come true!

Oh, this 15th Anniversary Group of 75 Paramount Pictures! *A wonder group of shows for all!*

This is only the start of the feast. See the first and you'll be celebrating right through to the last show of them all.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!

Paramount Pictures

Produced by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York City.

Your engine may be one of t
analysis is made of every autor
42 Mobilo

That is why 609 automo
the Mobiloil Chart. Let
show you what it recomm

Have you an Oldsmobile ?

YOUR Oldsmobile engine is of the standard six-cylinder, L-head type, water-cooled, with circulating water pump. Close fitting cast-iron pistons are used, with three piston-rings, all above the piston-pin, the lower one being a special oil ring. By means of slots in the oil ring and drain holes in the lower piston-ring groove, excess oil is removed from the cylinder wall and prevented from reaching the combustion chamber, thus avoiding forming of carbon deposits.

A Force Feed lubricating system provides for delivery of lubricating oil to camshaft, crankshaft and big-end connecting rod bearings under pressure by means of a gear-type oil pump. The revolving crankshaft throws a spray of oil from the bearings which lubricates cylinder walls, piston-pins and other bearing surfaces. A spring-controlled by-pass valve relieves the lubricating system of excessive oil pressure.

A rich lubricating oil such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is required in summer to properly lubricate an engine of such design and construction.

In winter weather, a more fluid oil is necessary to assure reliable circulation through the elevated and exposed oil pump and piping and to facilitate starting; therefore Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used.

Gargoyle Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Have you a Dodge ?

YOUR Dodge car continues to use the same sturdy, dependable four-cylinder, L-head engine, water-cooled, with pump circulating system. Aluminum alloy pistons are used—fitted with four piston-rings, the lower one in recent models being a special oil-scraper type, which, combined with oil groove and slots in the piston, gives added protection against excessive amounts of lubricating oil reaching the combustion chamber and forming carbon deposits.

A splash circulating lubricating system is employed—a vane-type oil pump delivering oil to wells over the crankshaft bearings and to splash troughs under the connecting rod bearings. The oil mist produced by connecting rod splash lubricates all other bearing surfaces.

With the special design aluminum piston, a rich lubricating oil may be used to advantage without danger of over-lubrication, excessive carbon deposits or tendency to knock. Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" is therefore recommended in summer. For models of Dodge engines using cast-iron pistons—built prior to 1923—Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is recommended for summer.

To assure distribution through the exposed oil pump and piping and to facilitate easy starting, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic should be used on all models in winter.

3 out of every 4 motorists who

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROA

he 4 analysed here. A similar notive engine - every year - by the il Engineers

tive manufacturers approve the nearest Mobiloil dealer ıends for your car.

Have you a FRANKLIN *?*

YOUR Series 11 Franklin engine is of special design, air-cooled—six separate cylinders with valves in the heads—and copper cooling flanges cast integral with the cylinders to facilitate cooling. A fan driven by the engine forces a large volume of air over the cylinders. Aluminum alloy pistons are used and fitted with four piston-rings, the lower rings having a special oil control feature, which, combined with drain holes in the piston-ring groove, prevents excessive amounts of oil from passing the pistons and forming carbon deposits in the combustion chambers.

The Force Feed lubricating system is of unusual design, a gear-type oil pump delivering the oil to a mechanically-driven distributor which supplies oil to all crankshaft and connecting rod big-end bearings and to the timing chain and sprockets. The connecting rods are drilled to direct a stream of oil against the cylinder walls, lubricating them, the pistons and piston-pins. The valve-operating mechanism is lubricated by means of oil-soaked felt pads. An air-cleaner at the carburetor inlet aids in keeping the lubricating oil free from road dust.

To meet the operating temperature conditions encountered, a rich lubricating oil is necessary and Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB" is recommended for both summer and winter use.

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil
Make the chart your guide

Have you a STUDEBAKER *?*

YOUR Studebaker car, whether Standard, Special or Big Six Model, has a conventional six-cylinder, L-head engine, the main features being similar in all models—differing principally in size and power.

A pump circulating water-cooling system is used and the pistons are cast iron, fitted with four piston-rings, three above and one below the piston-pin; the top and lowest rings being plain, the others of special oil seal type. An oil groove and several oil drain holes aid in preventing excessive amounts of oil passing the piston and the forming of carbon deposits.

The lubricating system is of Force Feed type, a gear oil pump delivering oil under pressure to all crankshaft, camshaft and connecting rod big-end bearings. Oil spray thrown from the revolving crankshaft lubricates pistons and piston-pins. An oil filter and screens of generous area aid in keeping lubricating oil free from impurities.

Engines incorporating these special design and construction features function most efficiently when using a rich lubricating oil such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" in summer. During winter a more fluid oil such as Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic is required to facilitate starting and to assure reliable distribution of the lubricant.

kbuy oil by name ask for **Mobiloil**

DWAY, NEW YORK Division Offices: *Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis*

When the signal says,

"ALL'S WELL"

UP goes the signal, the switch opens, and your train speeds on in safety—thanks to Exide Batteries, whose sure power is relied upon to operate the signal systems of leading railroads.

The fire alarm is rung by Exide Batteries; your voice is sent over the telephone and your message via the telegraph wire by the current from an Exide. Trucks, mine locomotives, and submerged submarines are propelled by powerful Exides; farms and railroad trains are lighted by them.

Many of the most important radio stations use Exide Batteries. Airplanes use them for ignition and lighting. Millions of automobiles are started and lighted by Exide Batteries.

Wherever power must be unfailing, there you will find the Exide silently at work. Exide Batteries are made for every purpose by the largest manufacturers of storage batteries in the world.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
PHILADELPHIA
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

For your CAR You usually pay high prices for high quality. But in an Exide you pay a low price for peak value. When the present battery in your automobile wears out, get an Exide. The price is extremely reasonable, the repair bills are little or nothing, and the life is notably long. . . There is an Exide Battery dealer near your home.

Exide
BATTERIES

For your RADIO There is an Exide Battery of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. They give uniform current through a long period of discharge. See the Exide Radio Power Unit, consisting of "A" battery and rectifier, and the rest of the complete Exide line at radio stores or any Exide Battery dealer's.

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

(Continued from Page 76)

one must look to find the meaning in what they did not say. For if their bond was good and they meant to pay it, what difference could it make to them whether the United States kept it in its own vault or broke it up into negotiable forms and sold it?

Yet here is unexpectedly the perfect illustration of what is meant by "present value." The United States Treasury could not, if it would, sell any of these war-debt bonds.

The reason it could not sell them is that in the Liberty Loan Acts authorizing the American Government to sell its own Liberty Bonds for money to lend abroad, there are two stipulations: First, that the American Government shall receive from the borrowers marketable bonds; and, second, that it shall not at any time sell them for less than par. Well, it cannot sell them at par; therefore it cannot sell them at all.

The reason it cannot sell them at par is that they are not worth par. And had the French but stopped to think before attacking Article 7, it might have occurred to them that if the United States Treasury took all the bonds receivable under the Bérenger debt agreement and offered them for sale, it would be unable to sell them for a sum in cash equal to the loans made by the United States Treasury to France after the Armistice. No bank in the world, no syndicate of banks, would pay that much for them as an investment. This ought to be conclusive as to what the Bérenger settlement is worth.

Whether it is only half the debt we have cast off, or three-fifths of it, which would be all but the post-Armistice loans to France, the truth is that though we were able to forgive the remainder, France herself could not afford to take forgiveness of it. The cost of not paying would be too great. Her credit in Wall Street would be hurt.

She is free, if she pleases, to treat the whole of it as a political debt and disown it. At the same time she might repudiate her debt to Wall Street. We should never take any physical steps. We should never seize any of her property. There would be no sheriff's process. But neither could she compel American investors to continue lending her money through Wall Street.

Postwar Loans

The French were the heaviest borrower at the United States Treasury after the Armistice; they were the last to sign an agreement to pay, and they have meantime borrowed more than any other people on their national credit in Wall Street. For nearly seven years they treated their obligations to the United States Treasury as a political debt. Nevertheless, in the five years 1920 to 1924 the following French loans were floated in Wall Street:

French Republic	$300,000,000
Department of the Seine . .	25,000,000
City of Soissons	6,000,000
City of Marseilles	15,000,000
City of Lyons .	15,000,000
City of Bordeaux	15,000,000
Paris-Orléans Railway	10,000,000
Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway	22,200,000
Nord Railway	15,000,000
French National Mail Steamship Lines . .	10,000,000
Total	$433,200,000

In 1925 their credit failed in Wall Street because they were not paying anything on account of their debt to the United States Treasury. If during the five preceding years they had been paying the Treasury, as under the Bérenger agreement, the case would have been that out of every ten dollars they borrowed in Wall Street they had left four in the Treasury and taken away six.

As it was, they took away all they borrowed in Wall Street. Added to their post-Armistice loans from the United States Treasury, it is nearly $2,000,000,000 they have had since the war ended.

What have they done with it?

The Blind Side of France

They used it to get over from war to peace. Some of it they ate. It is in their works of restoration. It is also in new works—in their great postwar electric-power plants, in their ships, in the improvement of their docks and harbors, in their canals and roads, in their housing schemes for the better condition of working people. Some of it the government lost in a fatuous effort to support the value of the franc against the power of the printing press. Anything they did with it was all right. We should not be counting it up in this manner if it were not a current saying in France, if it had not been engraved upon stone and leaned against the foot of the Washington statue in Paris, that a settlement under which they were to begin paying back half their debt to the United States Treasury at the rate of $30,000,000 a year consecrated the ruin of France and the loss of her independence.

To sustain the popular fiction that the United States is blamable for the ills of Europe, the high politicians in both France and Great Britain represented the debt agreement signed by Monsieur Bérenger at Washington to be much harder on the French than the one signed a few weeks later by Monsieur Caillaux himself with the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was not.

In full settlement of $3,250,000,000 owing to her by France on account of war loans, Great Britain agreed to take somewhat less than $4,000,000,000 in sixty-two annual installments. The installments in the first five years are nearly one-third heavier than those payable by France to the United States Treasury under the Bérenger agreement; in later years they are less because the total debt is less.

The British refused, as the Americans did, to write into the agreement what the French call a safeguard clause that would make French payments conditional upon reparations from Germany. The British did write a letter, outside of the agreement, saying that if anything should happen seriously to affect the French power of payment, the agreement might be reviewed, which means nothing at all.

The debtor's agreement is always subject to review if he is unable to pay. In the Franco-American settlement it is understood that if anything happens seriously to impair the French power of payment, the agreement will be reviewed. It would have to be. France would have only to say that she could not pay according to the terms, as she has already said she could not pay the 5 per cent demand notes which she gave in the first place; and we should be obliged to consider her representations under the formula definitely established, that war debtors pay only what they can afford to pay.

What nobody seemed to notice in the agreement signed by Monsieur Caillaux with the British Chancellor of the Exchequer was a stipulation that made this settlement much more costly to the French than the Bérenger agreement with the United States Treasury. This was the stipulation saying: "The sum of £53,500,000 shall remain as a non-interest-bearing debt of France to Great Britain, repayment of which shall be settled by further agreement. Meanwhile the British Government will retain without interest against this debt the gold remitted to London by the French Government during the war under the Calais agreement."

What does this mean? It means historically that for war loans to France, Great Britain demanded from the Bank of France security to the extent of more than $250,000,000 in gold. It was passed across the Channel from the Bank of France to the Bank of England. It has been in Great Britain ever since. It is there now. The Bank of England is using it, and will continue to keep and use it without interest, pending further agreement. The value of this gold to the Bank of England is enormously greater than simple interest. The value of it to France would be greater still, since France will have to borrow gold credit in both London and New York either to straighten up her currency or found a new one. The United States Government took no security whatever for the war loans it made to France beyond the simple I O U of the French Government.

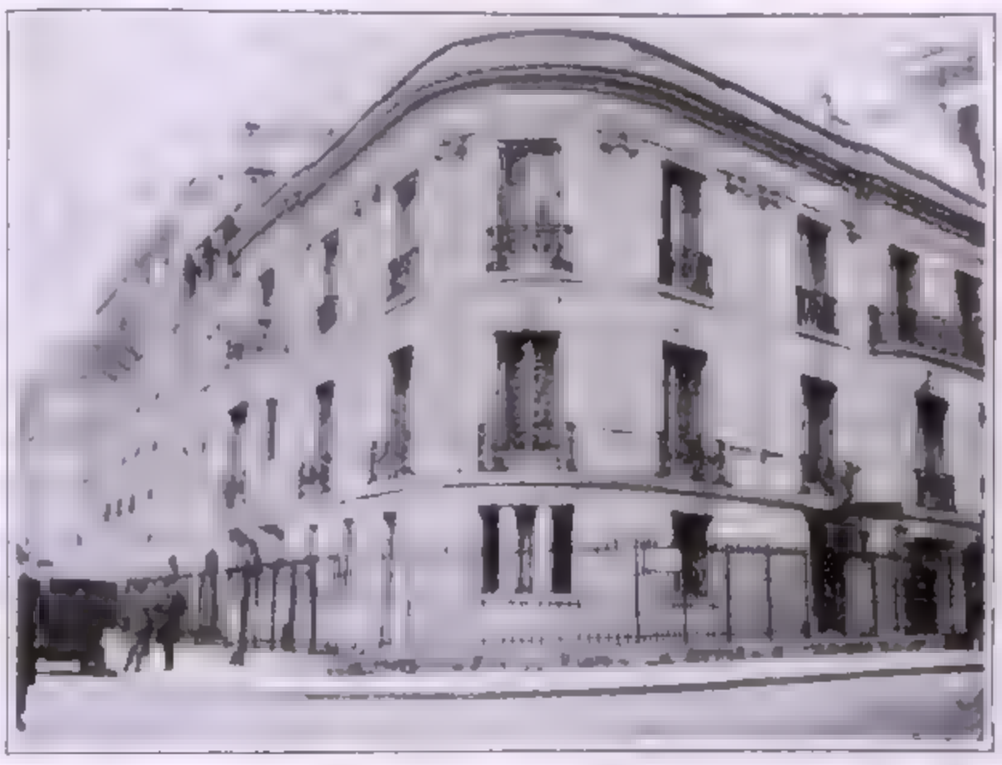
Inflation's Price

But to what is passing we stand level and too close up. There is a better point of view. There is a France you do not see; a France that does not at this moment see herself. Reason and wisdom work in her unawares. Such is her history. Her crisis is transitory and more than half unreal; so may be all this hysterical feeling.

Here was the devastated country. You have to begin with that fact. To restore it quickly was imperative. She could not wait for German reparations; she could not afford to wait, either, for thrift and self-denial to provide the means.

A Solomon devoted to France, viewing her immediate postwar condition, might wisely have said: "What is to be done must be done quickly. Therefore do it with credit; embrace the danger of inflation. There will be at the end a financial panic. The franc may be disvalued to the point of nothing. No matter. A financial panic is as a storm soon over. Meanwhile you will have achieved the end, which is restoration. You will have got back again your houses, your factories, your mines, your railroads—all the physical means to prosperity. And this will be permanent wealth. What happens to the franc will be evil. But if necessary you can invent a new franc."

That is what they did, without a Solomon, from an instinct strong among them. What also happened, since it was by instinct they acted, was that they fell into an error of ecstasy. Seeing how wonderfully inflation did bring restoration to pass, they forgot the price, which is after



A Block of New Private Dwellings in the Pont de Versailles District of Paris

Is this tobacco a part of every college education?

Pipe-smoker still enjoys the same tobacco he learned to smoke fifteen years ago at college

Considering the recent discussions pro and con on the value of college education, it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life. That was pipe-smoking.

This man says it was traditional for each fellow, at the proper time, to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

Here is the letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.

Richmond, Va.

It was at college that I learned to smoke [illegible]. Of course I also learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth tobacco.

It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking [illegible] as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate. At the right time, each one followed the example of his predecessors and bought a pipe and a tin of Edgeworth.

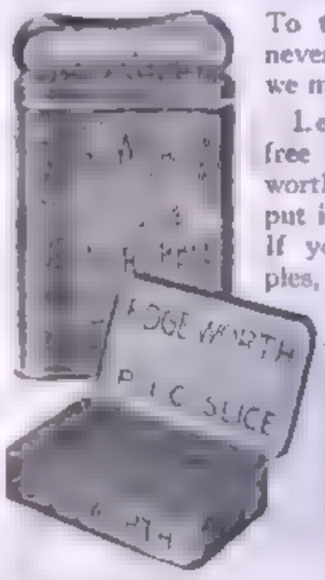
Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of [illegible] at the [illegible] smoking [illegible] and [illegible] fifteen years [illegible]. When I have met some of them many years after and have seen them light up their pipes, I have often inquired:

"Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other, it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild; it never burns the tongue."

Cordially yours,

(signed) Frank H. Wilson



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-V S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

SNUGTEX
Should be in Every Pair of Men's and Boys' Trousers ~

SNUGTEX can now be had at most dealers. Ask for it by name and be sure that the package bears the trade-mark SNUGTEX and the picture of the boy.

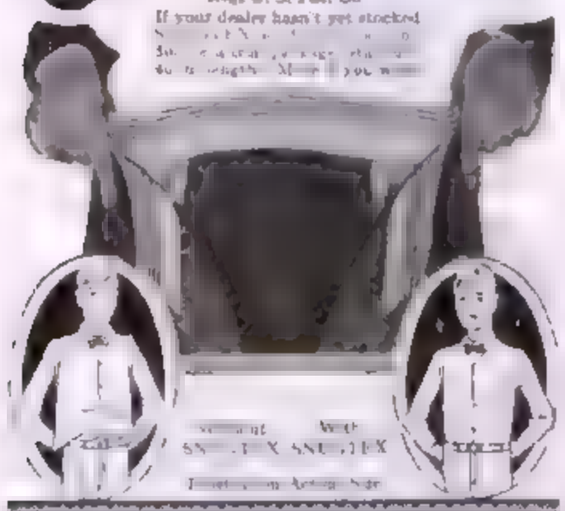
APPEARANCES count; every man and boy likes to be well dressed *for appearance's sake* He likes to feel comfortable, too

And no matter how well a suit may fit otherwise, trousers are *bound* to sag at the waistline and shirts are *bound* to creep up in an unsightly and uncomfortable wad unless trousers are equipped with SNUGTEX the wonderful new friction fabric waistband that is sewed around the top of the trousers inside

Ask your tailor or dealer for trousers already equipped with SNUGTEX, and have him sew it into the trousers you already have in service. Once you try it, you'll never want to be without it in your business, dress, and sports clothes.

Please Send me a SNUGTEX Waistband

SNUGTEX
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off
If your dealer hasn't yet stocked SNUGTEX send 50c for one package SNUGTEX (Please state whether you want Light, Medium or Heavy weight. Also state waist size desired.)



SNUGTEX

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EVERLASTIK INC. 1107 Broadway New York
Enclosed find 50c for one package SNUGTEX (P)

Name
Street
City State
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all a very dear price. Now they are struggling with the financial panic that was inevitable, and with all the ugly human consequences of inflation; they cannot be either rational or philosophical.

The power of inflation can never be limited to the ends for which, all things considered, its use perhaps had been justified. There is neither the strength nor the discipline in human nature so to limit it. For good and evil, more or less, it will touch everything, going far beyond the tangibilities to touch also manners, morals and the sense of obligation.

What inflation represents basically, to begin with, is an appropriation of private property by the arbitrary right of the state to debase its currency. Intentions may be good. The necessity may be absolute, as in the event of war; or, as in the case of France, first the war and then the restoration. The state may honestly intend, as it says it does, to make full restitution of property. This it means to do last of all by restoring the currency to its former value. But when inflation has gone too far it becomes impossible to make restitution in that manner, or in any way whatever. The value of the currency cannot be restored. What it comes to then is that the private property appropriated by the state stands permanently confiscated, though nobody has the courage to acknowledge the fact.

Such are the principles. Such precisely is the problem of France—how to declare once for all that the private property appropriated to the uses of the public by inflation is forever confiscated.

For that declaration there is a certain word. The word is "stabilization." To stabilize the franc at, say, two cents, which is about one-tenth of its prewar value, is to decree that the debt owing by the state to its people shall be repaid in that proportion—one for ten. Not exactly, of course, in every instance. It is variable according to the value the franc had when the individual loaned his money to the state. Those who loaned the government francs when francs were nearly twenty cents lose nine-tenths if they receive payment in francs worth two cents. Those who loaned their francs to the state when the franc was worth ten cents lose only four-fifths. And so on.

If it were a relation only between the state and the people, that would be one thing. You might say it had been a kind of heroic taxation or capital levy for the good and survival of the whole body. But it is a relation also between private borrowers and lenders, since private transactions, too, are conducted in francs. And there is the shame of inflation, wherein it is wholly evil. The borrower fattens and the lender is defrauded. The borrower repays, not in the equivalent of goods, but in a debased currency which is worth much less goods; and the lender is ruined.

The Franc's Place in Romance

That is why in a time of inflation a moral debacle occurs. Wealth, success and power reward the exercise of the baser traits of human nature. That is why also, in time of inflation, borrowing increases enormously. Everyone who has the wit to do so runs headlong into debt. It pays to contract debt because debt automatically cancels itself with the fall in the value of money with which debts are paid.

The terrific drama of inflation as it occurred in Germany has been reënacted in France, with mainly this one difference—that there has been all the time in France a sentiment about the franc such as never was observable in Germany about the mark on its way to extinction. A romantic feeling in France toward the franc discloses itself in a manner characteristic of the people: School children burning bonds, actually or symbolically, to reduce the public debt and save the franc. People contributing on one hand to Marshal Joffre's Save-the-Franc Fund and on the other hand pressing at the same time to seize the elusive fruits of inflation. One who does not himself seize them will see them seized by another.

In principle and kind, the effects have been the same as in Germany. Delirious spending, heedless borrowing, private impoverishment and private aggrandizement side by side from the same disease, prices rising faster and faster from the cause itself and then all the faster from the blind impulse of people to buy something lest the money in one's hand be exchangeable for less tomorrow; and then, when the financial structure, if one could see it, begins to resemble a whirling pyramid upside down, growing wider and wider at the top, and more unbalanced, requiring to whirl more and more rapidly—then the headlong flight from the franc, as from the mark, to be out from under when the crash comes.

Richer and More Powerful

Those who know how send their capital out of the country; exporters leave the proceeds of their sales in foreign banks. The government passes laws forbidding such practices. That such laws are deemed necessary only stimulates the practices. Capital is a volatile thing. It will find its way to safety through any wall of law. Those whose capital is in forms that cannot be expatriated—those, for example, who have put it out at interest and must wait for it to come due, knowing that when it returns it will be greatly depreciated—what shall they do? They sell the franc on foreign exchanges, in London, Amsterdam and New York, to profit by its fall.

It becomes at length a wild rout, everyone running in fear for himself; and then the franc falls, as the mark fell, only faster and faster, because people are running from it, and more for that reason than for any other. There is the expectation that it will fall further; therefore it falls much further than anyone expects. It may fall below its intrinsic value from momentum alone. When the franc fell to 2.5 cents, as if it were going to nothing, it was probably worth more than three cents at an asset valuation. Everybody could see that the Bank of France had enough gold and silver to buy up all the paper francs in the world at two cents and burn them; yet nobody could imagine where the fall of the franc would stop, and the flight continued.

In Germany there was a powerful, complex and sinister political motive. In France it was the ambition quickly to restore the country at any cost. In both cases the bewildering contradiction of a country presenting to the world an aspect of financial ruin notwithstanding the fact that its permanent power of wealth has been immensely increased.

This apparent riddle now is more easily believed, since there has been time to see in the case of Germany that inflation may, and sometimes actually does, in a ruthless manner convert static wealth into new and dynamic forms, capable in themselves of producing new wealth on a greater scale than before. By "static wealth" one means wealth in savings, wealth invested in bonds, in mortgages, in savings banks, in any way to yield a fixed income. This will be lost to the owners; much of it will be lost forever in wasteful consumption; at the same time a great deal of it will be converted into new factories, new machinery, new ships, new means of creating the things that satisfy human wants. It was so in Germany. That is why Germany today may be spoken of as the second industrial power in the world. In their flight from the mark German industrialists made great additions to their plant and equipment. The German banks, also fleeing from the mark, loaned them the money with which to do this. It was other people's money, and the people whose money it was lost it. But there are the new factories; there is the new equipment; there is the greater economic power of Germany.

This has occurred also in France. In every sense save in the financial sense she is economically richer and more powerful than before the war. Simply, her productive capacity is greater.

In observations of this character the British undoubtedly are the first realists in the world, as they would be, having been so long in the business of lending capital abroad and for that reason appraising the economic capacities of other people. A committee was appointed by the British Government to make a survey of over-sea markets, especially to see what new competition British industry had to face, and in its report, 1925, Page 67, it said:

"France is strengthening her position as an exporter of raw materials and of manufactured products; she is endeavouring with success to free herself from her dependence on foreign production for many raw materials for her agricultural industry—i. e., fertilizers, more especially nitrogenous manures—as well as for manufactured goods; and her system of production—modernization of plant, greater size and combination of units, better comprehension of foreign trade and improved organization in the staple industries—has developed as a whole in a way which has almost brought her abreast of the United Kingdom, the United States and Germany."

The commercial counselor attached to the British Embassy at Paris, reporting in 1926 to the British Board of Trade, said:

"The foundations of the economic power of present-day France are distinctly stronger and broader than those of the France of 1914; and this is true in an especial manner of her industrial power. Her resources as regards several important raw materials, supplies of coal and of hydraulic energy, capacity and equipment of industrial undertakings, knowledge and application of manufacturing processes, and organization and direction of producing forces generally, have all been augmented or improved to a noteworthy degree."

Inflation as an Asset

"Universal progress in the methods and instruments of production, as more specifically understood, has been attended by improvement or renovation in the common utility services and by provisions of various kinds that form part of the national economic equipment. The railroad systems have been thoroughly overhauled as regards the greater part of their permanent ways and of their rolling stock, and have been reorganized as regards finances and direction and influence of the producing classes in their management; and two of the principal trunk lines have already made great strides in the matter of electrification.

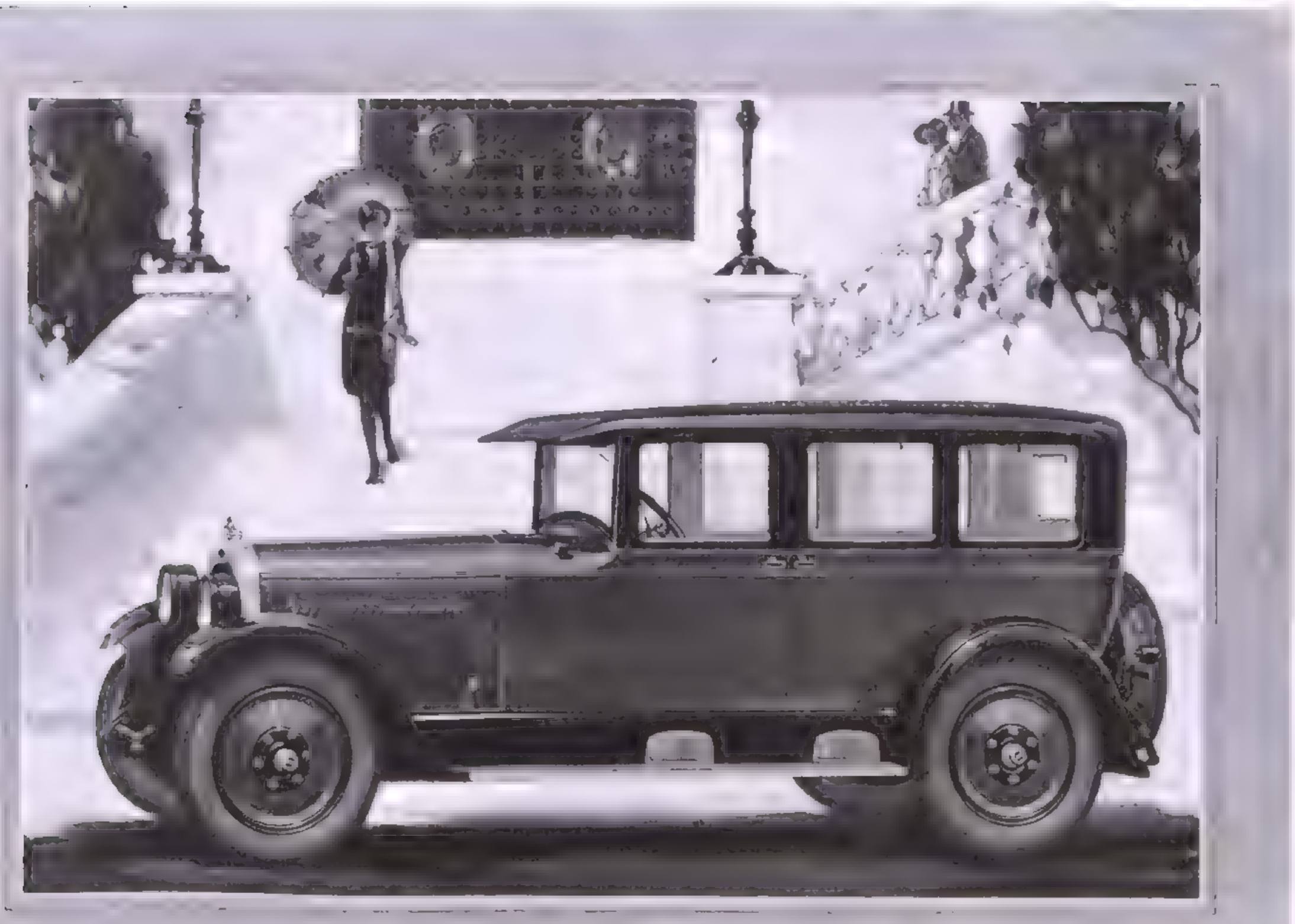
"Country districts have nearly everywhere been provided with motor services, very often with state grants, and these services are frequently linked with the railways. Since 1914 seaports and waterways have been and are being better equipped, extended and even created. The installation and distribution of electric light and power in rural districts has made striking progress, and its further extension is being encouraged by the public authorities, so as to provide not only light but also power for the machinery and appliances in ever greater employment on the farms and in the rural factories."

The most astonishing of her developments has been in the field of electricity. Since the war the number of communes served with electricity has increased from 7000 to 12,000. In 1918 her utilization of hydroelectric power amounted to 900,000 horse power; it now is 3,000,000. The capacity of steam power plants—electricity derived from coal—is more than twofold what it was in 1913.

All its evils notwithstanding, inflation has one social effect which becomes at length, especially in a country like France, a tremendous asset. From having more things on credit, people are stimulated to want more things.

The French people have never wanted enough; which is to say, they have never been willing to exert themselves to anywhere near the full effort in order to possess,

(Continued on Page 84)



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3064

FREE: 7 day test Free. Don't buy yet. Wait till the 7 day supply proves itself. Write me . . . today

BEFORE *shaving* . .

Actual microscopic view. Torn pores have had chance to partly heal.

HERE are actual photographs of the skin. Before and after shaving. And you men with tender skins know that after shaving *the face feels worse than it looks.* (Hair spikes your razor didn't get—wide open pores—torn skin!)

Before shaving the ordinary skin has had a chance to partly heal, but *more* than a 24 hour healing process is necessary *for tender skins.*

Daily mutilation of tender skins demands this:

Ingram's Shaving Cream *cools and soothes . . . as you shave.* That's why we made this new shaving cream.

A brand new cooling, soothing principle in Ingram's Shaving Cream does away with the necessity of hot towels—fancy lotions.

7 Shaves—FREE

Ingram's Shaving Cream is being used by thousands of men with tender skins. *It's proved itself. But note this:*

Don't buy. *Accept it* at our expense. Be sure of it. Write me today—ask for your sample tin containing 7 cool shaves. Free.

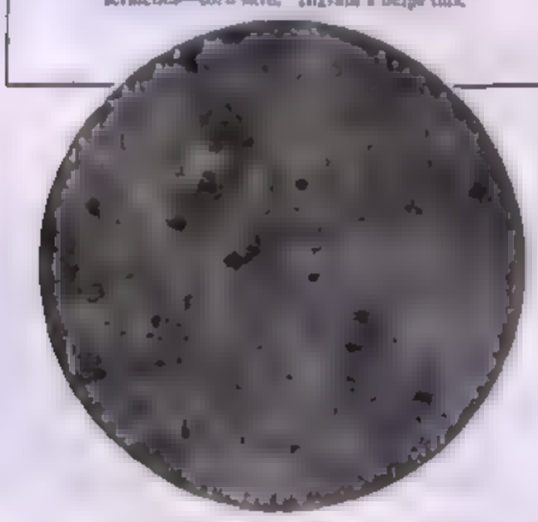
Fred Ingram

Vice-Pres.—General Mgr.

FREDERICK P. INGRAM CO.
Established 1885
Windsor, Ont., Canada 655 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

AFTER *shaving* . .

Tender skin—mutilated. Note the white scratches—torn skin. Ingram's helps this.



Ingram's Shaving Cream comes only in a tube jar with the name Ingram's Shaving Cream across it—on the glass—at the shaving counter. 6 month shaving comfort 50c

You will like your 7 Free trial shaves. Either write a card to me . . . or use the margin . . . and send it to me . . . and you to try the cream

(Continued from Page 82)

enjoy and consume such goods as modern industry stands ready to provide in unlimited abundance. Thus there has existed all the time in France, latently, a very great unexploited consuming power. Now for the first time it is beginning to be exploited.

People have discovered that by pledging their credit they may gratify their wants at once; producers have discovered that by selling on credit they not only increase their sales but at the same time create in people a new sense of wanting, and this will never leave them.

Credit selling on the American plan has been carried far. Before the war it was unknown. Now credit companies make up canvassing lists from the telephone book and solicit people to get their earning power certified. If it shows they are entitled to credit they may have credit for anything they wish, be it a central heating plant, an electric washing machine, a bathtub or a motor car.

You will see on the hoardings of Paris posters reading, Credit for Motor Cars. The most popular French motor car, very widely sold on credit, was advertised in electric letters on the Eiffel Tower. Credit has stimulated the motor habit. In the year 1925 the motor-car production increased more than one-third over 1924, and nearly three-quarters of the total output was absorbed in France. The two largest garages in the world—so advertised—have been built in Paris in the past two years. Building now are apartment houses with subterranean spaces for motor cars—one for each apartment. Or, if one prefers, one may buy a garage on credit.

If you want to see all at once what it means to have created a new sense of wanting in 40,000,000 people hitherto notorious for thrift, for self-denial, for doing without, go to the Paris Fair, near the Versailles gate.

This is a permanent exposition, covering many acres, devoted entirely to the display of things; every manner of thing—household appliances, labor-saving machinery, motor cars, typewriters, office equipment, plumbing, heating, conveniences to live with and houses to live in. And there is nothing you see that cannot be bought on credit. People come from all over France to look; on Sundays and holidays you can hardly get to it for the jam of motors, and once there you may have to wait hours to get inside.

An Economic Revolution

Look particularly at the houses, for they represent a significant matter. Several acres of the Paris Fair are devoted to examples of cheap dwellings made of wood, metal, concrete, agglomerate and brick. Those of wood and metal are made, as the French say, in series, meaning multiple manufacture of standard sections. Some of them are ugly; all have something for the eye—maybe only the design of the door, which for a tiny wood chalet may be like the door of a fine château. These dwellings are priced within the means of artisans. They are sold on credit, payments to be made over ten or twenty years. The finance companies that give the credit—public, semipublic and private—are there on the spot to make arrangements. You will see placards in these houses telling how many have been sold. Of one type, 10,000; of another type, 20,000; of another, 15,000; and so on. To whom are they sold? That is the point of it.

Remember what inflation does. It destroys those who live at leisure on fixed incomes. It builds up in place of them those who live by profit and wages. Thus it entails a redistribution of wealth. So does a revolution. That was the principle economic effect of the French Revolution. The estates of the aristocracy were seized and divided up, and for more than a century it was the boast of France that she was politically solid because her peasants were small landholders, with property to defend.

With the industrial era rose a city-dwelling proletariat, calling themselves wage slaves, living wretchedly in lodgings, with nothing to defend but a radical point of view. The growth of this class became a political problem of the first magnitude. And now you see it in process of solution.

Profiting by Spending

Around about the cities, especially the city of Paris, was a great deal of beautiful land in the form of private parks and small estates, belonging to the old rich, the prewar rich, living on their incomes. As private incomes were wrecked by inflation the owners of this land in many cases were unable to keep it; they could no longer afford private parks.

They were obliged to sell it. As acreage, it was dear land; for purposes of building lots, it was cheap, sometimes as little as one franc a square meter.

So speculators began to buy it at its acreage value and sell it in small building lots. The state stepped in at once both to encourage the movement and to see that the speculators gave people reasonable value and performed their promises. The state was vitally interested, since here was the opportune way to push the city-dwelling proletariat back to the soil. Controlling the railways, it was feasible for the state to make commuting rates so low that a worker could afford to live twenty or thirty miles away from his job.

This subsidy from the state in the form of nominal railroad fares completes the cycle. Cheap land, cheap dwellings, cheap transportation. Now for many miles around Paris you will see these cheap dwellings by the thousands, whole new villages of them, established on land from which those who formerly lived on fixed incomes have been dispossessed by the remorseless process of inflation. It is in principle confiscated land. Inflation, managed by the state, has caused it to pass from few to many.

Private forests are being cut down to make way for the tiny wood chalets of the workers. They are not so ugly as you thought they were going to be, having seen them first at the Paris Fair. The people have a way of touching them, of relating them to little gardens, that saves them esthetically. And often you will notice that a man who began with a very cheap three-room chalet of wood, and brought his family from Paris lodgings to live in it, is already raising by the side of it a house of concrete or agglomerate blocks made by himself from a molding machine, also on show at the Paris Fair and for sale on credit. Thus the proletariat gets its stake in the soil of France and will have hereafter property to defend. Bolshevism must wane.

Besides actively promoting this solution by supervision, by aid of credit and by making transportation very cheap, the state and the municipalities have spent enormous sums on housing-reform schemes. Paris owned all the land that was occupied by the old military wall and moat—a strip several hundred feet deep all around the city. This wall is being demolished, and on the land, such as it does not sell to private persons for residence purposes, the city is building model tenements for industrial workers. The apartments are both to let and to sell—only, however, to families with two or more children. In these municipal apartments the rent amounts to about one-twelfth of a skilled worker's budget. Normally one-quarter to one-third of his budget would go for rent. The selling price is on the same basis; it is the rental capitalized. Uneconomic rental, uneconomic selling value, yet a political asset and a plague to Bolshevism. The loss is merely financial.

You would guess that from rebuilding the devastated regions, from converting small estates into lots for small suburban dwellings and from municipal housing schemes on a very large scale, there had been a building and real estate boom in France. That is true. A building boom unparalleled in the history of Europe has taken place there, and a real-estate boom at the same time the only like of which is American. It has not been confined by any means to the works of restoration and social upleveling. Building of houses by the new rich, especially in Paris, has been very remarkable. That was one way to get rid of their francs. To prosper in a time of inflation you have to know not only how to acquire money but also how to get rid of it. Commercial building has been very active, too, partly for the same reason, though principally because more housing was needed for the expansion of general business.

Bought and Paid For

But the boom *plus grand*, hindered only by the sky, is on the French Mediterranean coast, all up and down the Riviera. There, of course, the land gave out. Then they began to blast the background of rocks into platforms and terraces for apartment houses and Florida bungalows. Back of Cannes the French real-estate investors bought the scenery in the shape of a mountain, called it La Californie and made first of all a road to the top so that people need not wait for the funicular railway to be finished before they could come and pick out their niches. At Juan-les-Pins the real-estate men bought a marsh, and no sooner had they done so than lots there were selling for twenty times what anyone would have dreamed of paying for the land two years ago.

At Nice, apartments are sold from blue prints before the foundations are laid.

No one can remember anything in Europe like this sudden passion to build and live on the French Riviera in the languorous Mediterranean sun. Those who indulge it are not all French. Besides more French than ever before, are Europeans, Asiatics, Americans and South Americans. It only shows that more people of all kinds can afford to do it. Which again is evidence that France, Europe, the whole world, is richer than before the war, richer than at any time previous in the history of mankind. Everything that exists in this richer world to make it richer has already been paid for; it is only that a great many things have been paid for with borrowed money. And all this financial confusion is merely a dispute as to how, if and when we shall pay one another back.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. The next will appear in an early issue

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

Answering Some Questions About the Most Advanced Method of Tire Building

Steps in Building a United States Tire by the "Flat Band Method"

1. Laying plies of Latex-treated Web Cord on drum. 2. Applying steel wire bead cores. 3. Turning plies of cord over bead. 4. Applying breaker strip. 5. Applying tread rubber. 6. Removing flat carcass from drum. 7. Placing tire on inflation machine. 8. Beginning inflation. 9. Inflation finished. Tire formed. 10. Removing completely shaped tire.

Some facts about the United States Rubber Company's "Flat Band Method" which ensures uniform stretch and tension of every cord in the tire

Q—What is the "Flat Band Method" of building a tire?

A—The tire is built in the form of a *flat* band upon a drum. The plies of Latex-treated Web Cord are laid and fitted by hand, one above the other. The opposite edges of the band are turned around and securely anchored to "beads" consisting of rings of many strands of piano wire imbedded in hard rubber. The flat band carcass is then brought into shape on a special machine.

Q—Does this differ from the usual method of building tires?

A—Yes. Before the United States Rubber Company developed the "Flat Band Method", the usual practice was to use a solid, metal, ring-shaped form on which the cord fabric was laid and pressed into place by a rotating wheel coming in contact with the surface of the rubberized fabric.

Q—What are the advantages of Flat Band Construction?

A—It ensures *uniform* tension and stretch of every cord in the tire. Each cord does its full share of the work—no more, no less.

Q—Just how is this accomplished?

A—The plies of Latex-treated Web Cord as first laid on the drum are under no tension. The relation of the cords, one to the other, is not disturbed. As the band is shaped on the shaping machine, every unit in the tire is under the same condition of tension and takes its natural position as the shaping proceeds. Each cord adjusts itself to exactly the same tension.

Q—Do all the cords run the same way?

A—No. Each successive ply has the cords running in the opposite direction so that the finished tire is uniformly strong at every point.

Q—Is a special form of cord construction used?

A—Yes. Latex-treated Web Cord, a patented invention of the United States Rubber Company, is used. It combines maximum strength and maximum flexibility.

Q—What does Flat Band building add to the service of United States Tires?

A—It makes the tire *uniformly* strong throughout. It eliminates the fault often found in the old-style construction, of some cords being too taut while others were loose. In Flat Band building, all the cords are under even tension, and flexibility is uniform. There are no weak spots to develop trouble.

Q—What Company developed the "Flat Band Method"?

A—The "Flat Band Method" was developed by the United States Rubber Company and is patented and owned by this Company.

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

UNITED STATES

ROYAL CORD

© 1926 A. O. Co.

Dullness—or neglected eyes?

JIMMY TAYLOR did not seem like a bad boy or a dull boy. Yet—kept after school, the third time that week, for low marks in deportment and studies! What was it, his teacher wondered, that made him so "difficult"?

"Backward," "nervous," "shy," "difficult," "awkward," "delicate," "incorrigible"—a hundred such names have been invented for children who puzzle their teachers and parents. And all because nobody realized the true and underlying cause —*defective eyes*.

One child in four

Recent surveys show that one-fourth of all the school children in the United States are handicapped in their work by defective vision. Doesn't that explain a lot of things about child psychology that have never been clear before?

The child who cannot see his work properly is almost sure to fail in his school work. Naturally, this failure has its warping effect on his character. Abnormal badness and shyness, along with many serious troubles of the nervous system, can often be traced to the same source—*poor vision*.*

Your duty

Don't "guess" or "wonder" about such a grave matter as the future health and happiness of your children. Your eyesight specialist can give you the facts about your child's eyes. Frames specially adapted for active youngsters—such as the Wellsworth Windsor—are attractive in appearance, extra-durable, practically unbreakable.

Write us today for an interesting and valuable new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

**Judge Charles L. Brown of the Philadelphia Municipal Court finds that poor vision is an important contributory cause of juvenile delinquency.*

Have your eyes examined!

Wellsworth

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

ESTABLISHED 1833

ONCE THERE WAS A PRINCESS

(Continued from Page 5)

was drying dishes in the kitchen with the frowning, contemptuous efficiency she gave to all household tasks.

"Go see what Milt wants. I'll finish here," her mother said.

Ruby hesitated, considering a refusal, then dried her hands and went.

"Hair's a mite straggly, dear," Katie ventured to say after her. Ruby made no answer, but the lift of her head suggested that she preferred it that way.

She had cleared away her frown before she opened the door to Milton, and her "Hello, Milt," had a casual friendliness. He came in with a certain solidity, a step that had purpose, even for a neighbor's side door. He was stalwart, gravely good looking, too intent on his way to be very conscious of himself. Milton had pulled himself up from his mother's bundles of washing to newspaper owner and prominent citizen by going straight for the best wherever it presented itself, and when he was doubtful about what might be best he straightly and simply asked. His "Any news of the princess?" was followed by an earnest "Are these clothes all right?" He turned for inspection.

"Quite all right for a D'Arcy," Ruby said. She knew very well that the young Milt had found the paternal Dicey spelled D'Arcy in his grandfather's Bible, but she would still make fun of the change. He met it with a look of sober question.

"Don't you think I've got a right to that name?"

"I think you've got a right to anything you can get."

Milton had a working rule of life and liked to utter it: "You can get anything if you want it enough."

"Even a princess," she completed it.

Milton's "I dare say" was coolly composed. "I want to run an article on the princess as a little girl," he went on. "How Millertown Remembers the Princess Dellatorre." He did like to say that title. "I don't suppose you remember her at all."

"Oh, yes," said Ruby, seating herself on a table corner and swinging a careless foot. "She was my most intimate friend."

Milton began a literal-minded protest: "But you couldn't have been more than ——"

"I was old enough to have her push my baby carriage," Ruby cut in. "There isn't a soul in this town that wasn't her most intimate friend. You ask them."

"I wasn't," Milton stated. "I was delivering potatoes at her back door."

"Well, of course. All great men have to begin like that."

He looked wistful, as a big creature does when a little creature teases. "You make fun of everything; but then it has all come easily to you," he worked it out. "You've had your education handed you, and a nice home, and books. I've been pulling myself up by the boot straps ever since I can remember, but I suppose I'm pretty crude yet."

It was an honest question, but Ruby only hummed and swung her foot; "How should I know? Ask your princess."

Milton squared at her. "All right, I believe I will. And if she's a real princess she'll tell me. She'll give me a hand up."

"Better look out," she warned him. "You'll be giving the princess false hopes. And after she's got you up to the princess level you'll find she isn't good enough for you and you'll go on to a queen. You're an awfully dangerous man."

Their eyes met in a hostile clash. "I'm going just as high and as far as I can, no matter how funny it seems to you," Milton assured her.

"Not funny, exactly." Ruby yawned behind her hand. "But, of course, it's fine. I admire it. Some day I'll be boasting: 'Milton D'Arcy? Why, when I was a girl he was quite an admirer of mine. He used to take me out in his flivver. Then he got a better car and went on to a princess.'"

Wrath suddenly got the better of Milton. "You make me sick!" he burst out, and slammed a chair from his path, then stopped short, looking foolish at the discovery that they were not alone. A very long, very thin man, carrying a pail and a bundle of cloths, was looking on from the doorway with detached interest. He was mildly blond, with a great deal of forehead over contented blue eyes, and he did not seem to know that his elbows were through his sweater.

"Sorry to interrupt a first-class row, but I've got to wash these windows," he said, coming in.

Ruby had a flippant "Go ahead, Phil; don't mind us." Milton was red and stiff.

"I came in to see if Mrs. Boyd has any photographs of the princess," he explained. "Little-girl pictures, I mean. Ruby, will you ask her?"

"Certainly," Ruby said, and went disdainfully.

Milton glowered after her, then tried to relieve his congested spirit by attacking the intruder, who was already swabbing at a window.

"Phil, what do you do that for?" burst from him.

"Fifty cents an hour," was the placid answer.

"You know what I mean. Why don't you get a man-size job?"

Phil cleaned a dusty corner with care before he answered: "That would take my head. Chores only take my hands."

"Better use for your head than chasing dreams," Milton lectured. "You'll never make a success of any invention."

Phil was undisturbed. "You wait!"

"We've been waiting. There's always some reason why the thing doesn't go. Ever since that fire-engine harness—as soon as you got it on the market they began putting in automobile engines. And then your corkscrew ——"

"The One-Good-Turn Corkscrew," Phil interposed with parental fondness. "Wasn't that a good thing?"

"Yes, it was; but along came prohibition! You're always too late."

Phil's good humor was unshakable. "I've got something now that every housekeeper in the land will use," he confided, and went into loving detail about a patent window washer. It was simple as A B C; it could not get out of order; it did away with hanging out of windows. He sat on a window sill with his ragged elbows on his threadbare knees, and a lurking smile said that he would laugh if Milt had to laugh, but his blue eyes were incandescent with the creative fire.

"Millions in it," Milton cut him short. "What if it is a good thing? The inventor never makes any money. Someone takes it over and squeezes him out."

Phil considered that with an open mind. "Well, he has a bully good life," he offered.

"Call that a life!" Milton did hate a fool. "Look at you—living in your father's barn, wearing clothes that I wouldn't give to a tramp, always going on to some new dream, and your wife having to take in washing, as my mother did."

Phil's "I haven't got a wife" was brushed aside.

"You'll take one some day. You had everything at the start, and now you're going straight down in the world because you don't realize what it means to be poor folks living across the tracks. I know! I tell you, if the princess had been my best friend I'd hate to have her come back and find me a chore man!"

Ruby's voice spoke suddenly from behind them: "I'd rather she found me a chore man than all rigged up and standing on my head to impress her."

Phil, who had been politely grave under the onslaught, looked up with a broad smile.

"Thank you, Ruby. I wish I'd thought of that."

"Mother thinks there may be a picture of your princess in a box up in the attic," Ruby went on. "You can look if you want to, but you may get dust on that suit."

"If you will show me the box," Milton said with cold formality.

"With pleasure," said Ruby.

She left him up there. When she came down her mother tried to lighten her dark young face by displaying a dress of silky red crêpe, nearly finished, but Ruby would take no interest.

"I'm not going to dress up for that woman," she announced.

"I guess you're a real democrat," Katie said ruefully. "Now I'm not. I just love lords and queens. And Milton D'Arcy's as bad." Her head was bent over the dress. "He isn't thinking of the princess as if she was a girl—my, she's over thirty! He's just got the thrills. There, that was the train. I do hope that sewing woman could come! You'll help us, dear?"

Ruby went away without answering.

In the room below, Phil Lennox, polishing his windows, whistled under his breath. Everybody lectured him, and he met it with unruffled sweetness; but he was as unchangeable as wind or tide. They reasoned well, but he simply, divinely knew. No accident, no delay could keep him back forever; meanwhile his business was to create, at any cost, and to go on creating. He was the only person there who had seemed unaffected by the coming of the princess. And yet the devotion of those two had been a town legend. Hazel found him romantic and hounded him with questions. She was the child who comes late and unexpectedly and so is loved, shielded and admired beyond the normal lot. No rude shock had as yet shaken her utter trust in a beneficent universe centering about her happy little person.

"Phil, tell me what the princess was like when she was little," she commanded, squatting down against the baseboard to be as near him as possible.

"Like?" Phil had to consider. "Oh, I should say—rather like a fairy."

"A fairy!" Hazel found that foolish.

"Well, in a way. Backwards, you know. Now if someone fell down—that's funny, isn't it?" Hazel's giggle admitted that it was. "Well, she would nearly cry over it. And yet if she fell down herself, she'd laugh her head off. Oh, yes, she wasn't quite mortal. But they put a coronet on her and clapped her down to earth."

Hazel suspected him of talking over her head and did not care for it. "She isn't likely to wear her crown. At least, not in the morning," she instructed him. "Mamma says she cried and cried when she went away and you were down sick."

"Yes, it gave me the measles," was the cheerful answer.

Hazel wanted romance and was not to be balked. "Cousin Tillie says you've never looked at another girl," she said triumphantly, as though that cornered him.

"Rot!" Phil squeezed out a cloth with a vigorous twist. "Looking at girls is my favorite sport. That's why I am washing your windows—so I can see them go by." And he picked up his pail to depart.

He was always like that—unsatisfactory. Hazel gave a baffled sigh.

"Will you be coming in a lot to see her?" she asked.

Phil's answer came back from the door: "Any time she wants her windows washed."

III

ELLEN had not telegraphed the time of her arrival, for she did not want them to have to meet her at the station. Half-past nine in the morning was such a busy hour in Millertown! Besides, it would be sweet to slip through the streets like the little Ellen Guthrie swinging her school bag, to take the town whole to her heart before she met the few old friends who would remember her. And she could expect

"Way back when"

Way back when the clumsy "high wheelers" were the only bicycles, the rider was the pioneer of progress. Today, he would simply invite ridicule.

In those days, also, hand scrubbing and mopping were the only ways known to clean floors. Today, such methods are as needless and antiquated as riding a "high wheeler." With progress, have come electric scrubbing, waxing and polishing. The FINNELL Electric Floor Machine has proved much faster, far more efficient and actually less costly than hand methods.

The FINNELL is now used by thousands of leaders among stores, factories, office buildings, hotels, hospitals, etc. Every business and public building can use it *at a profit*. There are several models—a right size and type for every kind and area of floor.

FREE BOOKLETS! "Your Questions Answered by Users", for business concerns and institutions. If interested in the new FINNELL Polisher and Scrubber for household use, ask for booklet, "Beautiful Floors." Address

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Note to the Public! When you see clean floors, remember that "Clean Floors reflect clean management, clean methods, clean business."

FINNELL
ELECTRIC FLOOR MACHINE

It Waxes
It Polishes
It Scrubs

to find Phil on any corner if she had not actually been told that he had become too grand for Millertown and gone away. As the train slowed down her heart was so big that she had to press it back with both hands.

"Dreams do come true," she told herself, answering an old argument between her instinct and her experience. "One dream did, anyway—I came home!"

It was the same old wooden barn of a station, but shining with fresh paint and waving a noble flag. On either side were neat railed flower beds, so newly finished that the black earth spilled over their borders and the pansies were still hesitating about taking root. Ellen knew what that meant, for she read American magazines.

"Village improvement—the darlings!" she rejoiced.

Taxis had replaced the old carryalls and their drivers lifted inviting fingers; but not very hopefully, and Ellen could slip past with her bag unsolicited. She liked that too. In Italy half a dozen of them would have been shrieking at her and making her miserable. Here were safety and April sun and apple blossoms over an old fence, and from an open door a smell of fresh-baked cookies. Home! Past the broom factory, over the brook, around the blacksmith's corner, and there she was.

The town was little changed, except for a boiling energy of renovation. A very flood of fresh paint had poured down the main street and paper hangers were darting about with ladders. Every shop had clean glass and a bright display of goods; each was a little marvel of American industry and progress. There was not a loafer in the sun, not a beggar or a ragged child.

"Oh, the dears! Oh, my people!" her heart sang. She was of them. Had she not made a success of keeping boarders, maintained her unmortgaged palace and saved enough for a trip home? "I like us!" she confided to the April morning.

In the window of Selby's grocery a clerk was making a mosaic of new potatoes and onions, with "Welcome" done in green peppers; a merry way to greet customers. Moroni's drug store showed pictures of the King and Queen of Italy under crossed flags, American and Italian. That was sweet too. Tony Moroni was always a good patriot. No state banquet had ever offered anything so good as Tony's ice-cream sodas, strawberry for Ellen and wild combinations for Phil, who could not even eat without trying to invent something new. And there was the fire-engine house, where Phil's greatness had been recognized.

A party was afoot in the town hall. Through the open doors Ellen could see ladies, and piles of evergreen, and trestle tables being set up. The fun of a church supper! "Fourteen different things to eat on your plate at once" used to be the proud boast. Ellen stood looking in like a happy ghost, forgetting that she could be seen, until a brisk personage asked her if she wanted anyone. It surely was Aunt Katie's Cousin Tillie Rogers! Ellen smiled shyly, but, meeting no recognition, said "No, thank you," and went on, loving every step of the way.

The maples made of Grove Street a leafy tunnel, gold and green. There was the old Guthrie house, rather run down now and suggesting boarders. Next came the parsonage and the parsonage barn, where Ellen and Phil used to play at keeping house. The Reverend Lennox had died long ago, so it was no use looking for Phil there. Cars of every make were flitting past, and a slender, fair boy at the wheel could set her trembling, though she knew very well that Phil would be thirty-three on the tenth of May.

In the Purrington place Mr. Purrington was cutting the lawn and Mamie Purrington was intermittently visible, hanging fresh curtains, while Mrs. Purrington was just coming out, her arms full of bunting, her soul on ahead hanging it in the town hall. She looked straight at Ellen, but passed without recognizing her. The Sykes corner came next, and at a wild barking from the rear Ellen burst out laughing. It was so like the Sykeses to perpetuate Carlo, and it was so heavenly that no mere dog could frighten her now. There was nothing to be afraid of in Millertown!

In an upper window of the Seaver house Polly Knight, exactly the same little dried-up interrogation point, was running a sewing machine full tilt, but not too busy to take in a stranger; and even Polly did not know her. Polly had sewed for the Guthries for weeks at a time.

"Well, I have changed," Ellen admitted. She felt so much the same that it was hard to realize how her varied experience had remodeled the little-girl face of seventeen years ago.

Aunt Katie's house was fairly luminous with fresh paint—white, with brown trimmings. It was a generous, squarish house, with square bay windows and a small square porch. A board across the front steps and a sign, Please Use Side Door, sent Ellen around through the trimmed and tidied garden to the glass door that opened directly into the dining room. This was the great moment. She knocked. Not even before a royal audience had her heart pounded as it was pounding now.

A little girl opened the door. It could not be Ruby, for Ruby would be nearly twenty. Ellen advanced a hesitating step.

"Does Mrs. Boyd still live here?" she asked.

The child looked from the shabby suit to the old bag, and kept hold of the door knob.

"Yes, but she doesn't use lace or perfumery or books or soap or anything," she said glibly. "And she's awful busy."

The princess did not understand, and she was too touched and tremulous to wonder.

"She is expecting me," she began.

"Oh, I'll tell her," the child broke in, and ran off, calling "Mam-ma!" through the house.

Ellen put down her bag, and had to wipe her eyes before she could see clearly the room that had been more like home to her than her own home. New rug, bright new paper and curtains, but the old familiar set of square golden-oak table and square chairs with high spindled backs; the child's rocking-chair that the little Ellen had loved; the sewing machine under the west window and the old rosewood sofa; the bookcase with the books that she had helped to read to pieces. There was Little Women and Frank in the Mountains and the beloved Story of Mankind.

"'In the dawn of time, before man had emerged out of the primal ooze,'" Ellen murmured. She still knew pages of it by heart.

The little girl came bursting back. She was a very important, busy child, far less hampered by shyness than the princess, and she talked at a speed that left Ellen's Italianized ears struggling behind for understanding.

"Mamma'll be right down," she announced. "She says you're to settle down here, because she don't want any scraps in the spare room. I'm to take your hat and coat and see that you have a good light, and would you rather have a straight chair or a rocker? Mamma's awful glad you could come," she added encouragingly, as the princess showed no sign of giving up hat and coat or of doing anything but stare at her with bewildered eyes.

That brought a smile, and Ellen's smile was always interpreted as an invitation by young things.

"I'm Hazel," the little girl said, and, pushing forward a chair for Ellen, she sociably pulled the little rocker alongside and squeezed her plump body between its arms. "We're just about crazy today," she confided with her busiest air. "You see, we're expecting a princess."

Ellen laughed outright. "You are!"

"Yes, and she's going to stay right here in our house!" Hazel rocked excitedly, then jumped up to answer a knock at the side door. She came back with a pasteboard box, and, setting it on the table, ran to shout up the stairs: "Mam-ma! Another pie's come -rhubarb pie from Gramma Gates!"

"My land, that's seven!" a voice answered from above—Aunt Katie's voice, warm and unchanged; but the princess felt a chill of apprehension. It was all so strange—seven pies, and Aunt Katie not running down to greet her!

"And there's been nine cakes sent in," Hazel boasted, coming back to her chair. "And two ducks and six broilers and a jar of cream and five dozen new-laid eggs. If it wasn't for the town-hall reception, I don't know how we'd get 'em all used up. I certainly don't." She was the responsible head of a household in every line.

"But why—why are you getting all these things?" Ellen asked, dreading the answer.

Hazel found her stupid. "Because what I'm telling you—they're for the princess! She'll get here tonight—to our house! She'll be all velvet and gold and court trains and sixteen trunks full of French underclothes. Oh, I just can't wait to see her!" And Hazel's clasped hands expressed such an ecstasy of anticipation that Ellen quite wrung hers in pity for the coming blow.

"Oh, no!" she breathed. "Oh, they aren't all like that—princesses!"

"Ours is. Look!" Hazel brought out of a table drawer a much creased and worn page of a Sunday supplement of thirteen years ago. There was the Princess Dellatorre in court train and feathers, a full page of her, with touched-up features and commanding pose—she that was little Ellen Guthrie, of Millertown.

"You see?" Hazel triumphed. "She's tall and stately and perfectly beautiful. That's the dress she wore when she was introduced to the King and Queen of England."

Ellen remembered that day of distress and weariness and her mother's fierce warnings. She was only eighteen, but she could see plainly that neither the King nor the Queen cared so very much about meeting her and she longed to tell them it was not her fault she was there. As soon as she had her title, her mother had begun using her like a battering ram on shut doors, so that the war that cut off social seasons had been almost a relief. She shrank away from the pain of that time.

"That was long ago," she pointed out. "She would not look like that now. You know, she was only a simple American girl."

Hazel refused to be forewarned. "Marrying a prince made her into a real princess," she instructed. "It's going to be like a fairy tale or a movie—and I'm in it!" She bounced with joy. "Mamma won't back out of her presence because she might fall down, but I'm going to. And I shall kiss her hand."

"You darling!" Ellen could have cried over her. "Why, I once knew a princess, and she wasn't grand a bit. She was quiet and shy."

Hazel hooted: "A princess—shy!"

"Oh, yes, dreadfully shy." Ellen piled it up with distressed haste, trying to get the vision dimmed before Aunt Katie should come in and wreck the poor child's dream altogether. "The kings and cardinals used to frighten her almost into convulsions. And she hadn't any money at all."

Hazel was still fighting for her glories. "Why not any money?"

"Her prince had spent it."

"Didn't she live in a palace?"

"Yes; but she had to take boarders."

Hazel hooted again, but with less assurance: "Boarders—in a palace!"

"Yes; and they were worse than the kings, but not so bad as the footmen. Oh, she hated the great chilly place and the stone stairs and all the lonely, empty rooms!"

It was like operating on the little soul. Hazel's whole being had begun to droop.

"Then what was the good of being a princess?" she faltered.

Ellen had to finish the bitter job. "It wasn't any good at all. And she was always homesick for a little town in America. She saved and saved until she could go back and see it again."

Hazel was reduced to pleading. "Wasn't she tall and regal?"

"No; short and dowdy—like me."

That was too much. "Like you!" Ellen could only nod. "Well, I just couldn't bear it," Hazel declared, and burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear!" Ellen patted and held her and nearly sobbed herself. It was too cruel. Nobody had a right to go about the world disappointing a child like that!

Suddenly Hazel's head came up, her tears stopped as though she had turned them off. "But our princess isn't like yours!" she cried. "We know all about her! She's terrible rich—millions and millions! She's got a gold crest on her letter paper. Everybody knows how grand she is. And the whole town's fighting who shall invite her first, and everybody's done their house over and got new clothes and new automobiles or had the old automobile fixed up——"

Again Ellen saw the humming activity of the town; she grasped its meaning with a shock that brought her to her feet.

"Oh, no—oh, no!" she cried. "They're not doing all that just for—for her!"

"Yes, they are too!" Hazel put her firmly in her place. "Everything's for her! They're getting up a big reception in the town hall to start off with, and the mayor's going to give her an address of welcome and the keys to something, and she'll stand on the platform and make a speech——"

The tale rushed on, but Ellen heard no more. This was too terrible! She turned to run away, blindly, anywhere; but at that moment the door opened and Aunt Katie came bustling in—pretty, vigorous Aunt Katie, a little thickened, but still impulsive and brisk and brown, still the dear Aunt Katie of all the happy years. She had her arms full of half-made dresses, brown and white and red. Ellen stood silent, trapped and miserable, yet longing to run to her, waiting for her welcome. Aunt Katie scarcely looked at her, beyond a quick, absorbed glance.

"Well, you've just about saved my life by coming," she said heartily as she put down her load. "I suppose you got the morning train. If you can give me this one day, we can get these three dresses finished. I guess Hazel's been telling you about the big doings here—a real live princess coming to visit." She said it with Hazel's own exultation. "My, it does seem as if at last life was going to do something romantic!"

There was double murder to be committed, and again Ellen wrung her hands.

"You don't—know me?" she asked in a quiet little voice that the Princess Dellatorre had learned for moments of wild stress.

Aunt Katie uncovered the sewing machine with a lively bang. "No; but I know all about you, Mrs. Arden. Just sit right down and go to work," she said with her back turned. "Mrs. Coster said she'd telephone over to you and she knew you'd come if you could." Aunt Katie was winding a bobbin at breakneck speed. "All my life I've longed for something romantic," she went on, a laugh in her voice. "Just like I wanted something pink when I was little—and I never had so much as a pink hair ribbon. I thought being married would be romantic; but my gracious, you know what my husband did for a wedding trip?" The pause was only for effect, and the princess could not have spoken anyway. "He took me on a round of sawmills! And it's been steady sawmill ever since. But I don't care—something really grand's going to happen now!" Aunt Katie rose up to it, stood looking into the vision. "It's like things you dream. I'm going to have a princess in my spare room, and she calls me Aunt Katie."

"Aunt Katie!" It was a cry, but they heard only what they expected to hear.

"Yes, she calls me that still," Aunt Katie affirmed. "I can show you her letter. Pretty wonderful! Now I know you're not

(Continued on Page 93)

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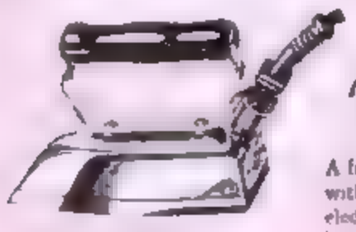

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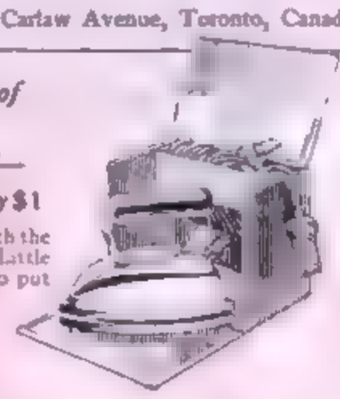

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The full-vision, all-steel body is as rigid as a steel building. It presents new lines of beauty, greater comfort, new upholstering, fine seating arrangement, and front seats that can be easily adjusted to suit any position desired.

There have been constant refinement and improvement in the Super-Six chassis. For 11 years its patented principle has given it outstanding performance and reliability. Its smoothness is known to everyone. Through these years of development, more than 850,000 owners have learned the advantages of the Super-Six. Greater economy in fuel and oil has resulted. Smoothness has been carried to a higher degree than was thought possible in any motor not so long ago. Reliability has been developed so much that expectations of long, hard, economical service now extend way beyond the records in those particulars of earlier Hudsons that already have passed the 200,000 mile mark.

This long experience and vast production have brought about not only a much finer car in every particular, but also have resulted in economies of manufacture and distribution that give amazing price advantage.

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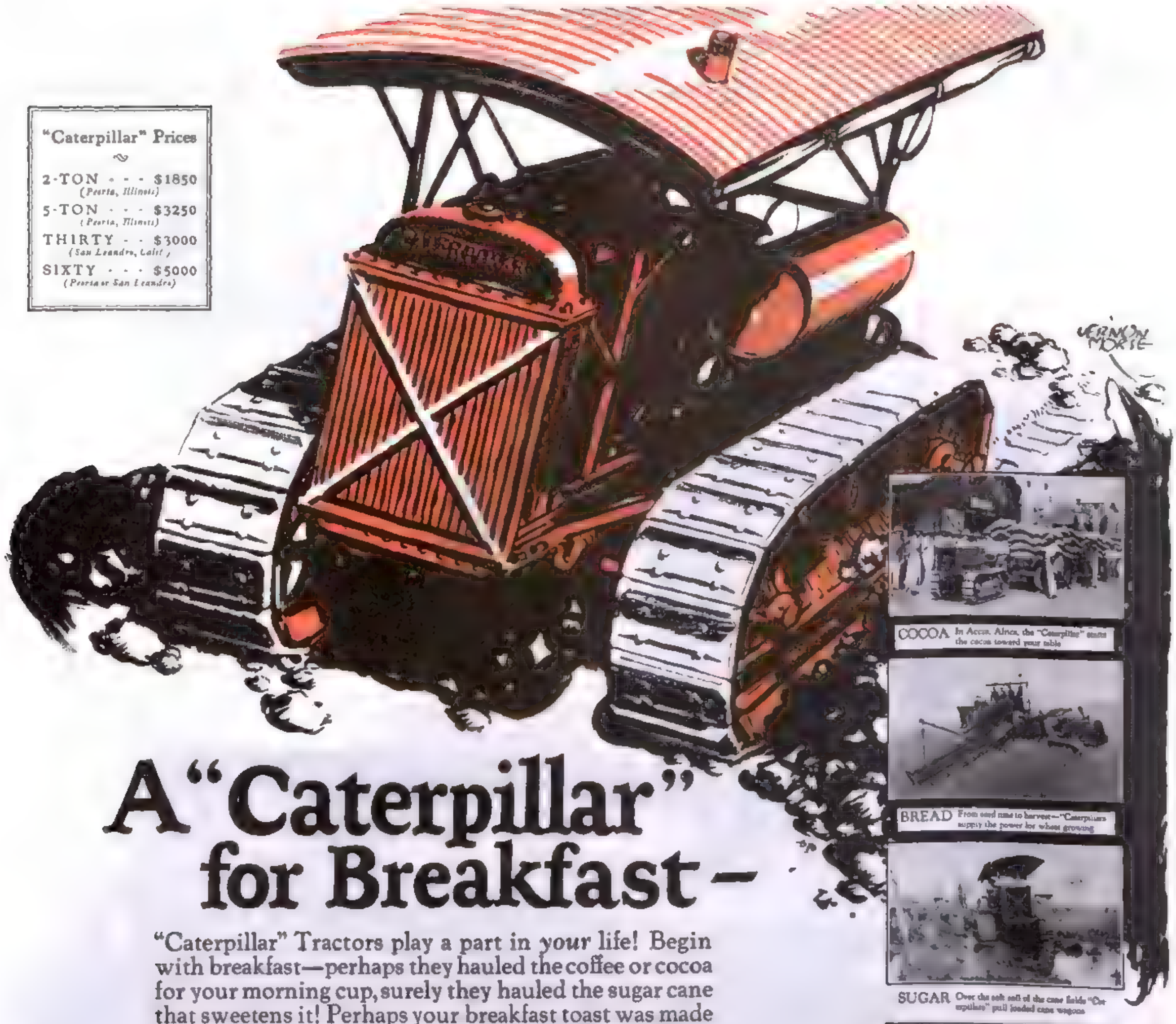

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"Caterpillar" Tractors play a part in *your* life! Begin with breakfast—perhaps they hauled the coffee or cocoa for your morning cup, surely they hauled the sugar cane that sweetens it! Perhaps your breakfast toast was made from wheat planted and harvested by "Caterpillars."

They may have raised and cut the ensilage on which your milk producer winter-feeds his cows. They serve the farmer whose corn-fed pigs make the choicest bacon or sausage. Perchance even your table and chair were made from lumber logged by "Caterpillar" Tractors! And, of course, the road over which you drive to work—if it's a well-made one—is "Caterpillar" built. Perhaps they can serve you *first-hand*, too!

COCOA In Accra, Africa, the "Caterpillar" hauls the cocoa toward your table

BREAD From seed time to harvest—"Caterpillars" supply the power for wheat growing

SUGAR Over the soft soil of the cane fields "Caterpillars" pull loaded cane wagons

WOOD Hard going—logging is no child's play But "Caterpillars" are at work in a thousand forests

ROADS Cocoa, bread, sugar and wood come to you over roads built by "Caterpillars"

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CATERPILLAR

(Continued from Page 88)

a regular dressmaker—three dollars a day, Mrs. Coster said—but if you can turn up these hems—they're marked —— My gracious, we haven't all had new dresses at once since I can remember, and my Aunt Meta's pretty sarcastic, but I'm going to have this one beautiful time if I swing for it. Nothing's going to spoil it. All my life it will be to remember—when the princess came to my house! You got your own thimble?"

The princess could do no more. This went beyond human bearing. If she had had time to face the probable complications, of course she would never have done it, even at the cost of seeing their dreams collapse before her suffering eyes and mounting a platform to make a speech. But the proffered thimble looked like a way out, and she took it simply because there was no way to run. She could sew until they gave her a chance to escape. Then she would go away forever and they could keep their unspoiled dream.

They gave her no chance to escape. There was always someone in the room. The princess sat in a fog of distress, her head bent, her hand mechanically hemming. Neighbors knocked or walked in, bringing more offerings. Expectation was a fever. No heiress to a royal throne could have come up to what they were expecting of their own princess.

Kindly introductions were made to the sewing woman—"My Aunt Meta," "My Daughter Ruby," "My husband." They passed like ghosts before her, the old familiar faces, and not one showed a gleam of recognition. Even Uncle Joe disposed of her with a dry nod. She was a princess in a fairy tale, turned by a cruel enchantment into a dun little household creature, and there was no prince to set her free. Phil's name was not spoken.

Aunt Katie explained many times that the front steps were scrubbed for the princess and she did not mean to have them walked on; and Aunt Meta, looking no older than she had looked to the little Ellen, with the same drab crimps and gathered mouth, took offense, saying that she had never soiled anyone's steps yet, but she could, of course, keep away. They appeased her, just as they used to seventeen years ago. But Joe's entrance was met with a tried "For pity's sake, Joe, what you doing here at this hour?" Surely Aunt Katie used to be nicer to him. Ellen had remembered this house as the center of all human happiness.

Joe declared that the store was closed, as no one could work with a princess coming; and when Katie took him literally and called that crazy, he said perhaps it wasn't so, after all. Ellen had always loved Uncle Joe's fooling. There was a dim comfort in finding him so unchanged. His second explanation was that Hi Judson had hollered to him from the office and asked him to take home a telegram for the princess, as his boy was down sick. Ellen had half risen to receive the telegram before she remembered that she was only Mrs. Arden. She had to see it set up against the clock and hear the possibility of its containing bad news discussed. To Ellen, there was no more bad news possible; the inconceivable worst had happened.

"'Princess!'" Aunt Meta was studying the telegram. "Sounds foolish to me. I ain't ever called anyone princess yet and I'm too old to begin. I shall call her Mrs. Dellatorr', and if she don't like it I'm sorry."

"Shucks! If I can't say Your Royal Sublimeness, I'm going to let it go at Nelly," Joe said, and went out.

Katie sighed after him. "'Princess' don't mean any more to Joe than 'heifer,'" she said impatiently.

"I don't know but we ought to look at this telegram, Katie." Aunt Meta's hard, exploring fingers could not let it alone. "It ain't really sealed. And if anybody's dead, you'd want to break it to her."

"Oh, I wouldn't, Aunt Meta!" Katie exclaimed. "'Twouldn't be quite delicate."

Aunt Meta had the message out. "Well, I'll just glance," she said, and read it with a thoughtful pursing of her bleak mouth, a nod of significance. "Cable," she observed.

"What is it?" Katie asked.

"If you're so delicate, I guess you better wait till she tells you." Aunt Meta replaced the message against the clock. "Well, I'll be going along." And she went, well pleased with herself.

"Oh, I'm not going to mind anything today," Katie said to a ruffled self. "Now, Mrs. Arden, these sleeves are all ready to stitch in. There's brown on the machine."

Ellen took the brown gown to the sewing machine, and for a moment wilted down there, her head on her hand. It was too awful. Aunt Katie was talking to someone at the door, expressing joyous thanks for a tenth cake.

"I really can't go on much longer," Ellen explained to a Providence that seemed to be overlooking one fallen sparrow.

Through the open window came a sound of whistling, a tuneless bird ripple. Ellen's head jerked up, her face became a white mask of listening. When the sound paused, she put out a trembling hand and lifted the curtain.

In the kitchen extension, not ten feet distant, a long wisp of a man, incredibly shabby, sat on a window sill with the window pulled down across his knees, rubbing at the outside of the pane. At first she could see only a shock of fair hair, much in need of cutting. Then he turned and she saw a high, bumpy forehead, a dreamer's blue eyes, a boyish mouth, grave with the patience of the creator, yet tranquil with the cheer of the undefeated.

Aunt Katie shut the door. "Well, it's the first angel cake anyhow," she laughed.

Ellen dropped the curtain and started the machine on a wild course.

IV

THEY were all settled about her, Hazel pulling out bastings, Aunt Katie trying on, Ruby sitting apart, her dark head bent, sewing resentfully; but the fog of distress was gone, and with it all desire to escape. Outwardly, the princess was as gently quiet as ever, but within, a fierce joy blazed. Phil was here. Phil had not gone away in grandeur. Perhaps Phil even needed her. What he was doing could wait for explanation. Everything could wait until he and she were face to face. He was here, and no woman looked after him. Her heart laughed and sang over that ragged sweater.

"Funny—you do remind me of someone," Aunt Katie said, but absently, her mind all on the distance of her skirt edge from the floor. "I don't care what the magazines say, seven inches is enough at my age. This is a real good piece of silk, but I don't suppose it will seem anything to the princess."

Hazel bounced with excitement. "Oh, Mrs. Arden, what will the princess wear?"

"Silver brocade," Ellen said out of her happiness. "Silver slippers with diamond heels."

Hazel's "Oh!" was a sigh of ecstasy.

"You don't mean common?" Aunt Katie protested.

Ellen reconsidered. "In the morning she will wear white lace and pearls," she decided. "Like spider webs with the dew on."

Both gloated at the picture, but Ruby gave an angry twitch. "I think she'll look silly," she flung out.

Ellen looked at the dark head with loving question. Anyone who had known Ruby at two would have recognized her at twenty. She had been a swashbuckling baby, powerful, insolent, splendid.

"Don't you want your princess to be gorgeous?" Ellen asked.

"I don't want her at all," was the hot answer. "I think she's a nuisance, coming back here and turning everything upside down."

That did hurt. Ellen tried to be sensible about it, but it hurt.

"Never mind—Phil is here," she told herself, and again it was April in Millertown.

"I suppose she was homesick," she ventured.

"For this place!" Ruby found that too ridiculous for comment.

"For old friends," Ellen pleaded.

Ruby would not concede even old friends. "Yes, that's likely, after what she's used to! This town has spent every bit of five thousand dollars getting ready for her."

"Oh, no!"

"Well, Sim Lunt says so. And she'll laugh at us for a bunch of hicks." Ruby found a bitter satisfaction in that. "The only person here who has kept his head is Phil Lennox. Phil may be a fool, but he isn't all worked up about the princess. He hasn't even got a haircut."

Blows were raining upon Ellen. She sat stricken while Hazel fell upon Ruby and fought for her glories. Ruby presently flared up and left the room.

"I know why Ruby's mad," Hazel said in her most elderly manner. "It's because Milt is crazy about the princess."

Katie looked troubled. "Don't talk foolishness, lovey. Milt's kind of excited, that's all. And she wouldn't look at him. My, she could have the pick of all Italy!"

"Well, Cousin Tillie said ——"

"There's the iceman," Katie interrupted. "You go see that he don't leave the cream standing out on the table like he did last time."

Hazel ran off and Katie sewed in clouded silence. "I'll just see what Ruby is doing," she said presently. As she rose, someone came in. "Yes, Phil, polish the fender, and that's all for today," she said. "I'll get you your money." Then she was gone, and there was no one in the room but the princess bent over the sewing machine and the man kneeling by the hearth, rubbing at the brass fender. Her stillness was so complete that he finally looked up.

"I hope you don't mind this," he said by way of being pleasant.

She had turned her head a very little. "No, not at all," she said faintly.

He rose, hesitated. A long time seemed to pass before he came slowly across the room to stand before her.

"Who are you?"

"The sewing woman," she murmured.

"Would you mind looking up?"

Her head only drooped lower. "I am so busy."

"Then I am going to kneel down."

"Oh, please!" She did lift her face at that.

"Ellen!"

She tried to hold back. "I am Mrs. Arden," she panted.

He was not to be put off. "You're little Ellen Guthrie!" he sang out.

"Phil!" It burst from her. She was on her feet, her hands in his. Their eyes met, blurring; then, quite simply and naturally, they kissed each other and sat down side by side on the old sofa, hands tightly clasped, smiling through tears.

"Ellen!" he said again, and she answered, "Phil!"

"Then you remembered?" he marveled.

"Always! Oh, every day! But I didn't suppose you ——"

"Oh, yes! You made all other girls ——"

"I know! With other men, it was always 'Phil wouldn't have done that!'"

"Queer!" He held her hand more tightly, as though she might slip away. "Why, we were only children!"

She had an inspiration: "Then perhaps we have stayed children!"

"Perhaps. Waiting ——" And then suddenly he awoke to how he had found her. "But what in the world are you doing?" he demanded.

She had the merriest laugh in the whole world. "Phil, they took me for the sewing woman! And I couldn't tell them, the poor darlings were so excited over their princess. So I just sat down and sewed."

He hung between laughter and wrath. "Well, I'll be ——"

"I really couldn't help it," she assured him. "They are looking for a great, gorgeous, romantic creature, a princess out of a fairy tale. How could I spoil it?" She

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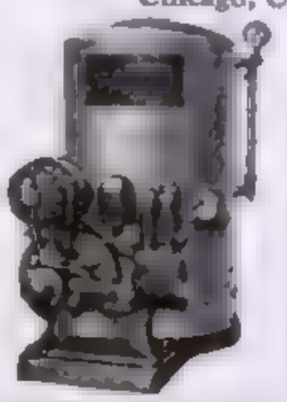

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expected him to see that that was only reasonable.

"And they didn't recognize you?" He could not believe his eyes and ears.

"I've changed so. Aunt Katie would, only she isn't really looking. She can't see anything but glory." Ellen laughed again, but ruefully. "Oh, Phil, I have always been such a disappointment! My mother used to say, 'My daughter, Princess Dellatorre'; she made it sound like trumpets; and there was just me, trying to get under a chair. I couldn't go through that again."

He wanted to cry, and he did swear. "But you can't go on—they will have to find out ——"

"No." She had a firm little headshake. "I will slip off when the day is over and they will never know. I will send a telegram that their princess is called back to Italy. I didn't come home to hurt them."

He thought he had her there. "That would about kill them."

"But they will keep their dream, their fairy princess. That is much better for them." She knew her own mind, this princess. "One little hurt, but years of glory—the princess who nearly came. Dreams always fail you if you try to make them come true."

"Don't!" he said quickly.

"Mine have. Why, I married a prince! And then he was just a bad, stupid man who spent all my money."

Phil turned away as though the prince had come between them.

"Surely not all of it, Ellen?"

"Everything but the palace went. I am really very poor, but I don't mind that a bit. It was so wonderful of Alfredo to die! Usually, you know, they don't," she added cheerfully under his shocked stare.

Phil had to struggle for his words: "Didn't he—care for you—at all?"

Ellen was sensible about it. "Poor Alfredo, how could he? He didn't care for anything on earth but excitement, and you couldn't call me exciting."

His face had flamed. "Yes, I could! I am so excited this minute ——"

"I'm glad! For that was another dream—the welcome. But they are thinking only of the princess; not one of them has said, 'Ellen is coming!'"

He fairly shouted at her: "But, you blessed child, how could we know that there was any Ellen left? I didn't. I've been saying, 'What is her coming to me?' I thought you would be rich and grand and changed into another being. Why aren't you? How could you live that life and come back the same? Ellen, it isn't possible!"

"But I didn't lead that life! Alfredo took me about when he had to, to the big, formal, awful things; and I sat at the head of his table when I couldn't get out of it by being ill. But I was alone for weeks—months—at a time." She had her reasonable explanation: "You see, the nice people couldn't stand Alfredo and the fast people couldn't stand me."

"Why didn't you leave him?" Phil asked.

She sighed over old struggles. "It is so hard to do that in Italy! Especially when you have no people to back you up. And then Alfredo's heart began to be bad, so it seemed easier to wait. Of course, I didn't know that all my money was going. But I have done rather well with my boarders."

"Boarders!"

"Oh, yes, I have taken boarders for six years." She was proud of it. "The palace isn't mortgaged, and I saved enough ——" Then she broke off. "Oh, Phil, read me that cable quickly, before anyone comes in! It is probably to say that the old princess has a toothache, but I might as well know."

He jumped up and had his hand on the message, when the mirror behind the clock showed Aunt Meta coming in at the side door. Phil affected to straighten the clock, listened to see if it were going, then went back to his polishing. The sewing machine by the window was racing full speed ahead.

Aunt Meta looked suspiciously from one to the other. The sofa had an air of telling tales under her eagle glance.

"H'm—I guess I'll put this message upstairs, where it will be safer," she said as though to herself, and took it away with her. Before they had dared do more than exchange guilty glances Milton D'Arcy was in the room, brushing dust from his suit with a solicitous hand. He had brought a faded photograph, cabinet size, of a little girl with a straight bang to her eyes and her dress to ugly shoe tops.

"Look here, Phil," he began worriedly. "This says 'Ellen' on the back, and it's the only one that does. I've looked through bushels; but it can't be the princess, can it?"

Phil took it, smiling deeply. "Yes, that was the princess."

Milt was discouraged. "I don't know about publishing this. She might not like it. I'd hate to make a break."

Phil was gathering up his things. "Ask Mrs. Arden—she knows everything," he said, and went out without a backward glance.

Milton laid the picture on the machine and waited quite simply for advice. Ellen studied it amusedly.

"Funny little country girl," she said. "Yes, publish it—why not?"

"I thought she might not want it remembered that she had been a funny little country girl," Milton explained, taking it back with a dubious frown. "I don't suppose it did her justice, even then."

Ellen looked up into the sober, strong face, and, because she was so madly happy herself, she set to work in simple earnestness to make Ruby happy too. That hint of an interrupted romance wrung her, now that her own romance was safe. She had forgotten that Phil was not yet explained. He was here!

"Princesses are apt to be plain, don't you think? Plain and rather dull," she said.

That was a new idea to Milton. "I never saw one," he admitted.

"Oh, I have. I lived abroad once and I knew several princesses," she began, then broke off, fearing that she had said too much.

Milton explained it for her. "I suppose sewing takes you into all sorts of grand houses."

"Yes, I've been in very grand houses," she assented. "And, you know, when you are all alone in the room with a princess she is only another woman."

He did not understand. "Another woman?"

"I mean, rank isn't any fun unless someone is looking on." She was very anxious that he should understand that. "Youth and beauty and brains and goodness—you could enjoy those if you were all alone with them on a desert island; but you would get nothing out of her being a princess." Ellen had been alone with a prince and she knew. "Titles are really great nonsense."

Milton sat down sidewise on a chair that looked too small for his powerful body.

"The world doesn't see it that way," he argued. "You can say that being called governor is no use, and yet men work pretty hard for it." A subtle line came out in his jaw. It was easy to see Milton being called governor.

"But 'governor' means something in you," she pointed out. "You won't simply marry or inherit it, as one does rank; you will win it."

He smiled, well pleased at the hint of prophecy. "You're a mighty thoughtful little woman," he congratulated her. "How do you come to know so much?"

"Well, sewing gives one time to think," said the Princess Dellatorre.

"Time to gab, too," observed Aunt Meta in a general sort of way as she came in. "Milt, if you're going by the post office, I'll ride along with you." She had an air of carrying him off. At the door, she sent back a look that said plainly, "No, you don't, young woman—I'm on to you!" But Ellen's head was bent over her sewing and she missed the challenge.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Dividends in Health

Clogged intestines, skin and stomach disorders corrected—the reward of invincible energy again —with the aid of one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

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"I HAD CONSTIPATION for over six years. A doctor told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day and still do—one before breakfast in hot water, one at noon, and one at night in hot water. My constipation disappeared. I haven't taken a single dose of medicine for a year."

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THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

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Try this new shaving method

See how it softens your beard at the base in a really scientific way

HERE is a shaving cream developed to soften your beard in a scientific way—a way that means quicker, smoother shaving, and leaves your face smooth and comfortable all day long.

It is a unique shaving method—different in action and result from anything you have ever known before.

ORDINARY LATHER
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER
Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

The name of this product is Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It was designed especially to soften the beard at the base with moisture.

And remember, *water*, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

It softens beard at base

Colgate's is shaving cream in concentrated form. In this lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the microscope shows; they hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact with the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair.

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work.

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where cutting

takes place. "Razor pull" is entirely banished.

In addition, Colgate's lather lubricates the path of the razor . . . . lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

Unlike any cream you've ever used

It is interesting to note the difference in the comfort of your shave when you lather up with Colgate's . . . to discover how clean and cool it leaves your face, how smooth without the usual dryness.

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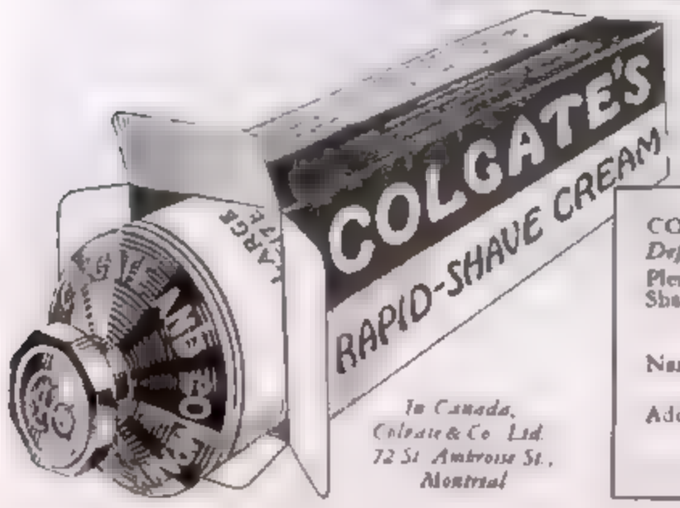

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE WYKE WILL-O'-THE-WISP

(Continued from Page 13)

So, four dozen bottles of sherry behind the delightful game, he began to twist the conversation more in his own direction. He began to convey to her that he was in search of a nice little building site somewhere between bonny Branksome and beautiful Bournemouth.

So successful was his breezy style that within ten minutes the lovely creature in the diagonally opposite corner was hinting that she could give him a letter of introduction to a man who would sell him one of the most charming little sites obtainable in the neighborhood—at a figure almost dishonestly low.

George H. looked pleased. "I should be very grateful for that," he declared. "I have been wanting a modest half acre near or, better still, part of—the Wyke estate for a long time."

The lady—her card said she was the Honorable Mrs. Gervase Jenifex-Johnstoun—smiled faintly at that.

"Probably the friend I mention could help you to find a little land near the Wyke estate," she said singingly to the Squire of Finch Court. "But, of course, the Wyke land is sacred," she continued. "Really, you know, you might as well coquette with the delusion that you could buy a little frontage—frontage? Is that the word?—in the Garden of Eden as a site on the Wyke estate. You see, I happen to be a close friend of Lady Wyke, and she is quite determined that her husband shall never sell a square inch of that fifty acres of paradise they choose to call Wyke Waste."

"Indeed?" George H. let his eyebrows rise and fall. "Is the land so very—er—precious to Lady Wyke?"

"No; it is just her fancy—her obstinacy. She is charming, of course—haven't you met her?—but she is rather in love with the idea of owning a holiday house surrounded by fifty acres of perfect park land of which everybody wants a slice. She likes to sit in the twilight on the terrace of Wyke Waste House and think of the real-estate speculators ravening round the spiked iron fences inclosing the park. That is because of her artistic temperament. She says she loves to hear them howling in the distance through the dusk, but that's just her simple fun, Mr. Jay."

"Yes, of course. Ha-ha! It's rather amusing. One sees her point of view. But what does Sir Tomas think of it all, do you suppose?" pressed the old anteater from Finch Court.

"Oh, Sir Tomas!" The Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun's faint gesture swept Sir Tomas clear over the edge of the horizon, somewhere down among the furnace fires of the sunset. "He is, of course, dumb, blind, senseless and rapt in his lifelong pursuit of the perfect artificial fertilizer. Does anyone pay any attention to Sir Tomas nowadays? I think not."

The lady gracefully fitted a further cigarette to her holder.

"Pardon me, dear lady," entreated George H., "but I am interested in a man of that caliber. I admit it. I happen to own a few acres of cold and stubborn land myself, and I have studied this question of a perfect fertilizer for cold clay soil personally. It is badly needed—badly, shockingly badly. Science lags disgracefully behind in the matter, I assure you. Indeed"—he was watching her faintly amused smile with a very real intentness as he rambled on—"indeed, I have conducted certain experiments in that direction myself. Of the artificial fertilizers proper I have found that basic slag—leaving guano aside for a moment for reasons I will deal with later—carefully handled, quite frequently shows a ——"

"Forgive me, dear Mr. Jay, if I plead guilty to possession of a mind which is inadequate to cope with the glittering possibilities of basic slag. I wish very much that I were intelligent enough to follow you," purred madam; and taking a pack of business cards from her bag, went through them with the expertness of a pretty good poker player. She let fall one, and replacing the others, passed the selected card to Mr. Jay.

"But if at any time you are in real need of a very fine fertilizer, I advise you with all my heart to state your requirements to the gentleman whose name is printed there, Mr. Jay. Mention my name and he will certainly give you a great deal of discount."

She yawned a little, glancing out of the corners of her fine eyes. "We shall soon be there," she stated, with the air of one who would not be sorry for that.

"But, dear lady, do you mean to say that Sir Tomas Wyke is seriously interested in research work for a perfect all-round fertilizer?" asked George.

She smiled. "He has searched the nooks and crannies of science for that will-o'-the-wisp for the last forty years," she said, with an odd effect of great weariness. "It is his little weakness, you see. Lady Wyke has suffered much from his unconquerable mania. He has thrown away vast sums of excellent money on this wholly maniacal research of his, and his passion has rendered him tedious beyond human conception. Almost anyone armed with a zest for fertilizer research can have the run of Sir Tomas Wyke's hospitality. Any adventurer in rags can claim and receive the attention and interest of Sir Tomas, provided that he comes to discuss the various methods of mixing quantities of probably unpleasant chemicals, in the hope of producing a compound capable of making two large mangelwurzels—whatever they may be—grow where only one, and a small one, grew before."

The lights of the Bournemouth platform were sliding past.

"How very odd!" said gentle George H. Jay, smiling, and began to busy himself on behalf of the lady.

The woman who presently alighted languidly from the carriage—resigning herself like a totally helpless thing to certain servants obviously sent to meet her—was a vastly different one from the person who had shot four dozen of doubtful sherry into him half an hour before.

But George H. thought none the worse of her for that. Indeed, he watched her disappear with something like admiration in his eyes.

"Now if only I were a marrying man, there goes a wife I could use in my business—ha-ha!" he said, alighting himself.

"Beg pardon, sir?" inquired the porter who had clenched onto his luggage.

"Eh? Oh, nothing, nothing, my man. Just thinking aloud. Hurry up and get that luggage on the next train to London."

"To London, sir? Waiting on Number 2 now. You'll have to hurry, sir, if you're going straight back to where you have come from, sir," stated the bewildered porter.

George H. beamed. "That's it—straight back, porter. I find I've forgotten something I need. Just get a move on, friend, and we shall both be more or less all right."

II

NEARLY three weeks had slipped by before George H. once again took the Bournemouth trip, survived it and in due course found himself in the presence of Sir Tomas Wyke, an ancient person, with a worn face, dreamy eyes and a shabby dressing gown. He desired to know, quickly and briefly, Mr. Jay's business with him.

"Why, Sir Tomas, that is easily explained," boomed George Henry in his breeziest manner. "I wish to buy Wyke Waste."

"Thousands have wished that," snapped Sir Tomas. "Leave the house."

"With pleasure," said George. "But before I go I would like to observe that I do

(Continued on Page 98)

CHRYSLER Standardized Quality

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Chrysler manufacturing, like Chrysler engineering, is different from ordinary manufacturing—radically and immeasurably different in principle and practice.

Merely building several cars is one thing. Building four lines of cars under one name and one management in one unified group of plants on a rigid system of quality standardization is a totally different thing.

Quantity production has long been standardized—quality standardization has been accomplished for the first time in motor car manufacturing by Walter P. Chrysler.

50, 60, 70, Imperial 80—These car numerals attached to the name Chrysler mean miles per hour and they mean something vastly more important than that in creating value.

They mean a common basis of quality for all four lines of cars—a rigid system of close measurement and fine manufacturing applied alike to each and every one of the four lines—a common source of engineering skill—a division of overhead and operating costs into four parts—a combination of buying resources—a magnificent system of special machines and special processes devised to insure invincible accuracy in the manufacture of all four lines of cars—a positive protective process of guaranteeing the owner exactly the same basic quality no matter what price he pays or which Chrysler car he buys.

Quantity production has long been standardized—quality standardization has been accomplished in motor car manufacturing for the first time by Walter P. Chrysler.

At one step this eliminates "purchaser's risk" and makes possible the purchase of either the lowest or the highest priced Chrysler car with the positive assurance that the quality in each is equally unquestionable.

Certainty of unsurpassed performance is thus built into every Chrysler car, no matter what its price classification.

The Chrysler plan makes possible greater value for the investment than has heretofore been dreamed by the automobile buyer.

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CHRYSLER
"50 – 60 – 70 – 80"
CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

You Should Weigh—

"STEP right up! Let me guess your weight!" the barker shouts and up steps the laughing, jostling crowd eager for fun. And it seems funny—but in reality the scales are engaged in a serious business. They say to the fat, "Beware—you are in danger!" And to the thin, "Take heed—trouble ahead!"

* * * * *

IT is estimated that one-eighth of the people of the United States are overweight to such an extent that their health is menaced. On the other hand, in their efforts to be slim, thousands of girls and young women are definitely undermining their health.

Up to the age of 30 it is well to weigh five or ten pounds more than the average for your age and height. Extra weight in youth is needed to fortify the body against tuberculosis and other infections to which young persons are particularly subject.

But from 30 on, it is best to weigh less than the average, particularly as age advances. Excess weight over 30 may be a predisposing cause of heart disease, diabetes, gout, kidney trouble, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries and apoplexy. Reduce safely—do not take dangerous "fat reducers". Get the advice of your physician.

Begin now to work toward your proper weight—and when you reach it, keep it.

Persons past their youth who weigh 20% more than the average have a one-third greater death rate than the average. Those who are 40% overweight have a 50% greater death rate than the average.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes overweight as so serious an impairment among its policyholders that it has issued a booklet which contains much valuable information for those who wish to avoid dangerous overweight.

This booklet tells how a certain group of our own Metropolitan employees were brought back to normal weight by simple diet and exercise. In several cases as much as 50 pounds were eliminated—safely and comfortably.

In this booklet will be found a weight table prepared according to the latest study on the subject, as well as a complete program of diet and exercises that will help you to reduce your weight if you are organically sound.

A copy of "Overweight—Its Cause and Treatment" will be mailed free to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 96)

not propose offering you money—at least not wholly money—for the land."

Sir Tomas made his eyebrows form fours and things like that. "Not money?" he rapped.

"Only partially so, Sir Tomas," explained Mr. Jay, reseating himself. "I am prepared to offer you a little in cash and a lot in artificial manure—fertilizer, that is."

Sir Tomas disentangled his eyebrows and sat down. "Pardon me, Mr.—er ——"

"—— Jay, sir—George Henry Jay, the well-known agent to the aristocracy, 5 Finch Court, Southampton Row, London," explained George earnestly, and leaned forward. "If you had the impression that I have the slightest intention of offering you money for the Bournemouth portion of the Wyke estate, I can only say that you were wasting a good impression. The money I am offering is hardly worth talking about. It's five thousand pounds in cash. But with it I offer also the formula for a new fertilizer which is easily capable of making—making—well, for example, two large mangel-wurzels grow where only one, and a little one, grew before."

"That," said Sir Tomas equably, "is practically impossible. I have sought such a fertilizer for forty years."

"No doubt, Sir Tomas," agreed Mr. Jay. "And so have many others. Myself among them, I may say. I own some acres of cold clayey soil myself. . . . But listen to me, Sir Tomas. I speak not as an expert but as a simple layman. Now the wurzel, for example, is a cold and watery root, but much depends on it. That is so?" The smooth old swordfish from Finch Court saw the keen interest which lit up the normally far from keen visage confronting him. "What then, Sir Tomas—as a matter of simple common sense—does the wurzel need? It is cold; therefore it needs warmth. It is watery; therefore it needs dryness. Thermic acid provides both."

Sir Tomas leaned forward, his eyes straining from their sockets.

"I have not heard of thermic acid," he gulped.

"Naturally, you have not. It is new, Sir Tomas. And, at that, it is merely a minor ingredient of the newly invented and completely irresistible fertilizer of which I own the formula and the world's rights."

Sir Tomas rose. "I am disposed—I am very much inclined to be seriously interested in your proposal, Mr.—er ——"

"—— Jay, Sir Tomas; George H. Jay, the celebrated agent of 5 Finch Court, London."

"Yes, yes, quite so, Mr.—er —— Let me see now, you actually have this formula? And you are prepared to exchange it, plus five thousand pounds, for Wyke Waste? I ought, in common fairness, Mr.—er ——"

"—— Jay, Sir Tomas."

"Quite, quite—to warn you that Wyke Waste is pure sand; sand upon gravel, with more sand below. It can never be a truly fruitful soil—never! I have experimented for years. However, if you are still disposed to purchase it for the formula—plus the—eh?—five thousand pounds, was it?—I may say that, pending further discussion of the formula, I am very well disposed towards considering your propos——"

"Pardon me, Tomas, I am afraid you are rather boring our visitor."

It was a velvety contralto voice, extraordinarily beautiful, but imperious and strangely compelling.

George Henry turned like startled lightning—almost as quick as Sir Tomas. The lady who had spoken was surveying them both from the doorway, and she did not appear to be quite satisfied that she was getting full value for the use of her magnificent eyes.

Sir Tomas mumbled something half intelligible about the remarkable discovery of thermic acid which would revolutionize quite a large number of things like mangel-wurzels. But Lady Claire, tall, regal, years younger than Sir Tomas, and about as handsome as anything feminine should be allowed to be, hushed him up with a smiling gesture:

"I know, dear—I know. But after all, that is no reason why you should tire our very welcome guest. Besides, it is your own rest hour, you know." Her chin went several inches higher as she turned her glorious eyes on George Henry. "You would like to come and see my orchids, while Sir Tomas has his rest, wouldn't you?" she said, as invitingly as hintfully.

George H. was instantly active. "With great pleasure, Lady Wyke," he stated, with great perjury.

She turned to the old fellow in the dressing gown. "Take your rest now, dear—and have a nice long talk about it in your laboratory presently," she suggested; and ignoring certain manifestations of protest from her elderly husband, lifted Mr. Jay out of the room with the power of the human eye alone.

The door clicked behind them and the lady led the way into the hall. For a fleeting moment George H. really thought he was going to witness orchids. But instead ——

"How dare you? Leave the house!" said the Lady Claire, and signed to a person of butlerlike appearance, hovering somewhere north of them.

"Eh? Pardon me, Lady Wyke ——"

But she concentrated on it. "Leave the house!" she commanded.

George could take a hint when it was offered. He left, as requested.

"Well, there's one thing," he consoled himself, as he left the house farther behind: "I know what I'm up against." That was true enough. He halted halfway across the park and looked about him, admiring the scenery. "I certainly had got Sir Tomas going; and if she hadn't caught me coming, I might have done a very useful bit of business—yes."

He moved on, musing aloud. "I don't see that this man Clamm is necessary in this business at all. There should be any amount of buyers for a block of building land like this to be found in the south. No need for any interference from the north at all."

He wrote to Mr. Clamm on his return to town, stating that his first skirmish had been a failure, inclosed his bill of costs for the said failure and desired to know whether Mr. Clamm desired him to proceed with another attempt.

Humber Clamm's answer consisted of a telegraphic negative, and, a day or two later, a very rude and ungrateful letter, inclosing George's bill of costs unpaid but cruelly criticized.

"I have always been able to get nothing by my own efforts, and I do not propose to start paying agents money to get it for me," wrote Humber acridly.

"So be it," said Mr. Jay weightily. "Just a greedy man—exactly as I suspected. Bit of a humorist, too—ha-ha!"

He was putting the letter carefully away when Mr. Gus Golding announced a lady—Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. George received her with cautious politeness. She speedily made it plain that Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun engaged in making a little on the side in the City was less given to airs and graces than Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun doing the like in a first-class railway carriage en route for a short holiday. She let a brilliant smile serve for all preliminaries and got to business forthwith.

"You should have confided in me when we met in the train that you wished to buy Wyke Waste, Mr. Jay," she said at once. "Why, don't you know, I was actually on my way to spend the week-end with Lady Wyke, and I could have simplified things so very much for you—for us, rather. You know, you have made things much more difficult for us than they need have been."

"Us?" inquired the gentle one.

"Myself—and you, too, in a way," explained Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, and allowed him to strike a match for her cigarette.

"Oh, I see—ha-ha!" breezed George rather vaguely.

(Continued on Page 101)

Gaining Public Confidence

TRUE merit is recognized in this land of ours. Sometimes the path is not always easy. Sometimes it is not always swift. Sometimes patience is required. But if the cause is just, if real service is being rendered to the public, then sooner or later the multitude will appreciate it and will praise the efforts. ¶ It is a law of nature. ¶ Star cars are now in their fourth year. More than four hundred thousand have been built. Progress has been constantly made in production. The demand has been widened. Star car following has steadily increased. ¶ Today the name STAR on a motor car has the respect of the trade and the confidence of the public. ¶ And this confidence has been earned by sheer merit. It has been earned by building honestly and giving dollar-for-dollar value—by serving the public need. ¶ Today the New Star Six and Improved Star Four more than ever before live up to these ideals. ¶ Go see the new Star cars and you will appreciate what has been done. ¶ You will see car beauty which will win your hearty approval. You will find a chassis of greater power and a body obviously superior in design, construction, equipment, and finish. ¶ An inspection of the new models will enable you to realize why the Star car is Gaining Public Confidence—why Star car sales are steadily climbing—and why the true merit of Star cars is being appreciated more and more in a country where the buyer of automobiles knows what constitutes dollar-for-dollar value.

The New Star Six

Chassis	$650
Touring	725
Coupe	820
Coach	880
De Luxe Sport Roadster	910
Sedan	975
Landau	995
COMPOUND FLEETRUCK Ton Chassis	975

Improved Star Four

Com. Chassis	$470
Convertible Roadster	550
Touring	550
Coupe	675
Coach	695
Sedan	795

Prices f. o. b. Lansing

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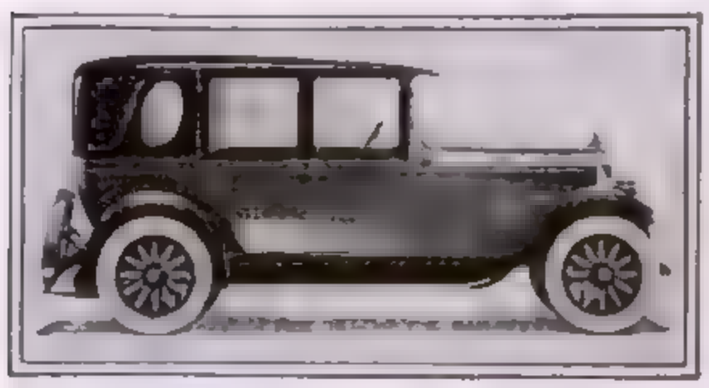
SUMMER and Winter—Summer and Winter—a hundred times over since Nature began the work of changing a tiny seed into a Giant of the Forest. A hundred years in preparing for the exacting requirements of high-grade coachwork. Slow growth—straight growth—harder and tougher each year—until the day . . . . .

And here is where skilled hands protect the work of a century. Because a single careless act in felling or logging can make this work of Nature unfit for coachwork.

Each and every piece of timber used in Hayes-Hunt bodies is carefully felled, logged, inspected for straightness of grain, freedom from natural flaws. Then each timber is kiln-dried before milling to eliminate warping or shrinkage.

Thus, when the wood framework of a Hayes-Hunt body is assembled and all major joints mortised, glued, dowelled, and bolted, it is one single unit, strong and rigid, insured against warps and squeaks yet affording the resiliency and comfort characteristic of high-grade composite bodies.

The carefully built wood frame of a Hayes-Hunt body is now encased in steel, bolted and welded for added strength, and with break-joints to guard against road roars or drumming.



And so the forest giant—a hundred years in the making—lends comfort, ease and protection to the world's greatest vehicle for personal transportation—the motor car.

HAYES-HUNT CORPORATION, ELIZABETH, NEW JERSEY

Hayes-Hunt Bodies

Beauty, Service and Comfort

(Continued from Page 98

"Your offer to poor Sir Tomas Wyke of a paltry amount of money plus a formula for a new fertilizer was a very creditable gesture, Mr. Jay—a business gesture, I mean. Not of course a stroke of genius, but nevertheless a fragment of strategy worthy of better tactics," pursued the lady, with a species of kindly indulgence. "You made a frightful mistake in not confiding in me, when we discussed the matter. But I'll forgive you that, for I think we still might succeed in pulling the thing off."

"We?" said George H. very pointedly. "Forgive me, Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, but do you desire me to understand that you are offering to help me in this little difficulty in return for a certain commission on the—um proceeds?"

The lady nodded, smiling. "Oh, yes, quite. Fifty per cent, don't you see?"

"Fifty per cent is not commission," said George Henry seriously.

"Indeed?"

"No, I assure you. It's cruelty—not commission. Commission rarely runs over 15 per cent. Sometimes it's a trifle more—more often it's a whole lot less," said the Squire of Finch Court intensely.

"Well, waive all that," said Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun, and proceeded to waive it.

"Please listen, Mr. Jay," she said. "You were almost fatally foolish to press the matter with Sir Tomas at a time when Lady Wyke was in the house—or the neighborhood. How you succeeded in getting in touch with Sir Tomas passes my comprehension. Lady Wyke is an extraordinarily clever woman. I do not believe the man exists who is clever enough to buy Wyke Waste from Sir Tomas without assistance—assistance of a very exclusive kind -mine."

She enjoyed her cigarette a little, watching him with clean, coldly amused eyes. "She told me all about you—your effort—and we both laughed very much. After all, it was amusing, was it not?"

George H. nodded. "Maybe—if one is easily amused," he agreed stuffily.

She softened a little, smiling, leaning toward him, her wonderful eyes very kindly. "Oh, don't be stuffy, dear Mr. Jay. You really are clever, you know. But you mustn't let yourself be stingy, for that's not a bit clever. You know, you came quite desperately close to getting Wyke Waste when Lady Wyke wasn't looking. Indeed, if you had had five minutes more alone with Sir Tomas, and a contract ready for his signature in your pocket, you could have bought that land outright. But now that chance has gone," she continued, "and you must be reasonable, Mr. Jay."

She leaned even nearer, speaking with real earnestness:

"It happens that Claire Wyke has had an urgent call away somewhere for the coming week. From tomorrow, she has left me more or less in charge of Wyke Waste House and, of course, Sir Tomas. I am the watchdog, Mr. Jay. Tonight I am going to Bournemouth, and from the moment I arrive till the moment I return, Sir Tomas will be inaccessible to anyone—friend, Mr. Jay, or enemy." George H. nodded slowly. "Thus, of course, if you were to call with a tempting proposal, your name would be brought to me—not direct to Sir Tomas, as, by sheer accident, it must have been when you called before. And I, naturally, should decline to allow you into the house. Claire is very strict about this. Your novel proposal to Sir Tomas rather worried her—and remember, she is an extraordinarily clever woman."

George promised to remember that.

"But, Mr. Jay, though Lady Wyke will have taken great care that Sir Tomas shall always be completely inaccessible to you, he will be very accessible to me. And if I have a proposal sufficiently attractive to make to him, I have very little doubt that he will accept it. Those are the reasons why I feel that it would be absurd to insist on less than one-half of any profits you might achieve as a result of my efforts." She smiled charmingly. "Is that perfectly clear, Mr. Jay?"

"Entirely so," said George. "And, on reconsideration, I agree."

"That is so very intelligent of you, Mr. Jay." She reflected a moment. "Have you a buyer for the land—or whatever portion of it I may get?"

Gentle George nodded slowly. "I—myself—will buy the land—for resale," he said sonorously, "provided that the price is humane."

"We will buy it jointly, and jointly resell it," corrected the lady. "And surely, almost any price which consists mainly of a formula for fertilizer is humane, Mr. Jay."

"Of course—ha-ha!"

"And this formula—you actually have it?" Yes, George had it. "What did it cost you, Mr. Jay?"

"Five hundred pounds," explained the Squire of Finch Court—only quintupling the figure it would cost him if he exercised his option to buy the formula at all.

"From whom did you buy it?"

"From a friend of mine—a very clever research chemist."

"What is wrong with it, do you think, dear Mr. Jay?"

But George Henry, wearying of the cross-examination, shook a coy head. "Ah, there you have me," he said. "Nothing is wrong with it, I believe. The man needs the money and is not a business man. One of these dreamers, hence the low figure."

She sparkled appreciative eyes at him. "I think I like you, Mr. Jay," she said absently. "I merely asked that question because you may as well understand quite clearly that it would be utterly useless to offer Sir Tomas a formula that is not genuine. He is a keen amateur chemist; and as far as fertilizing chemicals are concerned, he has great knowledge and tremendous experience—for an amateur of his mental caliber," she stressed significantly.

"The more the better," said Mr. Jay.

"Your formula then is really genuine?" She seemed puzzled.

"It will make three large mangel-wurzels grow where one and a dwarf grew the year before," said George H. truthfully—but failing to add that also it would sour or sicken the land that grew the plentiful wurzels for about five years thereafter.

The lady nibbled thoughtfully at a pointed finger tip. "I see. And the inventor, having sold all rights in it, is agreeable that it shall be announced as the discovery of Sir Tomas Wyke. Very well. Please prepare the necessary memorandum, putting on record the fact that you and I are joint proprietors of the formula, and I will write a check now for my share of its cost—two hundred and fifty pounds."

George thrilled a little. This was real business. He liked and admired the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun more and more. She was a woman covered all over with frills, true—but she paid cash and talked sense.

"It will be strange, indeed, if I cannot secure at least a portion of the Wyke estate while Claire is not looking," she said.

George stared a little in spite of himself. He was not a stubbornly particular man, but he considered that he had a reputation to care for, and the cool, quiet, cozy way in which this slim beauty purposed to double-cross her friend Lady Claire rather buffaloed him for a second.

She saw that instantly, and with perhaps a one-tint deepening of her natural lovely color, explained. "Do, please, not be so foolish as to waste what might be really useful sentiment about Lady Wyke," she said, a shade tartly. "She is a woefully clever woman, and she is deliriously rich. She trusts me—merely because I am the only one of her friends who can trust herself to be trusted by Claire." She laughed a little.

"That is, perhaps, a trifle over the head of Finch Court, but it is not meant unkindly, Mr. Jay. . . . No, Claire Wyke is curiously competent to look after herself. Between them, Sir Tomas and she have half a dozen charming houses in which to live, and a million and a half to live on. Claire ought—she really ought—to let

Restful Nights
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A 3-day trial convinces

How to get sleep that really rests and stores up lasting energy . . . a natural way doctors recommend

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a natural way (a way *without drugs*) to overcome this—a way to sound, restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Sound sleep—active days

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep and all-day energy quickly and naturally. This is why:

FIRST—it combines, in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

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This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

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Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, nerve-strain, nursing mothers, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of day.

A 3-day test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerve

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As my husband complained of nervousness and sleeplessness on rising, I decided to try the test package and he has taken nearly one 50c can since. It makes him feel much better, more like working and eating.

Myself, after ten hours' sleep, I would rise feeling logy, as if I wasn't getting enough sleep. Now I have lots of "pep" in the morning.

(Sgd) Mrs. Fred A. Strieb
Bellevue, Idaho

I have recommended the wonderful food of yours to several of my friends, who, like myself, have been great sufferers from sleepless nights, and since they have used your Ovaltine they have reported great progress to me.

(Sgd) Arthur L. Cassin
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Name .....

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One package to a person

Send for 3-day test

The "pipe-wrestling" days are gone forever!

If you know any old dodo who still dotes on the idea that mastering a pipe means weeks of rough wrestlin'... a bitter struggle and not much sport after all... play him this record—it'll be melodious music to his ear-drums:

Licking a pipe into shape is today the most popular of all popular pastimes. Granger Rough Cut is making pipe-smoking the great American sport. Men who could never go near a pipe now quaff bowlful after bowlful of Granger... from sun-up till sun-down.

For Granger's MADE for pipes... mellowed by the same grand old Mellowing Secret that put Jim Wellman in "Who's Who" back in the seventies. And glue this in the old dodo's derby: A pipe packed with Granger is "20 *degrees cooler inside*"—for Granger's rough cut flakes burn with the spark retarded... slow and cool!

No better pipe tobacco was ever made, yet packed without fancy frills it comes at a price that's truly a Scotchman's bargain.

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

Wyke Waste be split up and built on. Lots of really nice people want a home there—and deserve one there—within humanly reasonable reach of their businesses in Bournemouth. It's just a—well, a little bit of self that makes Claire cling to it. She likes people to want very much what she can give if she wishes. But let's not be too searching, you and I, dear Mr. Jay; we never know what we might find, you see. Just be sure that I understand, and that when I speak, I speak for the greatest good of the greatest number—in this matter, ourselves."

She laughed, kind of silvery. George Henry goggled a little at her, as she dashed off her check for two hundred and fifty. She enjoyed a cigarette while he prepared the document recording the deal, embodying a receipt for her money and a copy of the formula. She read it carefully.

"Yes, that will do quite well, Mr. Jay," she said, and rose, smiling. "You will hear from me quite soon after I reach Bournemouth, I hope. Be ready to act quickly, and keep in close touch with the client to whom you propose to sell the land when we get it. Tell me—for it is a point I should like to know—what figure per acre do you anticipate we shall get from your client?"

"Oh, not less than five hundred pounds an acre—maybe more," said George airily.

Her eyes sparkled. "But even if we manage to get only ten acres for the formula and a little money, that will give us a very handsome profit, Mr. Jay."

"Why, certainly. That is the target at which this business aims—handsome profits. They are necessary, considering the overhead and the frightful commissions one has to pay," explained George.

"Yes, one sees that," she agreed, and added, "By the way, they tell me you have never paid for that sherry. Send them a check some day if you will," she reminded him, and passed a perfectly gloved hand. George took it and shook it about a little. "Au revoir then, Mr. Jay. We are partners, remember. And please remember, too, that any carelessness will ruin things. If you keep your head, we shall be successful; if you get infuriated—excited—at sight of the profit, we shall fail. For dear Claire is clever—deplorably clever—and her effective range, as the rifle experts say, is anything within five hundred miles—unless one is careful."

George bowed rather stiffly, irked at her fantastic assumption that he, of all men, was likely to get excited at the sight of profits.

"I understand," he said shortly.

She leaned forward, smiling. "Dear Mr. Jay," she sighed, "don't be cross. You know, I am behind the scenes—you aren't—in this case. You are rather delightful, you know, and I am truly charmed to know you. No, don't bother to come out. Your excessively sophisticated clerk is quite capable of seeing me into a taxicab. Good-by, and good luck, Mr. Jay."

George stared at the door, then at a small mirror that hung in an inconspicuous corner. He looked as if he did not know whether to smile or to scowl. Then his eyes fell on the check for two hundred and fifty and he decided to smile.

"She is clever, yes. But perhaps not quite so clever as she evidently believes herself. Two-fifty for a half share in a formula for which I pay only a hundred is fairly good gaiting for little George, I believe," he told himself.

But then he thought of the very severe hack which the honorable lady would take at the pending profits and his smile faded into an expression of dignified resignation.

He proceeded to telegraph the acrid Humber Clamm briefly but bluntly. And before ten o'clock next morning one of Humber's London solicitors had called at 5 Finch Court and paid George's previously spurned bill of costs—a mere matter of fifty guineas—and assured him that Mr. Clamm would very cheerfully buy at five hundred pounds an acre any or all the Wyke Waste building land that George H. could get hold of.

"He would buy less than the whole, but do your best to get the whole," advised the solicitor smilingly. "After all, a whole loaf is better than half a loaf."

"Sure," agreed George enthusiastically. "If one is fond of bread—ha-ha!"

"Ha-ha!" went the solicitor, as solicitors will when merriment seems to be required.

It was with a sigh of relief that George Henry helped himself to a cigar, as the door closed behind his caller.

The thing was now water-tight. He had nothing more to do but to sit down and take the money—and share it with the diamond-bright, glass-edged Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun.

III

TWO mornings later the gentle old Finch Court anteater was leaning back in his chair, silk-hatted and cigared as usual, holding a telegram before his beaming face with both hands. He had flashed his eyes over it twice, in ordinary business silence. Now he proceeded to read it aloud, in personal triumph:

"Have secured ten acres Wyke Waste. Telephoning you eleven o'clock.

"JENIFEX-JOHNSTOU'N."

"Well, well, it may be but half a loaf, but there's some very toothsome crust on it," George told himself, and settled down to muse and watch the clock. "It's a wise man who knows just when to efface himself and lie doggo, as Miss Winnie used to say. Hey? And let somebody else reap the harvest for him. Now if I had shown up again down there, old Sir Tomas would have had me run out of the house, thanks to Lady Claire's fine work."

He touched his bell and Mr. Gus Golding nipped in. "It's likely, Gus, that I'll be sending you to Bournemouth with some documents by the next train. Better look one up—about midday. You'll want some money."

Equipping Gus bridged the gap to eleven o'clock.

Punctual to the minute the alert Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun came through. Prefacing her remarks with urgent advice to let her do the talking—the telephoning time at their disposal being so limited—she triumphantly went on to confirm her statement that she had secured ten acres, the whole of it with a frontage to a charming promenade called Lovers' Walk. She had closed the deal with Sir Tomas, she had signed a contract and she had paid the purchase money outright.

"Now listen carefully, please, Mr. Jay. Send down as quickly as you can a deed transferring your half interest in the formula to me for retransfer to Sir Tomas. Your name must not appear. They do not like you here."

"Quite, quite!" George wasn't offended in the least.

"Send also a contract whereby George H. Jay and Louise Jenifex-Johnstoun jointly purchase from me the land I have just acquired at two thousand pounds from Sir Tomas—namely, that ten acres of the Wyke Waste estate fronting on the Lovers' Walk—that identifies it perfectly, as it is the only part of the Wyke estate which touches the walk. Pay into my account at the Metropolitan Bank, Piccadilly branch, your check for one thousand, your half share of the purchase price, at once—my check to Sir Tomas left me slightly overdrawn. You must be quick, as Claire Wyke may be home any day. She is wildly changeable, you know. Either bring the documents or send them—better send them by someone trustworthy, but not known by sight to the people here; that perky clerk of yours would do. And above all, remember, Mr. Jay, that you are to ask six hundred and fifty pounds an acre for ten acres from your client. As part owner and partner, I insist. Ask six hundred and fifty pounds and accept six hundred pounds an acre—six thousand pounds in all—for the freehold. If you dare to sell it for less, I'll never speak to you again. Remember, this land is not a mere bit out of Wyke Waste

(Continued on Page 105)

A "Home-made" Lighting Test

If you look straight at the filament of a clear incandescent lamp, the intense brilliance "hurts" and will leave an after-image —a sort of blind spot—in your vision.

Now hold a sheet of thinnest paper before the lamp. Your eyes are protected, but notice how much light has been cut off!

The "inside frost" found in the New Line of MAZDA Lamps* protects the eyes without cutting off the light. It is the latest of a long line of epoch-making discoveries by the Laboratories of General Electric.

The benefits of the world-wide search for new ideas on incandescent lighting maintained by our Research Laboratories are given through MAZDA Service exclusively to those lamp manufacturers entitled to use the MAZDA mark. Thus, MAZDA on a lamp stands for the highest quality which science and research can achieve.

The "inside frost" is but one of the improvements found in the New Line of MAZDA Lamps. Their greatly increased strength, due to the filament structure, their efficiency and beauty, are all results of MAZDA Service Research.

*No MAZDA *lamp, however soft its light, should be used without shades or reflectors.*

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

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GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Veterans of Two Summers

You'll find the same General Tires that started in service this summer on the same cars next summer, rolling up records of almost unbelievable mileage, comfort and safety.

Tires speak for themselves in summer and that is why General uses only the purest friction and tread rubber in generous quantities.

It's the answer to General's outstanding success in reducing internal friction and offsetting the ravaging effects of increased road heat and faster speeds in hot weather.

After a season of long summer driving you can go through the winter getting double protection from skidding with General's dual-grip treads.

There's a great satisfaction and feeling of true economy when you can speak of your tires as veterans of two summers.

Talk with the General dealer. He has a plan that enables you to change to Generals now without sacrificing the unused mileage in your present tires.

The Mark of Leading Tire Stores Everywhere

The GENERAL TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY

(Continued from Page 102)

Park with no frontage; it is a special bit, with a long frontage to a favorite promenade. Don't forget that—six hundred pounds an acre is the minimum. It needs only a little pluck. If you cannot get that, send your client away and leave it to me to handle."

George Henry was straining at the leash to reassure her.

"Nunno, I won't forget that—not one pound of it. I don't forget things like that or I wouldn't be where I am and what I am today. If I don't get six hundred the acre for it, Mrs. J., I'll never speak to myself again!" he promised.

"Three thousand out of the proceeds is mine, naturally. The expenses will be borne by your establishment. That's only fair, of course, Mr. Jay," insisted the lady.

"You pare things down very close to the quick, don't you?" said George a little acidly.

"Where would you have been without me, my dear man? Do you agree?"

"Oh, yes, if you insist."

"That's splendid, Mr. Jay."

"I'm glad you're satisfied. My clerk, Golding, will come to Bournemouth with the documents by the next train, and I personally will pay in to your credit at the bank at once a check for a thousand—my half of the purchase price," cried George earnestly, and was then cut off by the exchange.

He lost no time—indeed, he had very little to lose. All he wanted now was the charming Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun's signature to the document transferring the land from herself to Mr. Jay and herself jointly.

"As things stand, she's sole owner of the land; and I've noticed nothing about her that makes me any too confident that she wouldn't sell it again at a huge profit on her own," he told himself, dashing about considerably.

"Come on, Golding, my lad! Stir yourself, man, stir yourself!" he urged. "If you lose that train, boy, I'll brain you with the cash box! Got your money safe? Good! Where's your dispatch case? All right, all right, I see it! Never let it out of your own hands till you return here. Now check the deeds as I put 'em in. One: Jay to Jenifex-Johnstoun; transfer of Jay's half interest in formula for thermic acid fertilizer to Mrs. J.-J. The woods are full of jays today, Gus—ha-ha! That's that! Two: Jenifex-Johnstoun to Jay and Jenifex-Johnstoun jointly; contract by Mrs. J.-J. to sell the ten acres of Wyke Waste fronting on Lovers' Walk, Branksome. Three: That will be the receipt from her bank for the thousand I've got to pay in. I'll get that at the bank on the way to the station. Right? Good! That's the lot. Get a taxi while I write her check, Golding."

Twenty minutes later Gus Golding was gliding out of Waterloo Station and Mr. Jay was gliding out to luncheon.

"I said that was a woman I could use in my business," he chanted softly as he glided. "Rather greedy, yes; but, all the same, a very clever little woman, and for another year or two she'll be as pretty as she's clever. It's a very fine, very crisp and exceptionally clean-cut bit of business, and I'm as pleased with Mrs. J.-J. as I am with G. H. Jay. We allowed no grass to grow under our feet and that's the essence of true agency. Eh? Better for an agent that the grass should grow over his head than under his feet—ha-ha!"

It was an easy afternoon. There was nothing much to do but telephone Humber Clamm's solicitors that ten acres of the Wyke Waste estate had been secured and that, on the morrow, Humber could have the land for six hundred and fifty an acre.

The solicitor welcomed the news so warmly, and appeared to be so little shocked at the price, that gentle George fretted not at all at having to wait about until nine o'clock P.M. before it was time to meet Gus Golding on his return. Gus was quite merry and bright.

"All right, my boy, hey?" demanded George, moving alongside the slowing train. "Did she sign up?"

"Certainly, sir. Signed in my presence. I witnessed the signature. Everything in order. But, my hat, sir, that lady travels on skates!"

"Never mind about her skates, Golding, let's have a look at her contract." He did so and was satisfied. "Ha—that's all right. I tell you, Golding, my boy, that I've been sitting on thorns all the afternoon; while you've been gadding about—hey?—riding about in trains and taxis, like a lord, at my expense. Never mind! You've done well. I'm pleased with you, Gus, and—here, take this—you can stand yourself a nice little supper somewhere tonight. But mind now, sharp at the office tomorrow, none of this slacking off, mind. Continuous steady endeavor—that's what is wanted in the agency business. Good night, my boy." And George signaled a taxi and called it a day.

Humber Clamm, bleak and sparse of speech as ever, arrived from the north two mornings later. He called in at 5 Finch Court later than the hour appointed. "Sorry late, Jay—train late. You've got ten acres of Wyke Waste, after all, have you? Well, you're cleverer than I thought you were. I've had some good men fail me on that. What's the price of it? Three hundred and fifty an acre, eh?"

George blandly corrected the foolishly low suggestion and they fought it over with a keenness that was almost savagery for a swift quarter of an hour, when Mr. Clamm glanced at his watch and conditionally yielded.

"All right, Jay. I'll run down there today and if I like the looks of the land I'll pay your figure—six-fifty an acre for ten acres."

Gentle George beamed and felt brotherly toward the man.

"And you've got a bargain, at that, Mr. Clamm," he said richly. Humber did not deny it. "Do you happen to have a plan of the Wyke estate?" continued the happy Mr. Jay, anxious, in his delicious melting mood, to do what he could for his client now that he had done all he could to him. "If so, you needn't bother to hurry to Bournemouth to view the site. I can point it out to you on the plan."

"No, thanks, I haven't got a plan; and, anyway, I never pay money for land I haven't seen," said Humber Clamm. "I always make a point of seeing what I'm buying."

"And a good plan it is," said George—perhaps a shade less heartily than he had spoken before. More than just a shade, maybe, for he was realizing that he had been a little less particular than this bleak and clammy person from the north. "Still, it's hardly necessary to view it in this case, unless you really want to," he explained, accompanying Clamm to the door. "As I told you just now, this land comprises the whole of Wyke Waste that fronts on Lovers' Walk."

"Yes, I know. That's why I want to see it, Jay," said Humber Clamm thoughtfully. "I thought I knew the Wyke estate pretty well, too, but I don't call this Lovers' Walk to mind."

Somewhere deep down in George Henry's more private and personal machinery one plug missed one spark.

"Eh? You know the Wyke estate and yet you don't recall a popular promenade like Lovers' Walk?" he asked uneasily.

"Why should I? I haven't been a lover this forty years," said Humber Clamm. "Who promenades on it? Lovers—or the general public—or what? That's why I'm going to look at it. I want to know what sort of a promenade it is, Jay. I want to see if it's a promenade I can build a big hotel on where the lovers can come in and buy a dinner and a few hours of jazz. That's what I want to know now."

So, very suddenly and very much, did George Henry Jay, member of the Agents' Guild and fellow of the Agents' Institute. But he achieved a smile as he saw Humber

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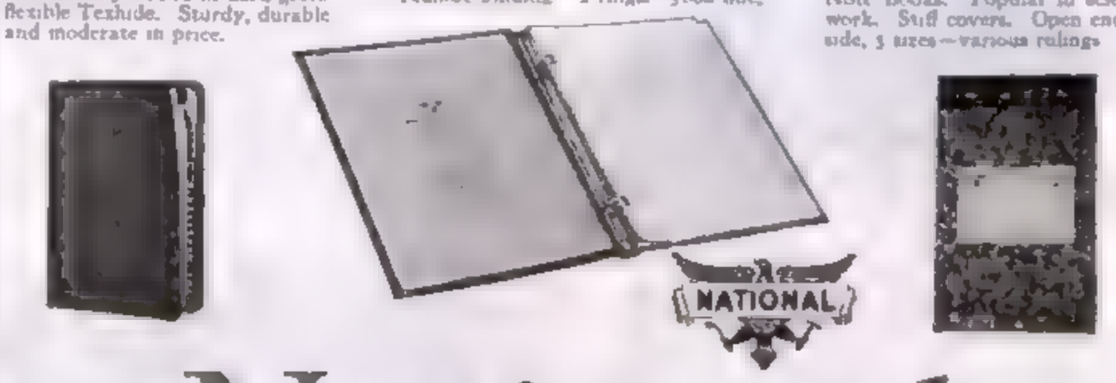

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off with a cheery, "So do, Mr. Clamm, so do. You'll like it, never fear!" Though he turned to Gus Golding rather like a rising blizzard as he shut the door.

"I say, Gus, did you look at the land I've bought when you were down at Wyke Waste the other day? Did you have the common foresight to take a quick walk down Lovers' Walk—the boundary—when you were there?"

Gus Golding denied it emphatically. "No, sir, I didn't. Excuse me, sir, but I guess I know my job better than to steal your time and use it strolling in lovers' walks when I'm out on a business trip for you."

"Huh! You're a conscientious beggar, aren't you, Golding? I've noticed that about you," said George H. very citrously, and went into his office, crashing the door to behind him.

He was out again almost instantly. "Call up Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun at Wyke Waste House as quick as you can, Gus. It's serious," he said most urgently. "Nunno! Wait! Get the bank and ask if that check for a thousand to Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun is cleared. . . . Nunno, I'll do that."

He did it. The check was cleared. So they called up Wyke Waste House. Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun was out. George H. laughed an extremely forced laugh.

"Pshaw! What am I worrying about?" he said, chewing his cigar end into a brown pulp.

He snatched his hat, hurried out and bribed a taxi driver to risk his license and liberty in a furious dash to Waterloo. The train had left twenty minutes before.

"Huh! Nerves!" said George, and went to the buffet and took something for his nerves.

The rest of the afternoon he spent figuring and studying the time-table. It may have been nerves, but when Humber Clamm stepped out of the train from Bournemouth which arrived at nine o'clock that evening it was more or less into the arms of Mr. Jay that he stepped.

"Why, Mr. Clamm, is this you? Last man I expected to see!" babbled George. "Just back from Bournemouth, eh? Well, well! And how did you find things at Bournemouth?"

Humber Clamm fixed him with a steely eye and transfixed him with a steelier smile.

"Much as I expected, Jay, much as I expected," he said, walked a little way in silence, then observed dryly, "She was much too clever for you, man."

"I don't follow, Mr. Clamm," said George.

"You sent me down there on a crazy errand, Jay. But I've had a chat with that very attractive lady down there, Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun—a very lovable little soul—and I'll forgive you, man, for her sake."

"Still I don't understand," said George. "Come and have some supper or something at the buffet and tell me what—if anything—was wrong."

Humber Clamm proceeded, from behind the supper which Mr. Jay promptly provided for him, to do exactly that. George, personally, did not eat. His appetite was shorting somewhere tonight.

"We have some bright little business women up north, Jay," said Humber deliberately, "but not many like the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. No. She's keen—very. But she's bright. I like her. She's amusing. I called on her and she gave me tea at Wyke Waste House and afterward took me out to view the land—the ten acres."

"You liked it?" asked George H. curtly, even sternly.

The man Clamm looked at him with remotely twinkling eyes. "If you took ten good square acres of rubber and stretched them out till they were the shape of a towpath a few yards wide along a canal, and then laid it in between a mile or so of railway track and a path about as wide as an alley, the whole of it running under a crumbling cliff of sand, you would have a fair imitation of the strip of land you've been trying to sell me today, Jay. That's all it is! It's ten acres—long ways—and it faces on a promenade—a pathway—that lovers used to use, still called Lovers' Walk. But very few lovers use it nowadays—they'd be too liable to get a few hundred tons of sand fall on 'em, Jay. Man, if I built a hotel on that plot it would have to be about twenty feet deep and about two miles long; and, at that, the railway would run through the kitchen, and in a week the front would be banked up with sand falling from the cliff."

He laughed as heartily as he was eating. His laugh sounded a bit rusty and disused, but he seemed to enjoy doing it.

"Man, what you and Mrs. Johnstoun jointly have bought from Mrs. Johnstoun is the long strip of land between the cliff and the railway—the railway's margin of safety from the sand cliff, in fact. You oughtn't to have bought that land without viewing it."

"Misrepresentation is actionable," began George H.

"She's misrepresented nothing," said Humber Clamm.

"She called it a promenade!"

"Yes, they still call it that. Sweethearts' Promenade, Lovers' Walk—anything like that. Lovers aren't particular, but land buyers are, as a rule."

"But, damn it, Clamm, she did herself no good! She got a thousand from me for my half interest, but she paid two thousand for it," demurred George. "What does she get out of it?"

Mr. Clamm wiped his lips and signaled a waiter. "That was a very good beefsteak," he stated. "I enjoyed it. Bring me another." They eat hearty, these north-country men.

"I had tea with that very attractive lady, Jay," continued Mr. Clamm. "And if you'll give me your word that you will regard this as strictly confidential, I'll tell you how she managed to make a trifle for herself out of it."

George H. took a deep breath. "Mr. Clamm," he said, "I am a business man of high standing, and, as such, I do not allow an occasional loss to perturb me or to make me vindictive or bitter. I take these things as they come. All of us have got to get a living, including the Honorable Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun. I realize that. Go on then, enjoy yourself, Mr. Clamm—tell me how she put me in the cart and accept my assurance that it shall be in strict confidence."

Mr. Clamm stared. "Well said, Jay. I don't know that I think any the worse of you for that," he declared. "No. . . . Bring me some more of those fried potatoes, waiter, and another bottle of this wine." He leaned to Mr. Jay. "Well, now here's what she did," he said admiringly: "She owned a half interest in this fertilizer formula—a fine idea, that fertilizer plan was—when she arrived at Wyke Waste, didn't she? She gave you two hundred and fifty pounds for it."

"Yes." George H. nodded.

"She sold that half interest to Sir Tomas Wyke for five hundred pounds cash and that ten acres of utterly useless land." Mr. Jay gave a twisted nod. "She then sold that land to you and herself jointly for two thousand pounds and you paid her one thousand pounds for your half interest in the land. That right?"

"Right," said George hoarsely.

"But at the same time you transferred to her your remaining half interest in the formula, as she asked you to do."

"I did," uttered Mr. Jay in husky tones.

"Yes, you did," chuckled Mr. Clamm. "And half an hour before I arrived she sold that half interest in the formula for a thousand pounds cold money, Mr. Jay."

The face of the Squire of Finch Court went all curly and purple.

"So that, you see," continued Mr. Clamm with relish, "she paid out two hundred and fifty pounds to you for her half share in the formula—no doubt you made a little on that, Jay—and she had a perfect right to sell it again if she wished to. She drew back five hundred pounds and the land; she drew one thousand pounds from you for a half share in the land; you transferred the remaining half interest in the formula to her—in part payment for your half share in the land—and she sold it for another thousand pounds. It was hers to do as she liked with. You can't blame her, can you? So her balance sheet works out at: Expended two hundred and fifty pounds. Received two thousand five hundred pounds; Profit, two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. And she still owns a half share in the land!"

"And that's worth?" demanded Mr. Jay, rather desperately.

"Nothing. It's just the odd bit between the railway and the cliff. Even the railway folk wouldn't buy it when they ran their track over that corner of the estate! That was where you went wrong, Jay. You thought it was worth six thousand-odd to me. So it would be if it was a different shape and was in a very different place. But as it is, I wouldn't accept it as a gift."

He raised his wineglass to the light and studied it affectionately. "Well, I bear you no malice, Jay. Good health!"

"Oh, good health!" replied George, with a well-nigh murderous smile.

He sat thinking for a few seconds, unconsciously scowling upon Mr. Clamm's innocent enjoyment of the supper to which Mr. Jay had invited him. But he needed only those few seconds. He knew where he had gone wrong. He had been too quick. He should have viewed the land before he paid in that check. But Mrs. Jenifex-Johnstoun had diverted his appetiteful attention from the land itself to the price he was going to get for it, and that price had kind of led him astray and made him careless.

"Huh!" he muttered to himself. "It's the same old trouble—I'm too quick—too eager—impulsive. A slow cold-blooded old fish like Humber plays for safety every time, with the result that he rarely loses anything but time. Me—George H. Jay—I never lose time—never. But money, sometimes. Well, yes, I'm too quick, too brilliant. But all the same, there's something wrong somewhere when a brilliant, quick man gets left like this." Unconsciously, he said it audibly.

Humber Clamm chuckled through his beefsteak. "That's simple enough," he said. "A brilliant quick man is all right as a rule—until he clashes with a brilliant quick woman."

"Huh!" went George, and left it at that.

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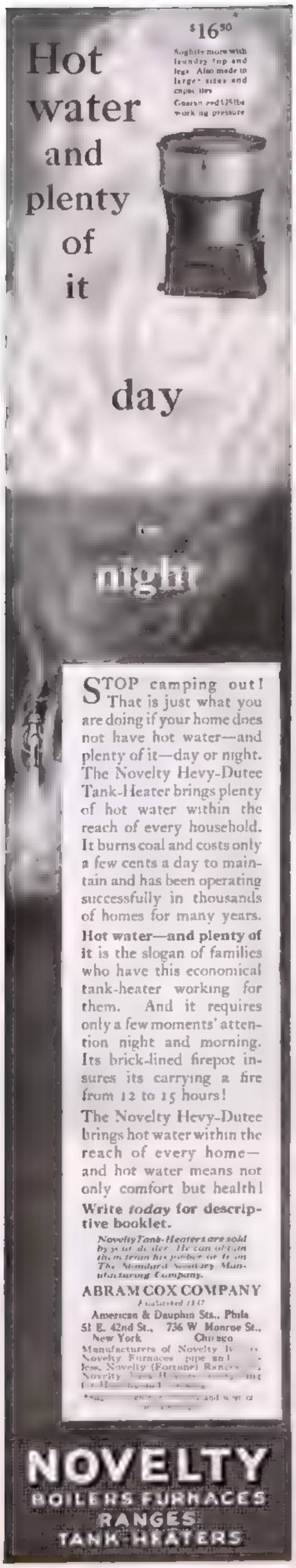
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TWIN PROPELLERS

(Continued from Page 32)

"Sometimes—when men make them so. But not all. You haven't on your life belt."

"Don't want it."

"Yes, you do. This thing's going to work out all right. Here's one."

"Where's your own?"

"Time enough for that. You get into this."

There was another brief struggle in which Lanty won. They made their way back and out on deck. The bright beam was still sweeping in a wide arc, but now across in the face of the raging waters, and a moment later a small fixed light became visible. This determined rescuer was coming valiantly up from leeward, forging his way stubbornly into the headwind and sea.

Another cistern flared out forward. A moment later a blinker from the approaching vessel began to send.

Cliff's voice said cheerily. "One of the Coast Guard 75's. Rum chasing is only part of their job. There's another ship coming down on the weather bow. Our radio's gone glimmering."

Again the point of light winked out its message. Cliff read it aloud:

"S-T-A-N-D-I-N-G B-Y. C-A-N Y-O-U L-A-S-T T-I-L-L D-A-Y-L-I-G-H-T?"

"Quartermaster?" A man came from the door of the wheelhouse. "Send the word 'yes.'"

"Send 'yes,' sir." The quartermaster went back.

"Can we?" Angela asked.

"Got to. Couldn't do anything in this. The wind's hauling. It's going to clear."

There was a silence. Then another message stabbed through the murk, and as before, Cliff spelled it out:

"G-O-O-D C-H-E-E-R." A pause, then: "T-W-I-N-I-N-G."

XIV

ANGELA'S clear laugh overtoned the deeper roar of noises all about. It had a mocking lilt.

"Rosey out there? What have you had, Cliff?"

Her brother turned sharply and went forward, hauling himself along the rail. Even Lanty doubted his clearness of faculties. J. J., who had crowded up close to him, said in his ear, "Cliff's got him on the brain. The message was probably 'clearing' or perhaps 'coming.'"

"But I counted seven letters," Lanty objected. "Besides, Cliff spelled them one by one."

"Well, then, w-a-i-t-i-n-g. That makes perfectly good sense. Waiting for daylight."

"You must be right."

"Go ask the quartermaster what he made it."

"No, Cliff mightn't like it. He's bitter about all this. Blames it on Angela. Her fool stunt of throwing the pearls on the table got him over here."

A ship's clock inside struck sharply four bells.

"Two o'clock," J. J. said. "Can we really last five hours?"

"As Cliff says, we've got to. Couldn't get a boat alongside in this. Swimming for it they'd never find us."

Fortunately the air was warm, likewise the spray sweeping round to drench them as they huddled in the precarious lee of the groaning superstructure. But the burden of this was lightened, Cliff having ordered the boats on top of it shifted overboard as soon as communication with the rescue vessel had been established.

"But it couldn't possibly be Twining," J. J. said in Lanty's ear. "He must be still in the hospital, and besides, what would he be doing on one of the C. G. 75's?"

"Looks that way."

They fell silent again. The night wore on. The Hyacinth had been equipped with hand pumps, and Lanty went presently to take a turn. Then while standing by he was unable to resist the temptation to ask the quartermaster for his reading of the signal.

"Twining, sir."

Even then Lanty was not satisfied. His reason could not accept the fact of Twining's being aboard the coast guard. There must have been some other word of similar dots and dashes in the construction of some of its letters. He thought of "turning." This word also would make sense. The coast guard turning in some fashion, the better to take the sea, might have wished to assure them she was not going far. And here there would be but two letters in error, the second and third.

Lanty went into the chart room, where he found on the book rack an International Signal Code. But this did not help much, the discrepancy between *u*, dot dot dash, and *w*, dot dash dash, being even less marked than that of *r*, dot dash dot, and *i*, dot dot. Two dots, he reflected, could scarcely be mistaken, and he racked his brains vainly for another word to fit.

Failing in this, another solution presented itself. Assuming Twining's motor accident to have been a fraud, and since he was engaged in rum traffic, it was possible that he might have been aboard some boat of his fleet that had been seized that day by this very chaser. There was plausibility in the idea, though Lanty could not see how, even in such a case, Twining would have been permitted to send his name as if commanding a government vessel, aboard which he was under arrest.

The problem was too great for Lanty's tired brain. Presently, when his offer of service was curtly declined by Cliff, he returned to the huddled group on deck and occupied himself in their comfort, dragging out blankets and mattresses, for the air was growing steadily cooler as the wind hauled westerly.

And still the Hyacinth hung on, wallowing heavily in the short slinging swell. The shift of the wind, while making this more confused, yet diminished its force in some degree. A vessel of the Hyacinth type is unlike one of sailing model, which with her great dead weight of solid ballast, whether inside or on the keel or both, cannot float with any great volume of water inside her. So they waited throughout the night, dozing fitfully.

The scud was racing off, and an hour before the dawn the sky began to clear rapidly and the stars to prick out here and there. But the wind did not abate in force and, blowing across the Gulf Stream current, made the turmoil even worse so far as the work of rescue was concerned. It was difficult to see how a small boat could possibly be got alongside for the taking off of the Hyacinth's people.

Then the dawn came, and as the light increased a splendid if tantalizing spectacle was presented to the worn and wounded watchers. Not more than half a mile abeam, the sleek gray hull of the little coast-guard vessel lay nosing into the swell, while on the other side a big tanker that had come up unperceived was also standing by.

The house boat was by this time dangerously deep and so the work of rescue was no longer postponed. Lanty, an amateur yachtsman of comparatively slight sea experience, was lost in admiration for the masterly way in which this was conducted. He could not read the signals exchanged, while Cliff and those of his crew able to render service were too busy to interpret them.

The long tanker, deep laden, a sort of floating breakwater, edged up close to windward of the water-logged yacht, her length and bulk affording immediately a splendid lee. No sooner was this done than the 75-foot coast guard drew in under it, herself on the lee side of the yacht. The tanker, with no perceptible difficulty, then smartly lowered a weatherly power boat or launch, which put off and ran up under the well-fendered lee side of the Hyacinth, when the yacht's people were taken aboard and transshipped to the chaser.

But Lanty's attention was riveted on the robust figure of a man in yachting costume, who appeared, if not actually directing operations aboard the coast guard, to be at least in a position of some authority.

It was Roseberry Twining, and as J. J. accurately described him, in all his glory. He had waved encouragingly from time to time ever since the light and distance had made recognition possible, and he continued this cheerful semaphoring up to the moment that the women were placed safely aboard.

Cliff was, of course, the last to leave his ship. And he did Lanty the honor of letting him immediately precede him. By this time another coast-guard boat had appeared on the scene, slipping up almost unobserved, and to her good offices the water-logged Hyacinth was left.

"Can you beat it, Lanty?" Cliff said wearily. "We try and convict the fellow as embezzler of trust funds, jewel thief, faker, rum runner and general rotter, and here he pops up, swelling back and forth on the deck of that chaser like a pouter pigeon on the eaves of a barn."

"It's past me," Lanty said. He was nearly overwhelmed with fatigue and now in the relief of tension he felt himself about to be submerged. Cliff eyed him narrowly.

"You're all in, boy."

"Ain't it the truth," Lanty muttered.

"Can you wonder? A fight, a biff on the head, cast away, throwing together a boat that went out from under you so you had to swim for it with a couple of girls in tow, a boarding party, fight number two and a night spent caring for the women and wounded, during which you still find time to get engaged. You have our permission to pass away for a little while."

"Thanks," Lanty muttered. He leaned back, his head flopped sidewise and, before Cliff realized what was happening, began to snore. Thus youth must be served.

XV

"SO, YOU see, my dear child," said a voice from far away that was yet as distinct as a proper long-distance telephone connection, "I'm not entirely the blackleg that you took for granted."

Pax's voice answered. "I'm sorry, Mr. Twining. But you can't altogether blame us. You should have answered Lanty's letters."

"I never got them until I learned that you had started South in your boat. I had come South on a C. G. boat and my mail was held for me."

Lanty wondered where he was. He was conscious of no motion, no thrumming of machinery. Nothing except profoundly delightful relaxation. But his senses were acute. That of hearing registered clearly its impressions on a rested brain.

His face was turned toward the speaker's, and on opening his eyes cautiously and just far enough to peer through the double fringe of dark lashes with which he and Pax had been endowed, he discovered himself to be lying fully clothed in what looked like the barren cleanliness of a room in a hospital. Pax was seated in a morris chair. Twining stood with his shoulders against the wall opposite. Lanty wondered what had happened now, but he did not seem to care. At least, he was too interested in what was being said for the moment to interrupt. At any rate, his case could not be very serious, for if so, these two would not be talking there.

"I was asked some time ago to undertake this job," Twining went on, "and having agreed to do so, I wanted naturally to make it thorough. The only way to do this seemed to be to associate myself with the rum crowd."

"Wasn't that dangerous?" Pax asked.

"It was and still is. Now more than ever. They've been leery of me and tried

(Continued on Page 110

Wilson Brothers use Armstrong floors

to demonstrate model store display . .

Famous "Concentration Avenue" designed by Wilson Brothers, Chicago manufacturers and wholesalers of men's haberdashery, to show retail merchants profitable ways to sell *people whose purses are open.*

PEOPLE shop with their eyes wide open. They wonder what kind of place you have. They step into your store to "look around." And whatever you sell—from automobiles to neckties—is seen in relation to its surroundings.

To demonstrate this important sales fact to their retail merchants, Wilson Brothers of Chicago built the boulevard of smart shops you see pictured above.

A year ago this style row was a cluttered storehouse of stock piled on an ordinary wood floor. One of the first moves in working the transformation was to select a new floor that would lend light, color, and a tone of smartness to the proposed display effect.

More than they bargained for

The choice narrowed down to an inlaid design of Armstrong's Linoleum. This floor gave just the snap, the dash, that Wilson Brothers were seeking. It harmonized with the modern Spanish treatment of the forty-two shops. It helped bring out the beauty of the merchandise on display.

And more! Mr. Tom Leslie, who designed "Concentration Avenue," says, "Our floor of Armstrong's Linoleum has done several things for us we didn't anticipate. It is springy and quiet to walk on—a comfort to salesmen and customers alike. It has greatly enhanced the effectiveness of our show window lighting, too. And our Armstrong Floor is extremely easy to keep clean—no dirty mopping with water. Once a week the floor is thoroughly waxed. A quick polishing as needed keeps it spick-and-span."

Above—Marbleized design No. 352 Left—Embossed Inlaid No. 6007

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KLEEN-HEET With Oil

Tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories

(Continued from Page 108)

several times to do me in. This last time in the car they nearly managed it. If another car hadn't come up close behind I wouldn't be here now. You see, I've been running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. For the past twenty years I've been a Federal Secret Service scout—before the war, gunning for smugglers, principally of jewels; during the war spy hunting, and since the war, out for the running of rum, drugs and aliens. So naturally the whole equipment of this service is pretty much at my command."

"And none of your friends even guessed it?"

"No. Naturally I laid off my friends where the offenses have been personal and petty. I told them at headquarters that I flatly declined to drink a man's liquor and then prefer charges. There are some things that a gentleman absolutely can't do, even in the line of duty. But all this stuff has been very engrossing of late. I hadn't much time to devote to my trusteeship of your and Lanty's fortune—beyond nearly doubling it down here for you. But that was easy and didn't take much time. It's safe. Profits all turned in. Account closed."

"You make me feel ashamed."

"Well, you needn't," Twining said a little brusquely. "You never knew me as well as I wanted you to, and of course your mother's sudden death was a hard shock to us all. But I'd made this investment just before that happened, when I was fully empowered as her attorney. So no matter how it had turned out, my position would have been secure. But with all my runnings in and out and up and down this coast I'd have had to be an idiot to go wrong."

"Does Cliff know all this?"

"He does now." Twining's voice hardened. "I told him on our way back here. He was decent enough to fess up about what he thought I'd done and to offer his apology. I've reserved my acceptance of it."

"Lanty and I thought the same thing," Pax said.

"That's different. We were never intimate friends. I don't know who got those pearls, but I have a pretty good hunch that I'm holding in reserve."

Lanty was lying on his right side. He could feel the bulge in his trousers pocket and his soul grinned inwardly. He could not imagine how he had wound up in this hospital bed, clothes and pearls and everything.

"Would you mind telling me what that hunch is?" Pax asked.

"I think that Angela collared them the moment that the lights went out, and I think she kept still about it out of sheer mischievous perversity. I happen to know that Cliff exercises the office of conservator of her share of their inherited fortune, and Angela resents this bitterly. She's a constitutional spendthrift, and if given her gait she'd go through her fortune in about a year. The position of the holder of the purse strings is always a non-grata one."

A woman, evidently a nurse, came to the door.

"Doctor Davis has just telephoned to say that he'll be here at the office in ten minutes, Mr. Twining."

Twining murmured a word of thanks. So he was not in a hospital, Lanty decided, but in the rest room of a doctor's office, a room for the bestowal of a patient brought in, or one who needed to lie still awhile before being moved after some minor operation. It was on the ground floor, as he could hear traffic streaming past on that level.

Twining glanced at him and said: "All that's the matter with Lanty is overwhelming exhaustion. The boy's all in and no wonder. Some kid! If there'd been anything the matter with his head, the result of the thump he got, he couldn't possibly have come to and carried on through all that followed."

Lanty thoroughly agreed with him, but continued to possum. Evidently he had been brought, still sleeping soundly, from the chaser to this office.

Another point was now cleared. "I can see why Lanty got me wrong," Twining said. "That night after dinner aboard the Hyacinth I met him outside after my dance with you and told him I was sending off my chauffeur and spending the night with Dade. I did send off my chauffeur with this intention. Then a little later I got a report of a rum ship off the inlet that made it necessary for me to get down here as soon as possible. So I went to the garage where there was another car of mine, a two-seater, and hurried here to go out with the 75. I had wired them to wait for me and although I hurried down from the hospital as soon as I came round, the delay made it necessary for us to run down the coast after this vessel. We missed her, but it turned out fortunately, since while beating about in search of her we got the Hyacinth's S O S."

A door opened, slammed; swift steps and a few rapid words outside.

Then a busy doctor came in and, after a word to Twining and a nod to Pax, he leaned over Lanty, who looked up at him and winked.

"Quit your stalling, young man. This is my busy day."

Lanty sat up, rubbed his eyes and stared round with a poor attempt at pretending surprise.

"Oh, chuck it," Pax said disgustedly. "How long have you been awake?"

"And here you've dragged me from real cases at the hospital," said the doctor wrathfully.

Even Twining looked cross. "So you've been keeping us here all this time for the sake of our amusing conversation, have you? How much did you hear?"

"The essential part, sir," Lanty said. "It wasn't eavesdropping, because whatever is said to Pax is said to me."

"Oh, is that so?" said Pax. "Then conversely, whatever is said to you is said to me, so I'll just stick around the next time J. J. heaves over the horizon."

The blood flared up in Lanty's face. He had not entirely outgrown his English schoolboy dread of a sentimental accusation.

"How do you feel?" asked the doctor.

"Hungry, sir."

"Well, then, get out of here and eat." He peered into Lanty's eyes. "Pupils all right and vasomotor system equilibrating. The dome is resilient at his age and the arteries like new rubber tubes. All this boy needs is grub. Take him out and fill him up," and he slammed out again.

"Where was I when you woke up, Lanty?" Twining asked.

"You were telling Pax about your Secret Service work. None of us ever guessed at anything of that sort."

"I know it. But all the same you all might have had the decency to trust me a little, if not about my handling of your estate, at least where the pearls were concerned. Pretty raw to suspect an old family friend and a pal of as long standing as I've been to Cliff and Angela of stealing her bally necklace."

"Well," said Lanty, "since you say that Angela herself stole them she'd scarcely believe you were guilty. And Cliff probably had his choice between suspecting her or you."

He slipped his hand in his trousers pocket to disguise the bulge of the pearls.

Twining's face darkened under his tan. A hard line drew itself straight down the middle of his forehead.

"Women have been known to steal their own jewels when pressed for ready cash, especially when believing that they are being deprived of what they are morally entitled to.

"As I have just been telling your sister, Cliff is conservator for her share of their fortune and holds her fairly close; otherwise she'd scatter it with both hands. From what I know of Angela I'd say she might have taken this opportunity to give him a few bad moments before coming across. Of course, she'd have fessed up if there was any danger of another person getting in wrong permanently."

"Then why didn't she when you were getting in pretty deep?"

"Fancy she wanted to see me squirm a little too. Besides, it's perfectly possible that they were imitations after all, and the real ones in safe deposit. Angela likes to pull such stuff just to see the mice squirm. She's as feline as a pretty pussycat."

There came from outside the whining of brakes followed by a jingle of the doorbell. Then J. J., followed by Cliff and Angela, came flocking in.

"Well," said J. J., "our long-distance dreamer seems to be back in our midst and sitting pretty." She raised her voice. "Oh, Gwen."

Gwen Satterlee, looking rather pale, came to the door. She stood on the threshold staring fixedly at Lanty. He gave her an imperceptible nod and the flicker of a wink that only she could have observed.

"Never saw anything like it," Cliff said. "Lanty was talking one minute and snoring the next. That's the kid of it. Wish I could catch up as quickly."

"I was hypnotized," Lanty explained. "The water streaking past when I was clean at the end of my scope. We've all been more or less barmy since your dinner aboard. Twining has cleared up a good bit of the fog, and I'll say it was time it all blew off."

He rose suddenly to his feet, reached in his pocket, drew out a big handful of pearls, then stepped to Angela and dropped them over her sleek bob. "There are your blooming trouble makers, Angela. Now swing on to them. Angela gave them to me for safe keeping when it looked like a long-distance swimming event out there," Lanty said, and his eyes looked deeply into hers.

Not a flicker showed on Angela's perfect features. Her gaze swept indolently around the group, finally to rest on Gwen with a sort of tender amusement. "I thought Lanty stood a better chance of weathering it out," she said. "Not that it mattered much so far as the pearls were concerned, because these are fakes, just as I said at dinner. I was cross at being unanimously voted a liar, so I thought I'd get a rise out of the crowd."

Lanty glanced across at Gwen. She slowly shook her head but said nothing.

"Well, fake or not, let's hope you're satisfied," Cliff spoke shortly. "It nearly got us all sunk."

"None of our crowd was killed," Angela said evenly, "and it enabled Rosey to round up a gang of thieves and pirates that might have done a lot more mischief."

"And Hyacinth is coming in awash at the end of a rope," Twining said. "Let's get out of here."

"I want food," Lanty said. "Ham and eggs, and pork and beans, and pig's feet and sauerkraut, and spinach with a poached egg, and apple pie. Then I'll be ready to go hunt for the A and P."

"You won't have to hunt far," Twining said. "I had a wire that she is tied up at St. Augustine. Our scouts grabbed her with the bird and the booze just after you'd left."

"It begins to look," Cliff said, "as if Florida might be in for a drought."

Twining shook his head. "No place is in for a drought as long as the people who can afford to pay for it keep on being willing to do that thing. The most we can hope for is to make them pay high. And in that respect the rum chaser and the rum runner steer precisely the same course."

XVI

A FRENCH diplomat paused in his occupation of the hour, to follow with his own admiring eyes a group of four walking down to the water's edge. His pretty flirt of that sunny beach, chaperoned by several scores of eyes, did likewise, her national pride entirely approving the commentaries of this foreign feminist.

"Your country," said the Frenchman, "is singularly blessed in beauty. On what

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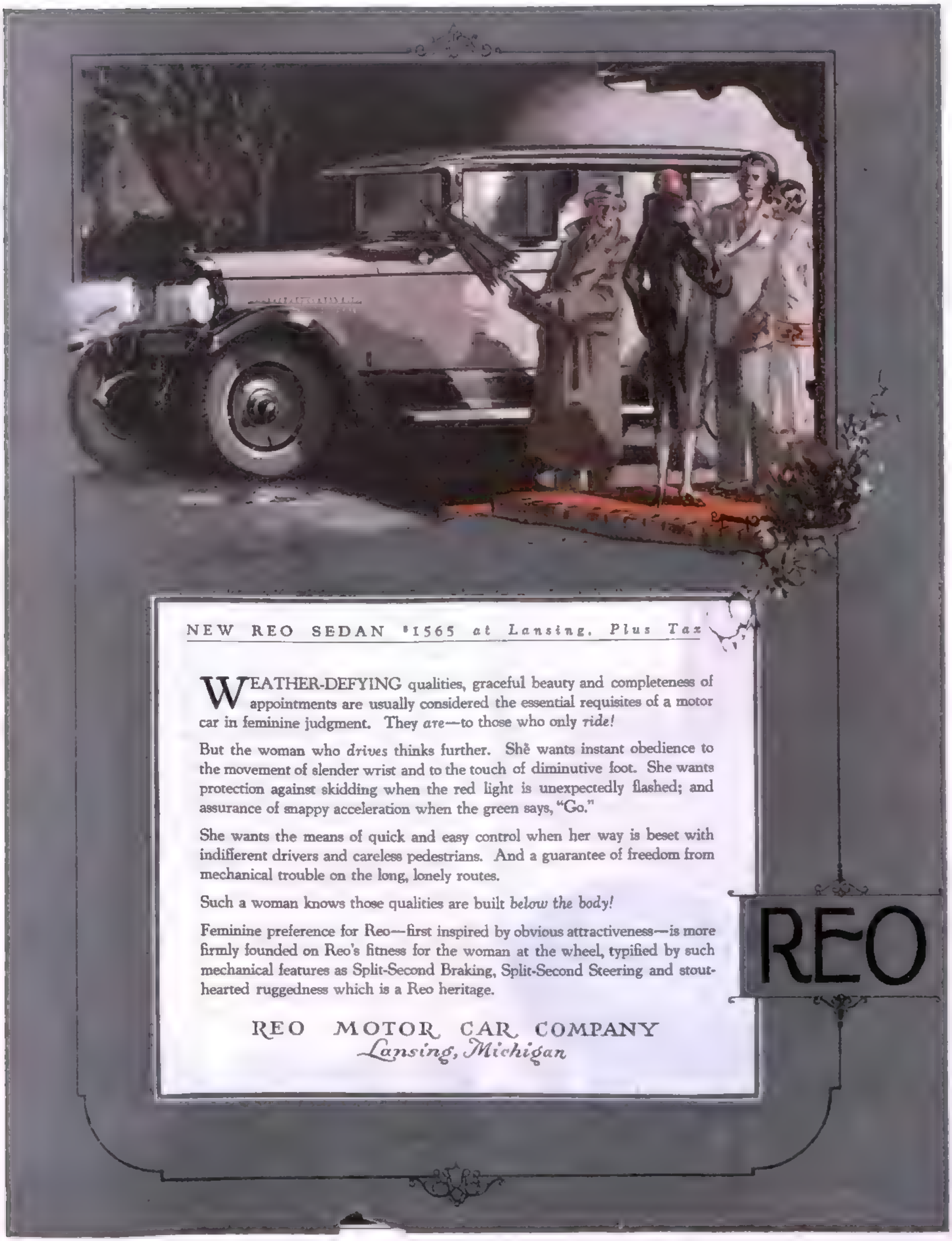

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TANGLEFOOT
FLY PAPER AND SPRAY

(Continued from Page 110)

European *plage*, Deauville, Ostend, Scheveningen, the Lido, could one hope to see such a quartet as goes there?"

"European women are chic and pretty in their bathing suits," the girl answered, "but the men always look so very much undressed. Beards don't harmonize with bathing suits, especially without a tan."

There was no lack of harmony in the objects of their gaze. Cliff, with his clean-cut features and powerful physique, suggested the Discus Thrower. Lanty, light and trim, strongly knit if adolescent, was like a Spartan youth. J. J. and Pax were lovely in those different ways that must addle the vision of the judges in a beauty contest when trying to compare perfect types of physical perfection that are not comparable. J. J., more mature though actually younger, would, if she had contested with Pax in that first competitive event of which Paris was sole arbiter, have kept that connoisseur of feminine charm juggling his apple for some time. The chances are he would have wound up by eating it.

"One might fear," the Frenchman murmured, "that Father Neptune would not want to let them go. That he would wish to keep them for his court."

"He nearly did that thing two nights ago," answered his vis-à-vis of sun and sand. "Cliff Hathaway and the Hull twins and Jasmine Jekyll."

"*Vraiment?*" The Frenchman reached for the monocle that seemed as ill adjusted to bathing costume as the beard which he had sacrificed to diplomacy. "And now they deliberately offer him another dare? How confiding! How fearless! How American!" For he was indeed a diplomat.

Pax was at that moment voicing much the same commentary to Cliff. But she said it differently. "Not so many hours ago I made myself a promise never to get out of reach of the strong arm of the life guard."

"Let's hope you never do," Cliff said, and he flexed his powerful elbow.

It was a good start, but courage failed him here. All his life he had lacked hardihood in one particular, shirked one responsibility, and this bade fair now to be overcome.

They waded in and swam out in the soft, buoyant brine, described a little circle and swam back again to rest on the water's edge.

"That," said Pax, "is about the limit of the offshore orbit in which I ought to rotate."

"Your rotation," Cliff said decidedly, "should be always around some solid, stable, terrestrial body on which you would shine from every arc of your ellipse, and to which you would be held by the strongest attraction that can possibly exist."

"How astronomical!"

"But apt in the case of a heavenly body like yourself. Heretofore you've had Lanty. What's going to happen, now that a new world is tugging away at him?"

"I'll be a shooting star. Fly off into space."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. You're going to fall within the attraction of another planet that's strong enough to hold you."

"How do you know?" Pax, playing with the sand, gave him a veiled look from her soft gray eyes.

"We celestial navigators have to know our astronomy at least enough to know that fundamental law by which the whole universe hangs together. Something tells me that I could keep you from flying off into space."

"How?" Pax reached above the line of ripples and scooped up a handful of fine dry sand. "Look," she said. "The tighter I squeeze it, the faster it runs out—in a fine little stream. There—it's all gone."

Cliff leaned forward. His strong arm was extended and his powerful grip inclosed a handful of damp sand that the coming tide had wet. He compressed it until the muscles of his forearm bulged. "None of that gets away. Because all of the elements have made it plastic. There's nothing sun-dried about you, my Pacifica. They named you better than they knew, and so did they me."

"Why you?"

He gave her a flashing smile. "Don't you see? The action of waves from the Pacific at the base of a cliff. So this damp sand I hold is your symbol. There's more in it than that—the esoteric water and the heavier material which is the solid land."

"That sounds very abstract," Pax murmured.

"Well, there's another symbol. If you'll swim out with me once again I'll tell you that." He rose lightly and stretched out his hand. Pax took it and was raised to her feet by a force of which there was no denying the tug.

They waded out again and bosom-deep began to swim, Cliff slightly in advance. Pax, really at home in the water when the distance was not too great, or the start of such a voyage made when already breathless and exhausted, followed easily on with a stroke that would not soon fatigue her.

Then looking back presently she was surprised to see how the shore bathers had dwindled. They looked not much larger than pelicans splashing about. "Cliff."

He glanced back. "Not tired yet?"

"No-o. But have we got to swim to Great Bahama to find that symbol?"

"No, but I wanted to get out of earshot to tell you what it is."

"Earshot?"

"Yes. Ears grow long down here and so do eyes."

He turned, taking a stroke or two that placed him between her and the beach. "Now put your two hands on my shoulders—this is a rite."

Pax obeyed. Cliff's arm slipped under hers, drew her against his chest. "Say after me, I-love-you—Pax."

"I-love-you—Pax."

"No! You say I-love-you—Cliff."

"I-love-you — blub!"

This last was not a part of the rite—the symbol. Neither was it precisely the way to affix its seal. But it did not matter. Brine cannot wash away that sort of seal.

They swam slowly back again to join J. J. and Lanty, who in their turn, seated on the water's edge, were engaged in the discussion of a topic singularly like the one on which Pax and Cliff had been engrossed, though without the symbol. J. J. eyed their sparkling faces knowingly.

"What was this last expedition after, Cliff?"

"Treasure."

"It looked for a moment to Lanty and me as if you were after sunken treasure."

"No," Lanty said. "I've formed a habit of watching Pax pretty closely when she sees fit to venture out where the waters are deep. Cliff got it before it sank."

"What you and I appear to have needed, Lanty," Cliff said, "was a course in pearl diving."

"Never mind, Cliff dear," J. J. said, "at least you and I have matriculated for a course in oceanography."

Lanty exhibited the scratched ball of his foot. "I've had all I want. The West Indies Pilot Book warns you to look out for coral heads. That one felt pretty good to me, when I found it wasn't a shark nibbling at the live bait. All the same I missed something."

"What?" Cliff asked.

"Testing the treasure."

"What did you think, Cliff, when you heard that yell?" J. J. asked.

"Thought it was an uncharted whistling buoy on a jamboree. When we threw the spotlight on it and saw J. J.'s lingerie, we stopped thinking and dropped the sampan."

Perhaps then he may have felt the need of walking and talking with Pax alone, finding some secluded spot where he might more firmly affix the seal to that precious bit of *terra incognita*.

Like so much valuable property thereabouts, Cliff's claim had so far been made while it was partially submerged. He rose and held out his hand.

"Come on, Pacifica. Let's leave these two free to discuss their next great adventure."

"Thoughtful, isn't he?" Lanty said. "But it seems to me that you've forgotten something, Cliff."

"No. Merely anticipated a little. You see, Lanty, there's no lack of precedent. When the early voyagers decided to lay claim to a new dominion, such as the Pacific, some bird, Balboa in this case, climbed a tree and looked it over and told the world 'this fair domain is mine.' After that it was up to him to hang on to it."

"He claimed it in the name of his country," Lanty said.

"Well—that's the way I claim Pax, in the name of the U. S. A."

"Fair enough," J. J. said. "Pax's first act on entering Florida was to brighten the colors under which she sailed. I'm not quite sure that it's just the thing to give the American flag a bath and alter its dimensions the fraction of an inch by hemming the border, but at least the intention was loyal."

"Yes," said Lanty. "And then she mastheaded it capsized, and the distress wasn't far ahead. Then Cliff came and saved her from the sea. That constitutes in itself both claim and obligation. So we can't dispute his warrant and his deed. Go ahead and ratify it."

Cliff and Pax walked back across the beach. The astute French diplomat, watching them covertly as they passed, said to his own bright hope, "They are radiant. They have found something out there in the water. 'Prophet and priestess we came, back from the dawning.'"

A little ripple ran through the girl. Such emotion is contagious.

Down on the water's edge Lanty said to J. J., "So that is those. My last sneaking sense of selfishness has walked out singing. Which reminds me that I have a bet to collect."

"What bet?"

"Don't pretend to forget your gentlemen's agreement. I bet that the A and P would get to St. Augustine before the Hyacinth. She's there already. So you might as well get set to pay the wager—one day of unquestioning obedience to my commands. That's probably about all of such service I'll ever get."

"Glad you're prepared for the worst."

"No, the best, because it is the height of my ambition to serve you for the rest of a long and happy life—and afterward."

"Don't make me cry. I'm near it already. When the day?"

"As soon as you think you can get ready to sign on for active service. The uniform for the day will be clean white with orange blossoms. Say, this day week."

"Lanty so soon?"

"It isn't soon for Florida. Look at Cliff and Pax. They've known each other less than a week."

"No," said J. J. softly. "They're like ourselves. They have found each other—again!"

(THE END)

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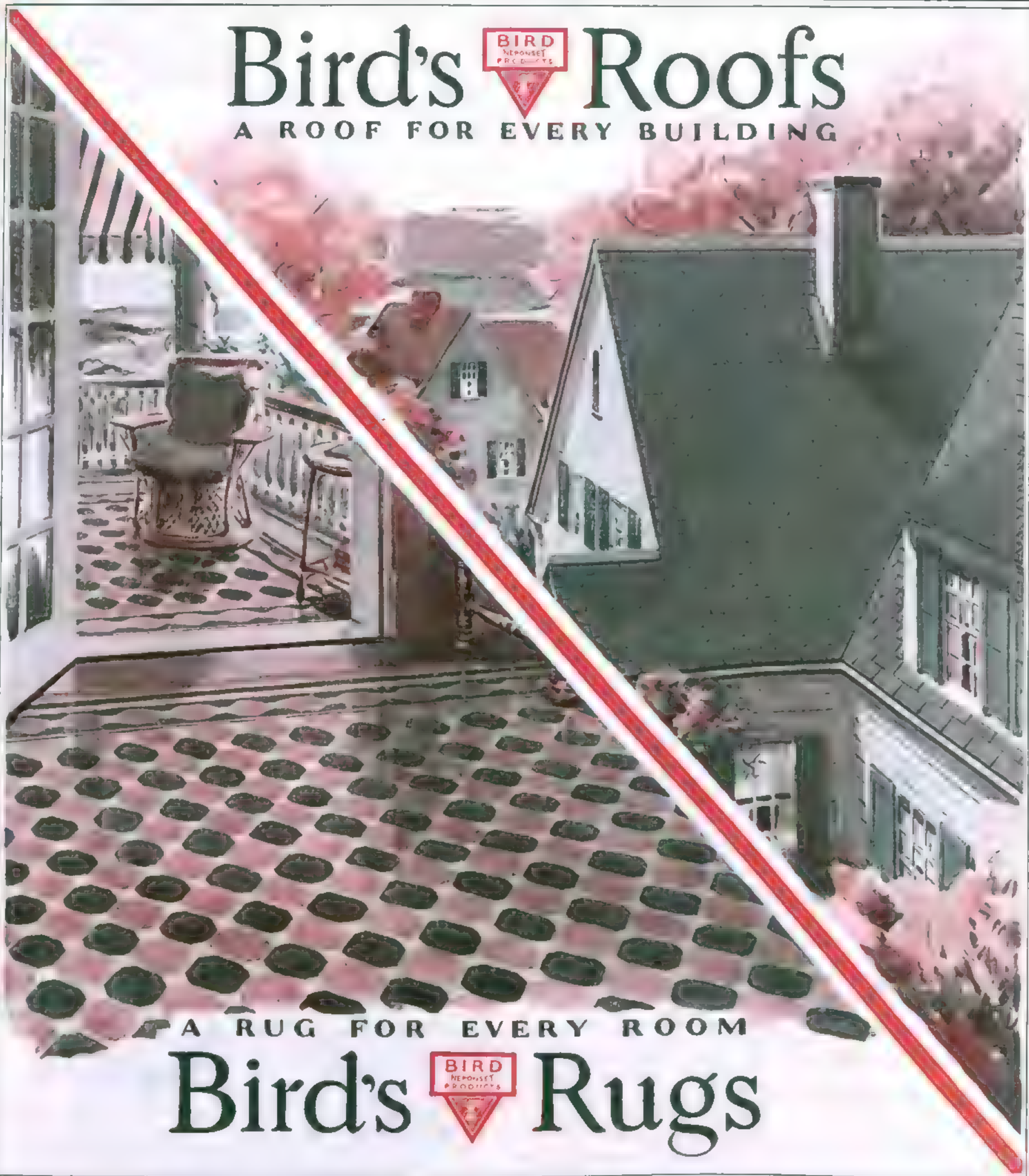

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DEFY WATER AND WEAR

IN FEE SIMPLE

(Continued from Page 19)

for this young man who had caused her to march out as terrible as an army with banners. She jammed on her brakes, careless of what might be behind her, and skidded up to the walk.

"I've been looking for you," she said with ominous directness.

"Am I to feel complimented or to hunt a cyclone cellar?" Caleb asked.

"I want to know why you act as you do toward my uncle."

"And a natural curiosity, I'm sure. But just how do I act toward Mr. Rooney? I smile when I meet him. I am deferential. I may say I approach subservience."

"I despise ingratitude," she said.

"And most properly. Even the lion with the thorn in his paw was grateful. But he was a carefully brought up lion. His parents read the book of etiquette."

"When you came here a stranger," said Seena, "my uncle offered to become your client."

"I cannot deny it."

"He has wished to befriend you."

"It would seem I have no talent for friendship."

"And when he found there was a plot to have you disbarred, what did he do?"

"What did he do? I pause for oratorical effect. What, indeed, did he do?"

"He compelled them to drop the proceedings."

"There can be no doubt the proceedings were dropped. Even one with afflicted ears could hear them drop—with a thud."

"And what return have you made for his kindness to you? You have set out to fight him. You have made a business of opposing him. You are the leader of all the Bolsheviks and discontented in this town."

He nodded his head, and it was evident to her, even in her mounting anger, that he was paying not the slightest attention to her words. He nodded his head again.

"I was right," he said in his most melancholy tone.

"Right! Right about what?"

"A private matter," he said. "Merely an argument I had with myself."

"What has that to do with what I am saying?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing. . . . They are black."

"What are black?"

"Your eyes."

"My eyes do not concern you."

"Thank you," he said; "I am glad to be guaranteed of it. I couldn't tell. I assure you I did not want them to concern me, but I did argue with myself whether they were brown or black."

She bit her lip. "If you don't wish me to despise you utterly, you will stop your opposition of my uncle."

"Doubtless it has never occurred to you that a young man could prefer to have you despise him. . . . It is much safer to be despised by a young woman who, however arrogant she may be, is one of the scenic charms of the locality."

"Safer? What impertinence do you suggest?"

"One never knows. A willful person like yourself might take it into her head to marry me. My armor isn't steel, as you possibly thought. It is only tin. So there I would be, at your mercy. But despising me——"

She interrupted: "I looked for you to tell you exactly what I think of you."

"And what do you think of me—exactly?"

"Why do you dislike Uncle Marty?" she countered.

"I rather like him," said Caleb, and nodded his head. "But I'm ambitious. For Cæsar was an ambitious man. I am looking for the food upon which Cæsar must feed to grow so great. I judge Julius to have been carnivorous, if not cannibalistic. The conclusion you may draw is that I wish to cram your uncle into my feed bag and nibble him at mealtimes."

"Sometimes I think you're daft."

"Sometimes I am certain of it. But to pursue this discussion of ambition: I have an urge to climb to heights. By observing my fellow men, I see that an approved mode of climbing is over somebody else's body. You pull someone down and clamber into his seat. It is automatic. The bigger man you pull down, the higher you climb. And Mr. Rooney is the biggest man hereabouts."

"Of all the cold, bloodless, calculating, scheming, ungrateful, treacherous ——"

"Six adjectives without a breath between!"

"—— despicable, dishonest, mean ——"

"And three are nine," said Caleb. "I'd suggest consulting Roget's Thesaurus. He has some good ones. There is 'vile' and 'noxious' and 'pernicious' and 'malignant'—and then the foreign languages are rich, Arabic especially."

"Can I say nothing to shame you?"

He shook his head slowly and regretfully. "I'm afraid not. My hide, as the saying goes, is thick to impenetrability. . . . By the way, are you familiar with the twenty-ninth sonnet of Mr. William Shakspere?"

"No!" Then she could not restrain a woman's "Why?"

"The clock in the steeple strikes twelve," he said, quoting from that ancient poem which commences, "Father, dear father, come home with me now," and was once a famous weapon against the evils of strong drink. The clock was, indeed, striking the noon hour. "As a housewife, you should be seeing to the midday meal," he admonished her, "and not bickering with the proletariat." He lifted his hat with a melancholy air. "Some other day I shall be interested to listen to what additional adjectives you collect."

"My uncle," she said—and now she was not the sovereign lady of the realm clad in regal dignity, but an angry little girl who wanted to say "My uncle is better than you are"—"my uncle is a good man and a kind man, and he's always doing things for this town, and I love him."

He turned suddenly back toward her. "I hope, Miss Rooney," he said gravely, even softly, "that you may always continue to believe and to love." Then slowly, unhurriedly, he turned away, and it was with an uncomfortable, frightening, bewildering sensation that she watched him go. . . . She drove home rapidly and hurried to the library. Shakspere's twenty-ninth sonnet! Why had he asked if she were familiar with it? She found the book, read the poem through; read it again in some consternation.

"Now what in the world did he mean by that?" she asked, and her cheeks were diffused with color.

What could he have meant by a reference to that greatest, deepest, most moving of poems from the lips of one who loved, addressed to his beloved?

II

MR. PHIDIAS PLUMM was a politician of such remarkable astuteness that he had risen to the eminent station of county supervisor. He was a small man with blue eyes which twinkled, and his wind-tanned face was as innocent of whiskers as it was guilty of wrinkles. The top of his round head glittered in the sunlight whenever he removed his hat, which was seldom either outdoors or indoors, and he was regarded as a remarkably humorous individual. He told stories. Also he belonged in fee simple to Mr. Marty Rooney and gloried in the ownership.

When he was seen walking toward Marty's office in company with Melvin Palmer, whose mission in life was to perform such uncleanly tasks as might leave a stain on Marty's immaculate hands, the vicinage knew that steps were about to be taken and that politics would right speedily become politics.

They walked into Marty's office without rapping. Mr. Palmer laid his hat on the desk, but Mr. Plumm allowed his to remain where he conceived it to be the business of a hat to be.

"Well?" Marty asked.

"I been sniffin' around," said Phidias.

"Me too," said Mr. Palmer.

"Detect any odor?" Marty asked.

Phidias allowed the humorous wrinkles about his eyes to become a veritable network. "Kind of a pleasant perfume," he said, "for folks that wear the noses we've got. I been samplin' it all over town and it's got what you might call an encouragin' tang."

"They're fightin' amongst themselves," said Melvin.

"They got jest two idees in their head," Phidias said. "One's electin' Briggs and t'other's fightin' over that proppity."

"The First Voters' clubhouse, you mean?"

"Sure's shootin'. Seems like they kind of suspect one another. Jinks Baker's sayin' he won't stand for havin' the title to that house in no board of directors nor trustees. And Caleb Hope is sayin' it can't be owned no other way; and there you be. They're gittin' right up to the edge of callin' names."

"Then you think they'll split?"

"Looks like it. And if they do, mebby we kin put over that Democrat feller to beat Briggs."

"All very well, but what about the bond issue? I need those bridges."

"There's talk," Phidias said, "but it hain't votin' talk. Votes is what counts, and we got enough of them. We kin poll a safe two hundred and fifty taxpayers any time we ring the bell."

"But what is Hope doing? Isn't he bucking the bond issue?"

"Nary a buck, so fur as I kin discover. Got trouble on his hands, and, outside of that, all he's thinkin' about is electin' Briggs."

Marty shook his head. "It doesn't sound right," he said. "It listens too good. And Hope's nobody's jackass."

"Mebby he hain't so much," said Mr. Palmer. "Mebby he had fool's luck a couple times."

Phidias wrinkled his eyes again. "Mel," he said, "that young feller hain't got a spot on him where fool's luck kin light."

"I think," said Marty, "we'd better make believe roll over and play dead so far as Briggs is concerned. I guess he's got us licked there, anyhow. Caught us napping. We'll slip over those bonds and start in building for the county elections. The boy is too smart to be allowed to run loose in Luxor."

"He aims," said Phidias, "to run the whole show."

"If I'm any guesser, and I think I am," Marty said, "he's pointing his gun higher than that. That boy never will be content to run a one-horse town like this. He's chopping out Luxor for a platform to stand on when he wants to climb higher."

"Huh!" grunted Mr. Palmer.

"And," said Marty, "we've got our work cut out. If we don't abolish Mr. Hope, he'll abolish us."

"And," said Phidias with frank cynicism, "when I see that's liable to happen, I'm goin' to clamber up on his band wagon."

"You'll not be the only one," said Marty, who rested under no delusions as to the loyalty of his lieutenants or as to their reason for remaining loyal.

"Well, what'll we do next?" Mr. Palmer asked.

"Hold your taxpayers in line," said Marty, "and commence building for the fall elections."

Phidias went out from that place chuckling. He was in no state of alarm, because, no matter which way events veered, he felt he could find a comfortable home for himself. It made no difference to him what camp he was in so long as there was a tent for him to occupy. But not so Melvin Palmer. Melvin was apprehensive. Already this young lawyer had bestowed a pair of defeats upon the man Melvin had believed to be unbeatable. Marty was Melvin's livelihood, and there could be and would be no place for him in Caleb's camp.

"You look like you'd et somethin' that curdled on you," said Phidias jovially.

"Caleb Hope hain't got no grudge against you," Melvin replied somberly.

"And he hain't goin' to have no reason to git one," said Phidias with decision.

They stopped in at Jinks Baker's for a cigar, but were unable for a time to attract Jinks' attention. He was making an oration over the counter, and he was lost in his subject.

"I tell you," he said, "'tain't right, and I for one hain't goin' to stand for it. Who bought that clubhouse, anyhow? Was it three or four fellers or was it all of us? And who owns it? I ask you, who owns it?"

"I'll bite," said a young man; "who does own it?"

"A dog-gone committee, that's who! They got title, and there you be. We hain't got no say."

"I don't see any reason for kickin' up a rumpus," said the same young man.

"You don't see no reason for nothin'," said Jinks; "but I'm a business man. I got sense enough to think matters out."

"If Hope says this is how it ought to be done, that's good enough for me," the young man declared.

"To blazes with Hope! He can't run the whole show, not with me around, and you can bet your bottom dollar on it! I'm a-goin' to fight this thing through. By dan, I'm a-goin' to have my rights out of it somehow!"

"I hope you git 'em," said the young man, moving away to show his utter lack of interest.

"What's all the speech-makin' about?" Phidias asked of the orator.

"Private matter," said Jinks, eying his visitors and becoming suddenly canny. It could be seen at a glance that he did not wish these emissaries of the enemy to know there was dissension in camp.

"Caleb Hope slippin' one over on you boys?" Phidias asked.

"Nobody said so."

"Keep your eye peeled on that young feller. He'll be chawin' steak with your eyeteeth 'fore you wake up to find you got bare gums."

"Not with mine, he won't," said Jinks vehemently.

"If you need any help, you know where to come," Phidias said, with a lift of his eyebrows. "Gimme a couple of them nickel cigars." He winked at Melvin Palmer, and when they were outside jammed a jovial elbow into his ribs. "Looks kind of bright after the shower," he said amiably.

"I bet you," said Melvin, with some show of relief, "that this here First Voters' League is blowed up higher 'n a balloon."

"Seems as though," agreed Phidias.

But they were destined to be disappointed in that prediction, for Caleb Hope, perceiving the danger of the situation, surrendered at discretion to the Jinks Baker element. Everybody laughed except the register of deeds, who had to copy in his huge book of records a conveyance from the trustees to the entire membership of the First Voters the title to their clubhouse. Being an indolent man, the register objected to the copying of a hundred and sixty-two names, but Jinks Baker was there in person to check him up and to see that no name was omitted. And at the same time a lot, purchased for two hundred dollars next the club, was deeded in similar way to the thirty-odd members of the auxiliary.

"And," said Marty Rooney, "if ever title to a piece of property was everlastingly

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 115)

balled, this one is. Whoever in the world can get a clear title to that piece from now on?" He was hugely delighted at the humor of it. "A hundred and sixty-two joint owners of a piece of land! And they'll be marrying, and then dower rights and what not. My dear"—he was speaking to Seena—"there's a sweet mess."

"I'm glad somebody's made that Caleb Hope look foolish," she said vindictively.

Somehow Marty Rooney drew a large and relieved satisfaction from the incident. He was beginning to grow superstitious over Caleb Hope, but this thing proved the young man was not invincible. It tickled Marty so that he even ventured upon persiflage when he encountered Caleb in the post office.

"I hear you've been doing a little conveyancing," he said genially.

Caleb raised his melancholy eyes smilelessly. "The human animal," he said, "is always learning some new trick."

"This was a cunning trick," Marty said. "I'm much obliged. It's so seldom a fellow gets a good laugh nowadays."

"Man," said Caleb, "has the distinction of being the laughing biped. Every time he considers how he can't lift as much as an elephant, he can remember that he can laugh louder—and that restores his self-esteem."

"I'm still open to a reasonable proposition," Marty said in his friendliest way. "It seems a waste of energy for you and me to buck each other."

But Caleb's mind still ran, it seemed, upon the subject of laughter. "I wonder what Nature meant by it," he said wearily, "when it reserved the ability to laugh for men—and hyenas. It seems kind of pointed, doesn't it?"

"Do you suppose a hyena can see the point of a joke like this?" Marty asked, enjoying himself hugely.

"He ought to," Caleb admitted ruefully. "It's too bad to have a laugh on hand and not to be able to use it over this. I could almost laugh myself. Now if I was a laughing man ——"

"What?"

"Why, I'd laugh now. I wouldn't lose any time. Because, if I didn't, the chance might slip, and when I got around to it the humor might be stale."

"You don't care to talk business?"

"I can go farther than that," Caleb said lugubriously—"I don't care to talk at all. There are so many words!" He paused as if appalled at the bulk of the dictionary. "You can't hope to use all of them even once. You don't get a chance to slip some of them in and it's discouraging. There is 'sphygmographically,' for instance, I've known it ten years, but never had a chance to drop it in casually. It seems foolish to talk at all when the very best words are practically no good to anybody."

He turned and walked away slowly, his shoulders slightly bent, his long legs working awkwardly. Marty peered after him and then rubbed his chin. Caleb Hope had erected defenses which even the most adroit man could not penetrate. Marty would have given much to know just what was concealed behind Caleb's camouflage of words—or if anything were concealed. There was nothing to do but guess.

III

THERE may have been a noisier campaign back in the days of Tippecanoe and Tyler Too, or when the old Flambeau Clubs used to march in their uniforms of white oilcloth, letting off fireworks as they paraded, but this is doubtful. The First Voters, with the auxiliary—which was not a ladies' auxiliary by any means—discovered a genius for din-making. Their candidate was Mr. Briggs, and they concentrated upon him.

One would have thought that nothing but the election of Mr. Briggs could stave off the destruction of the world. . . . And Marty Rooney smiled with quiet satisfaction, for his bond issue had been utterly lost sight of in the turmoil.

"I think," he said with satisfaction to his niece, "we have caught the young man flat-footed at last."

"Are you sure?" she asked.

"Certain. He's so busy electing Briggs that he's lost sight of the main transaction. If he had beaten me on this bond issue, I should have worried. Now I can sit back and build fences for the next campaign—and nail his hide to the barn door."

"I don't know," said Seena dubiously. "Caleb Hope is a lot of things I don't like, but he's not thick-headed." Marty frowned. Seena continued, "Say what you want to, that young man is smart. My guess is that he doesn't care a hoot whether Briggs is elected or not."

"Why do you think that?"

"I just feel it," said Seena.

"But what can he do? It's too late to start anything now, and I've a majority of the taxpayers in my pocket."

"If I were in his place, that's exactly how I'd like you to feel."

"But what can he do?"

"If I could tell you that," Seena said resentfully, "I'd be as smart as he is—and I'm not. But if I were you I'd act as if he were fighting that bond issue tooth and nail—because he is."

"Nonsense, my dear!"

"Tell me that the day after election," she said.

Not seriously disturbed, but moved to omit no precaution, Marty had a canvass made of the votes he could depend upon. They remained his, and could not be disturbed. Indeed, there was not spoor of anybody's seeking to tamper with them.

"My dear," he said to Seena on the morning before election, "you're barking up the wrong tree this time."

"But I'm barking," she said succinctly.

It was the final day for registration, a last-minute opportunity for those who had not done so to get their names upon the polling books. Melvin Palmer kept an eye upon this matter, but nothing occurred during the morning or early afternoon. He strolled down to the mill to report to Marty, and then strolled back about four o'clock. Before the polling place he stopped, stared, and then lunged forward with bulging eyes, for there stood a line of men stretching from the door far down the street. A hundred at least, maybe more!

He rushed up to the last man in line and snatched at his arm. "Hey, Mort, what's this here? What's all the line-up fur?"

"Registerin'," said Mort.

"But you fellers is registered! I seen most of your names on the pollin' list."

"We're jest makin' sure," said Mort. "We got to elect Briggs, hell or high water."

"Huh!" said Melvin, but he was not satisfied. By dint of shouldering, he forced his way inside and up to the table where the registrars were at work. There no questions were needed, for the polling book spread before his eyes was not the general list, but the special book of taxpayers. And, man after man, he saw individuals being written down there who owned no hide or hair of property.

He bellowed, "Say, John, what you mean by registerin' this gang in the taxpayers' book? The' hain't any taxpayers in this bunch. What you up to?"

"Got to register 'em, Melvin, if they claim to be taxpayers. Hain't no way to avoid it. Especially when they're willin' to make affidavits."

Melvin did not wait. He turned and rushed from that place and ran all the way to the mill, where he burst into Marty's office.

"Hey, Mr. Rooney, git to stirrin'! Suthin's up! There's shenanigan goin' on."

"What d'ye mean? You were just here to report that everything was lovely."

"It hain't lovely no more," Melvin said. "They're registerin' by hundreds—in the taxpayers' book."

"What?"

"The hull dog-gone First Voters' League," said Melvin.

Marty snatched his hat and made for his car. With Melvin, he drove to the polling place, there to alight with energy and to elbow his way inside.

"What's the meaning of this?" he demanded. "By what right do you register these men as taxpayers?"

"Because we be taxpayers," said Jinks Baker. "Genuine, dyed-in-the-wool property owners."

"Nonsense! Certainly you don't think you can get away with this. You won't be allowed to vote. Every one of you will be challenged tomorrow."

"Better talk that over with Caleb," said Jinks dryly.

Undoubtedly, Marty Rooney was flabbergasted for one time in his ordinarily cool and collected life. This thing, whatever it was, had hit too suddenly, and it was not to be comprehended. He rushed, as Melvin had done, from the polling place and leaped into his car, where he found his niece waiting for him.

"What's it all about?" she asked. "I was just passing and saw the crowd, so I waited in your car."

"I don't know," he said savagely. "Something phony."

"Um—barking up the wrong tree," she said softly. He scowled as he jammed his foot on the starter. Seena placed her fingers on his arm. "There's Caleb Hope," she said, "just crossing the street. For goodness sake, don't let him have the satisfaction of seeing you upset."

Marty gritted his teeth, and then, by an effort, brought to his face the old suave smile. He waved his hand. "Hello, Hope," he called genially. "What's the enormous idea?"

"Not enormous," said Caleb sadly, "just medium-sized. About four and a half A, I think. But it fits the essential foot. Cinderella and the slipper. No good except for the foot it was made for by the little fairies."

"Prince Charming!" said Seena somewhat ironically.

Marty laughed. "My niece seems a bit peevish," he said. "You must have offended her."

"'"Off with his head," said the duchess,'" Caleb said in his tired voice. "Excuse me, I've got to register."

"Now listen, Hope," Marty said, "you can't get away with this. Of course you can try, but why go to the trouble? We'll challenge every vote tomorrow and they'll be thrown out."

"On what grounds?" Caleb asked, as though he were really curious about it.

"There's not a taxpayer in the lot, not a property owner."

Caleb sighed and shook his head. "Big mistake," he said. "Ignorance of fact excuses, ignorance of law is no defense."

"Get down to brass tacks. What's the idea of it?"

Caleb turned to cast his eye down the line of men. "Backbone of the community," he said. "Men with a stake in our village. Owners of real estate in fee simple, every one of them."

"Not one of them!" snapped Marty.

"Something like a hundred and ninety-four," Caleb responded. "I refer you to the records. Register of deeds. . . . I heard you viewed with amusement the recent bickering in the First Voters' League."

Marty leaned forward suddenly and frowned. "What?" he said sharply.

"You may remember the boys wanted to own the property—all of them—and not have title vested in trustees. And almost everybody laughed, quite loudly—all except the register, who had to copy that deed with nearly two hundred names on it."

Seena leaned forward. "You mean?" she asked.

"Each of these men owns in fee simple an undivided interest in the real estate comprising the clubhouse. Perhaps the tax of each will run as high as a quarter to a half a cent, but a tax nevertheless. Bona fide taxpayers under the statute as made and provided."

"You don't think that will stand law, do you?"

"I know it."

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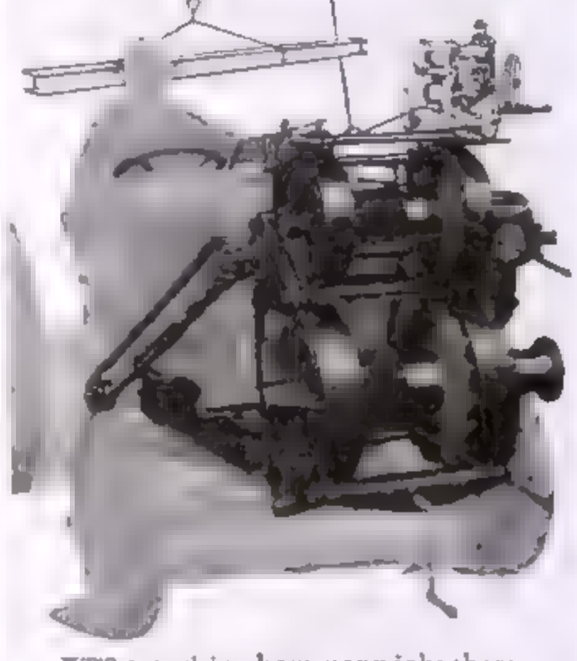

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"I'll challenge every vote. They will be thrown out."

"Yes," said Caleb, "you can do that. You own the machinery. But I don't mind. The bonds won't issue. Taxpayers' suit for an injunction, you know. Restrain the issuance of the bonds until the courts can pass upon the legality of throwing out bona fide votes. Nobody will underwrite the bonds while they are in litigation—and though you may give directions to the Circuit Court, the Supreme Court is by no means private. And there you are. . . . Er—excuse me, I must register."

Seena sat biting her lips. "Uncle," she said when Caleb was out of earshot, "I could spank you."

Marty summoned up a rueful smile. "I could get some satisfaction out of spanking myself."

"Are you really beaten?"

"Really beaten—unless I can dig up a hundred extra votes somewhere before tomorrow night."

"Which," said Seena, "you can't manage."

So it proved to be. The vote on election day, when counted, stood two hundred and forty-six for the bond issue, two hundred and ninety-three against.

And Mr. Briggs was the duly elected justice of the peace.

That evening Marty Rooney sat in his library peering at the event through half-closed eyes.

He glanced once or twice across the room at Seena and then bent forward to speak to her.

"My dear," he said, "that young man gives too much trouble."

"He does," agreed Seena. "I despise him."

"Um—if something isn't done, he's going to own this town politically," Marty reflected.

"And the county and the state," said Seena.

"He's got to be brought into camp somehow."

"How?"

"The only way I can think of," said Marty, "is for you to marry him into our party."

Seena sniffed.

"Not if he was the last man on earth," she said.

TAKE THE STAND, PLEASE

(Continued from Page 54)

"With thanks, Thornton, or were you angry?"

"With thanks, Judge Bledsoe, and I was not angry; just embarrassed. What he offered seemed too much like a tip. Mr. Rogers is a common type and distressingly clumsy, or, I should say ostentatious, when he intends to be fraternal. But I was not angry."

"Did he show any anger at your refusals to accept his offers?"

"None in the world, sir. We got on together famously."

"Now, Mr. Thornton, we've got to be entirely frank with this jury. You are charged with felonious assault; with striking Mr. Rogers a blow calculated to cause his death. He is a man of about your own age, much smaller to be sure, but apparently in good physical condition; he did not serve in the army and you did; you came back to bankruptcy and found him prosperously launched in business and looking for a chauffeur. What impression did that make on you? Didn't you resent it?"

"No, sir, not in the least," the witness replied with a smile. "The fortunes of war, sir. I was no heroic minute man myself. I went when I was drafted and had a good deal better time of it than I expected. Mr. Rogers found a soft spot, and considering what some of the boys went through, I couldn't help thinking that he was no fool. Some of us had a very uncomfortable time over there. I certainly didn't begrudge Rogers his good luck, sir; especially when I was pocketing my seventy-five every week."

"Then there were no ancient differences between you previous to the very day of the fight?"

"Not a one, sir."

"You greeted each other as friends that morning and started out together as usual; is that correct?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Where did you go first?"

"To the office of his attorney, sir."

"And then?"

"I drove him and his attorney to the office of the district attorney."

"And then?"

"I drove him and his attorney to the office of the Amalgamated Bonding Company on lower Broadway."

"There were no cross words between Mr. Rogers and his attorney ——"

"Yes, sir," the witness interrupted.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Thornton," Judge Bledsoe pleaded, raising his right hand, palm forward. "Wait until I complete the sentence. Were there any cross words between you and Mr. Rogers, or you and his attorney? Never mind any cross words between them."

"Oh, excuse me, sir. No, they paid no attention to me that day. They were very busy. Something about the business."

"Never mind anything about the business, Mr. Thornton."

The district attorney rose. "We ask the court to instruct the jury," he began, but Judge Bledsoe interrupted with: "And we join in the request." So the court smiled and instructed the jury that it should not consider any references to the business affairs of Mr. Rogers.

"And now, Mr. Thornton," Judge Bledsoe resumed, after this little interlude, "where did you go next?"

"We went home fairly early in the afternoon, sir, and Mr. Rogers informed me that we would go to the home of Mr. Ransome, on Long Island, that night. The Ransomes were giving a dance. They have two daughters."

"Are you personally acquainted with the Ransomes or are you just telling us something that you read in the newspapers?"

"I used to know the family quite well, sir. And Ralph Ransome was in my company in France. He was killed in the Argonne."

"Did Mr. Rogers make any suggestions with reference to your costume that evening?"

"Yes, sir. He called me in while he was dressing and we had a cocktail together. Then he said it would be great sport for me to attend the dance with him. I remarked that I had no evening clothes, but he had his heart set on my going with him, so he had bought an outfit for me from the same dealer who had supplied my chauffeur's uniform."

"And what did you think of the joke, Thornton?"

"I didn't like it. I knew those people and I had no doubt that I would have been welcome, but, you know, there is a class of young upstarts who make a business nowadays of crashing into places where they aren't invited. It's a trashy, common thing to do. If I had wanted to go I could have called them up and asked for a bid. The Ransomes were old friends of my parents."

"So you resented Mr. Rogers' suggestion?"

"Not at all, sir. He meant the best in the world, but the poor fellow has no social background. With the best of intentions toward me, he was risking serious damage to himself."

"Damage to himself?" Judge Bledsoe queried. "How?"

"He wanted Mr. Ransome to put some money into his business."

"How do you know that?"

"I heard him tell his lawyer so. He said three days would see the whole thing done. That's what all the row was about in the car during the afternoon. The poor fellow was struggling desperately for just a little time. Under the circumstances I couldn't permit him to jeopardize his chances by dragging a disguised chauffeur into the ballroom of his possible benefactor and business partner."

"You are sure that it wasn't your own social position you were thinking of?"

"Absolutely not, Judge Bledsoe. I no longer have a social position."

"All right, Mr. Thornton. Did you go to the ball?"

"I drove Mr. Rogers there, sir."

"And how were you dressed?"

"I wore my uniform, sir."

"Which car did you drive?"

"The large one."

"Did you remain in your car outside?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, what, if any, conversations did you have with any of the persons attending that ball?"

"About midnight, sir, a young man and woman came out of the house, crossed the lawn, and then came up to Mr. Rogers' car and stepped in. There was a very large flash light on the rear seat of the car and they found it. The young lady turned the flash on me and I turned around. Immediately they both recognized me and laughed. In fact, all three of us laughed. The situation called for explanations, of course, which I gave. Seeing that I was not embarrassed, they dashed away to spread the news inside. Presently some fifteen or twenty persons whom I knew came out to greet me. It was a very jolly party. They had had a few drinks and they were in a gay humor. While we were talking and joking, Mr. Rogers joined the party, accompanied by Miss Belle Ransome. Perhaps I should explain that she had been Ralph's favorite sister. I had seen her several times at the training camp, but not since the Armistice. She seemed to be somewhat overcome at finding me there." At this point the witness hesitated.

"Well?" Judge Bledsoe prodded.

"She seemed to be somewhat overcome by surprise," the witness repeated.

"What makes you think that? What, if anything, did she do, indicating surprise?"

"She kissed me, sir; and then she began to cry."

"Had you and Miss Belle Ransome been sweethearts?"

"No, sir. She was very fond of her brother, and he and I had been close friends, especially in France. Also I sent in the report that got him his citation. It came after he was dead, of course, because it referred to the action in which he was killed. Seeing me, upset the girl, I think."

"All right, Mr. Thornton; what happened next?"

"Well, they rather dragged me into the house and we danced."

"Did you meet Mr. Ransome?"

"Yes, sir."

"What conversation, if any, did you have with him?"

"Very little, sir. I greeted him with the customary pleasantries, but he seemed rather glum."

"Don't use adjectives, please, Mr. Thornton. Just tell us what he did and what he said. The jurors will decide whether he was glum or not. Now go ahead and repeat the conversation as nearly as you can remember it."

"Yes, sir. Well, his first remark was: 'Why the funny make-up, Howard?' And he was scowling. I said, 'Mr. Ransome, I am a chauffeur.' And he said, 'Whose chauffeur, for heaven's sake?' And I said, 'Chauffeur to Mr. Rogers for the sake of my bread and butter, Mr. Ransome.' And he said, 'Howard!' Just like that. Then he said, 'I was under the impression that you were associated in business with Mr. Rogers.' And I said ——" The witness hesitated, then asked, "Shall I go on with this? Is it of any interest?"

"Yes, Mr. Thornton, proceed, please."

"Well, I told him that I hadn't quite enough capital to be associated in business with a pushcart peddler, much less a security firm. He didn't like that, although I meant it just as a pleasantry."

"How do you know he didn't like it?"

"He kept on staring at my uniform and looking as though he might have just swallowed a bug. I'm sure he didn't like it. I felt very uncomfortable. It nettled me, so I said, 'I'm surprised that you didn't invite me to this dance, since you thought you knew my address. If you had invited me I would have come in appropriate dress. As it is, I was dragged in while minding my own business outside.' Then he mumbled an apology and said, 'My information about your business connection with Mr. Rogers is scarcely twenty-four hours old. However, since you are his chauffeur you will not mind, I hope, being asked to go and get him and bring him here.' I didn't like his tone, but at the same time I felt he was somewhat justified in resenting my coming into the house in uniform, so I was more than eager to be off. Fortunately, Mr. Rogers came up just then, so I left them and hurried away to dance with Miss Belle Ransome. She had forced someone else to give up that dance, so I couldn't very well evade even if Mr. Ransome disapproved. The situation may have been a trifle strained between him and myself, but everyone else present seemed to be having the happiest kind of a time. The party lasted until after two o'clock in the morning."

"And then you drove Mr. Rogers home?"

"We started home together, sir."

"Oh, you didn't get home?"

"No, sir."

"Well, tell us what happened."

"After I had been driving about half an hour Mr. Rogers suddenly began to curse me. The man was hysterical; his voice ran all the way from a roar to a squeak. I was worried and at first began to drive faster, thinking that perhaps he had drunk more than was good for him. Next he began to pound the back of my head and neck and shoulders with his fists, at the same time yelling that I had ruined him. The blows were not very heavy; I merely slowed down the car as a precaution, but I really wasn't worried, except about him. Then I happened to glance into the driver's mirror just in the nick of time and saw him coming up with that heavy flash light. That thing would be rather a dangerous weapon, even in the hands of a man no stronger than Mr. Rogers, so I slapped on the brakes and turned to catch his hand, but failed, and he landed a fairly solid wallop on my shoulder. I tried again to grab him, but the light was poor, and this time he landed one that made me see stars. I'm really surprised that it didn't put me to sleep. I judged there was no more time for fooling, so I lashed out with my right fist, just taking a blind chance that I might hit him somewhere and at least upset him." Again the witness hesitated.

"Well, did you hit him?" Judge Bledsoe asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Right behind the ear."

"Did it knock him out?"

"Yes, sir. I took him to the hospital and then gave myself up."

"How long was he in the hospital?"

"Five weeks, he testified, and I think that is right."

(Continued on Page 123)

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

BY THE WAY ~

The red sign that dots the road-map of the world means that all you have to do is - - stop and refresh yourself

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS - 7 MILLION A DAY

Now - - the new

One of the most sensational discoveries in the history of home-heating

NO matter *how your home is now heated* you should know these new facts. No matter *how large* or *small* that home is, or *where it is located.*

Because this is a development which changes past ideas of comfort in heating any home. And particularly changes your past ideas of OIL HEAT.

Here, in plain, non-technical language, you find the main facts. By returning coupon below, you learn where—in your own vicinity—to see actual operation of this new Silent NOKOL.

It means more comfort

There is no mystery to oil heat. If you use foresight, secure the proper equipment, you have:

(*1*) *More comfort, better heat and better health.*

(*2*) *Freedom from any work or responsibility in connection with your heat.*

(*3*) *A cleaner, more attractive, as well as a better-heated home.*

This, briefly, is the kind of automatic heating service NOKOL has been providing—in more than 33,000 homes—for periods up to nine years.

Now, NOKOL *adds to an important betterment—providing more comfort than ever before.* It is done by perfection of one simple, remaining principle; the work of NOKOL engineers, who, nine years ago, first made automatic oil heat *practical* for *homes.*

"Noise Bogey" ended

In the past, frankly, some noise has been unavoidable with any fully automatic oil heat.

Now the new Silent NOKOL *cuts all noise to the vanishing point!*

From the records of more than 33,000 homes which enjoy NOKOL comfort, it is clear that this heat seldom costs more than hard coal; *usually less.* These records, and every comparative test so far made, show that NOKOL heat is the lowest-cost, fully automatic oil heat known.

Now the new Silent NOKOL *actually increases this high efficiency of the past.*

No trace of odor

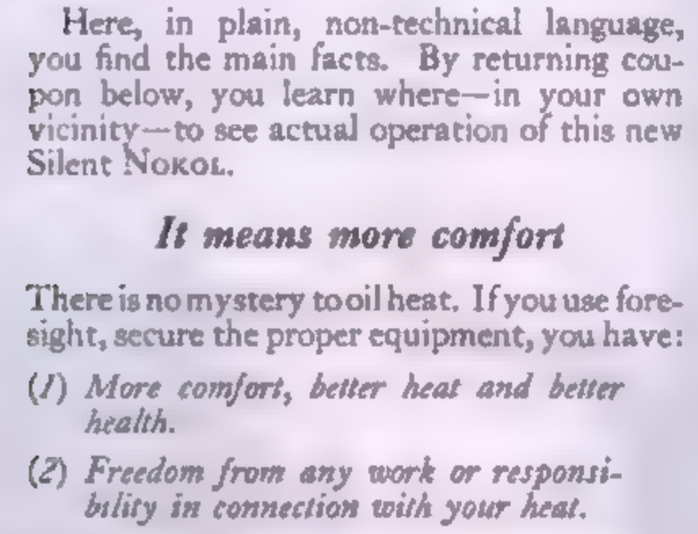
There never has been a trace of unpleasant, "oil-burning" odor in or about any NOKOL-heated home.

That is because NOKOL *can and does give low-cost heat without having to burn cheap, low-grade oil-fuel—of which foul odor is but one disadvantage.*

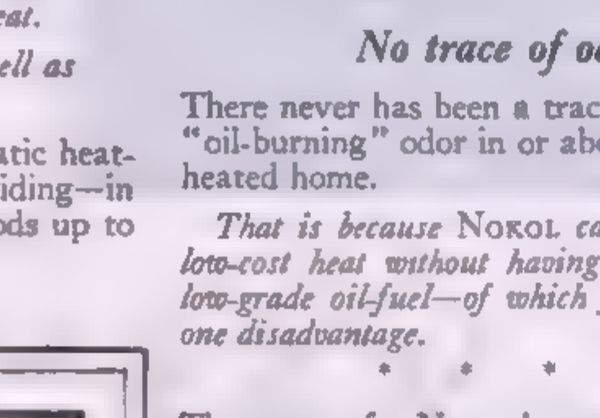
* * * *

The reason for NOKOL's record-setting performance is simply this:

NOKOL, in itself, fits your present heating plant for *oil-burning in a home* (different from *industrial* oil-burning). There is no brick-work, no makeshift alteration of your furnace or boiler. Further, NOKOL is one of the few automatic oil burners



The real reasons a home needs this fully automatic heat.

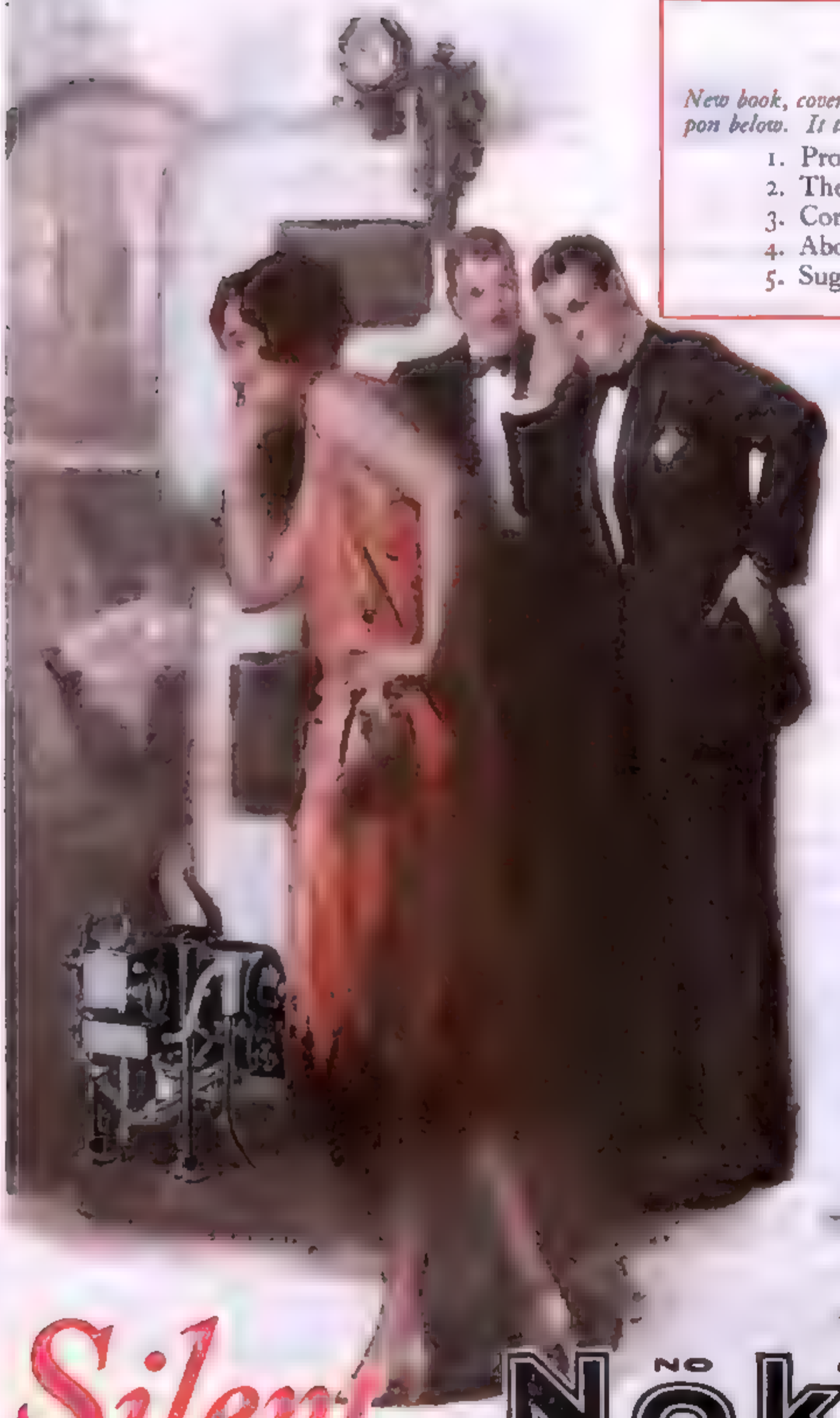


At last! Fully automatic heat—with noise cut to the vanishing point.

The new

First domestic oil burner listed by Underwriters' Laboratories; approved by all leading safety boards

Silent NOKOL
Automatic OIL HEAT



FREE:

New book, covering whole subject of oil heat. Clip coupon below. It tells you, in non-technical language:

1. Probable cost and saving
2. The real advantages
3. Correct oil-burning principles
4. About fuel supply and costs
5. Suggestions for choosing wisely

made in adequate range of sizes to fit every heating plant, every home. Any layman can *see* these advantages, when he sees a NOKOL in operation.

FREE: valuable, new book

More information will be helpful in deciding what kind of OIL HEAT you want.

Terms upon which the new Silent NOKOL is installed in your present heating plant are *convenient.* Instead of buying coal for another year you may want to consider this now.

Somewhere near you the Silent NOKOL may be seen in operation. You should spend 10 or 15 minutes seeing it. Return the coupon and we will promptly tell you where.

We will also send you a new, intelligently-written book—on the whole subject of oil heat.

These are reasons—good ones—for mailing the coupon now.

IT'S important to know the repute and responsibility of *makers* from whom you propose to buy an automobile. Such knowledge is even *more important* in considering the purchase of automatic oil-heating equipment. You can see why. Hence the following brief statistics are important:

American home-owners, to date, have invested more than $25,400,000 in NOKOL equipment. More than 33,000 homes now enjoy this modern comfort.

And NOKOL sales to home-owners, so far this year, indicate an *increase of three million dollars per annum* over any previous, corresponding period in NOKOL history. This is, of course, a record for the industry.

• • • •

YOU know, by repute at least, many who have chosen NOKOL heat for their homes. From the list of more than 33,000—*small* homes as well as *large*—here are a few:

COL. J. G. VINCENT, Vice-Pres. and Chief Engineer, Packard Motor Co. ... Detroit
EDWARD S. JORDAN, Maker of Jordan Motor Cars ... Cleveland
LEE DE FOREST, Famed Radio Inventor ... New York City
L. P. FISHER, Pres., Cadillac Motor Co., Detroit
WM. FISHER, Pres., Fisher Body Corp., Detroit
A. F. FOOTE, Commissioner Public Safety ... Boston
H. E. HOOVER, Hoover Vacuum Sweeper Co. ... Chicago
B. F. NELSON, B. F. Nelson Mfg. Co. ... Minneapolis
GOVERNOR M. E. TRAPP ... Oklahoma City
W. S. PENICK, of Penick & Ford, Ltd. ... New Orleans
GEORGE DANIEL OLDS, LL.D., Pres., Amherst College ... Springfield, Mass.
JUDGE W. I. BUTTERFIELD ... Bangor, Me.
HON. HERBERT S. HADLEY, Washington University ... St. Louis
WALTER W. HEAD, Pres., Omaha Nat'l Bank ... Omaha
MISS LENORE ULRIC, Actress, New York City
LORADO TAFT, Sculptor ... Chicago

See the New Silent NOKOL at the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial Exposition: Palace of Liberal Arts and Manufactures, Group D.

FREE:

New OIL HEAT *Guide*

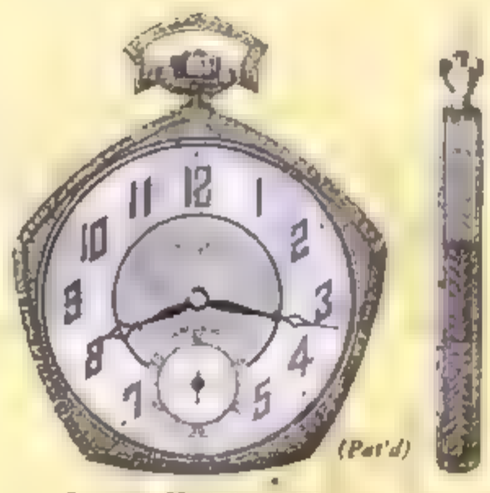
AMERICAN NOKOL CO.
Dept. -
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please tell me where to see the new Silent NOKOL in this vicinity. Also send—free—new "Guide to Oil Heat for Homes."

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....

Silent
Manufactured and guaranteed by
AMERICAN NOKOL COMPANY, Chicago

NO COAL
NOKOL
AUTOMATIC OIL HEATING FOR HOMES
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.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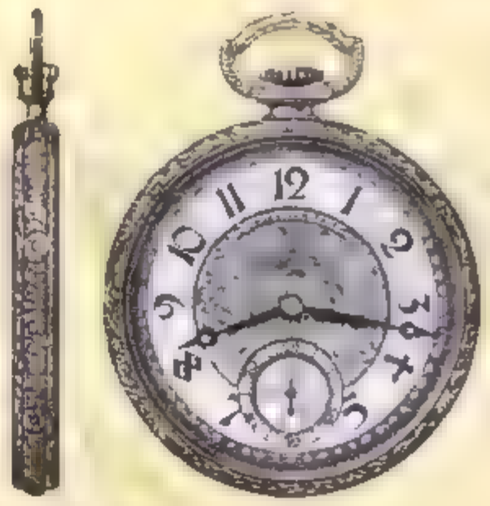
Pentagon VeriThin, $75
PRECISION *movement*

Gruen Wristlet, $30

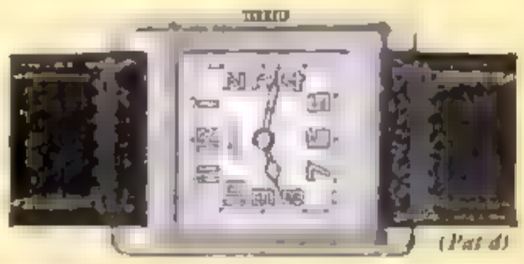
Gruen Cartouche, $35

Gruen Cartouche, $50

Gruen Diamond Cartouche,
$85 to $100
Other Gruen Wristlets, $30 to $350



Louis VeriThin, $50
Other Gruen Pocket Watches, $25 to $500


(Pat'd)

Tank, $60
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*
Other Gruen Strap Watches, $25 to $250

(Pat'd)

Gruen Quadron, $80
17-jewel PRECISION *movement*

To Parents of high school sons and daughters

Life in school or college is made up of so much more than studies!

The young student, at this most impressionable age of a whole lifetime, is in the process of making an entirely new set of social contacts.

These contacts will bring more revelations —they will have a far deeper influence upon the development of character—than all the textbooks ever written.

And the value of these contacts will depend largely upon how the new student is able to meet and cultivate them.

* * *

Naturally, you would like to feel that you are giving that boy or girl of yours the right kind of start in so important an adventure.

Remember, then, that youth is sensitive. Remember how much inclined youth is to exaggerate the little things that make for a feeling of inequality.

Whatever you can do now to help in the upbuilding of that self-confidence so necessary at this time is thus an investment in character.

In school or college, as in the world outside, one's watch is a possession either to be displayed with pride or consulted only when absolutely necessary and with some degree of furtiveness.

A *good* watch therefore becomes a necessary part of every student's equipment.

Octagon SemiThin, $40

On this page are pictured a group of highly distinctive timepieces specially selected for their appropriateness to the young student's needs.

The Gruen name, with which their dials are marked, is one of universally recognized prestige. Yet note how moderately they are priced!

Why not make your son or daughter the gift of a watch like this?

In nearly every community the better jewelers can show you these watches, together with many others by Gruen at a wide range of prices.

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD

TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.
CANADIAN BRANCH, TORONTO

Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

Gold Case Factory and Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, where the jeweler's watchmaker can secure standard duplicate parts promptly

PRECISION

This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

Pay a little more and get the best

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr., 1926, G. W. M. G.

(Continued from Page 118)

"You also heard him testify here that your attack upon him was unprovoked?"

"Yes, sir."

"That it must have been due to jealousy over Miss Belle Ransome?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now you wish to tell this jury that that was not the truth?"

"Yes, sir, but ——"

"But what?"

"I think he must surely have been drinking to excess, or perhaps it affected him more than he realized. I've known such things to happen."

"And you still feel sure that Mr. Rogers did not make any attempt to use you as a business asset?"

"Yes, sir. I feel sure that he wouldn't have done that, because we were fraternity brothers."

"You have had no business experience whatever, have you, Mr. Thornton?"

"Only in Liberty Bonds, sir."

"That's all," said Judge Bledsoe. And then to the district attorney: "You may take the witness."

The district attorney rose from his chair, nodded a signal to Judge Bledsoe, and the two of them strolled to the rear of the courtroom.

"Bledsoe," said the prosecutor, "I've known you a long time. I knew you when you presided over this very court. I've never known you except as fair and square. Do you mean to tell me that this fellow is as lacking in imagination as his testimony indicates? Is it possible for a man to be that dumb?"

"Dumb!" Judge Bledsoe exclaimed. "Why, Tom, he isn't dumb. He's just about the sort of fellow we allege that our civilization is trying to produce. He has an imposing array of the Christian virtues—he's honest, friendly, generous, unassuming and, God help him, absolutely guileless. The fact that all of these commendable qualities are summed up in the word dumb, not only by Rogers but by you also, doesn't speak very well for our ethical progress, does it?"

"I guess not," the prosecutor agreed uncertainly. And then he added, "Anybody undertaking to steer all those virtues through a notoriously bumpy world needs wits, Bledsoe; wits no less than will. He'd better have sharpened his wits on poverty if that was the best he could do with wealth. He won't be safe anywhere unless he's endowed and furnished with a guardian. He'd be better off in jail than out; don't you think so?"

"Well—no-o-o," Judge Bledsoe drawled. "It isn't proper to think so. As I understand matters, a little group of possibly two or three hundred persons like Howard Thornton are eventually going to inherit the earth. Meanwhile what are you going to do with him?"

"I'm going to suggest to the jury that they find him not guilty," was the prompt reply. "And after that"—the prosecutor was grinning—"what are you going to do with him?"

"I'll take him to my office," Judge Bledsoe answered, "and turn him over to the young lady who is paying my fee. She's there waiting for him right this minute. She's going to marry him. Then he'll be endowed and he'll also have the necessary guardian. Miss Belle Ransome is a very sensible young woman. She knows that it takes several generations of nice people to produce a lad like Howard Thornton, and only a few hours for the rest of us to pick his bones."

"Miss Belle Ransome?" the prosecutor queried. "Why, I thought he testified that they were not sweethearts."

"So he did; so he did. But then, he isn't fully informed on that point, either, Tom. The information is confidential for an hour or so."

"Well, let's get back and finish the business in hand. I've got better cases than this to try, including the one against Rogers himself on the smelly blow-up of his firm. My office has been full of weeping investors for three days, damn him."

The lawyers walked back to their seats, and each in turn announced:

"That's all, Mr. Thornton."

Less than a minute later the jurors, without leaving their seats, reported a verdict of not guilty.

"Prompt, I'd say," Howard Thornton whispered to his attorney. "Very decent of them too. I'm invited to dine with the Ransomes tonight and I'll need every second to hunt up some clothes and get into them. Is it all right to say 'Thank you' to the jurors?"

"It's customary," said the lawyer. "By all means do it."

"So you think," the prosecutor remarked to Judge Bledsoe with a chuckle as he walked around the attorneys' table, "that this fellow and his business associates are going to inherit the earth, eh?"

"I'm sure of it," Judge Bledsoe answered without the flicker of an eyelash. "The process is already under way; Thornton begins with a slice of Long Island."

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 17)

"There is only one scheme that they could possibly come forward with that would raise more ready money than mine, but I don't think they dare put it forward. That would be the putting of a Tax on Murders, Robberies and Liquors, and all its subsiduaries. But I don't think they dare do that. You can't, in Politics, go against your Constituency.

"You, for instance, put a heavy tax on Liquor and you will find that it will do just like my able Confederate, Mr. Mellon, proved to you with the high Income tax rate—it will defeat its own purpose. They taxed Industry so high men wouldent engage in it, hence no revenue was received, and it is the same with Liquor—or anything else that sells under the name. People will resent it, and they will get even with you by not drinking it, and it will, as my Mark Hanna so aptly proved it in the tax question, defeat its own purpose.

"As for Crime and Robberies, that is carrying just as heavy a burden now as it possibly can. It looks like it was making a lot of money, but it's not. The business is overcrowded. Supply and demand regulate Robberies the same as it regulates anything else. The supply of people who have money to be robbed of will never exceed the demand to rob them. In other words, as soon as there is a man has a Dollar there is a robber to take it.

"But they will never stand a tax. When you pay your Lawyers, and have to retain them by the year, whether you are robbing or not, and then pay your Professional Bondsmen, and hand out hundreds among the various Police Forces, I tell you they don't have much left in the end. Statistics have proved—as I had my Attorney Sargent look them up for me—that very few of the present-day Criminals ever wind up with much. Then the late hours, and with the present price of Ammunition and the inconvenience of getting it, and Pistols—sometimes you have to walk a block—it just in the end figures out a fair living.

"So if the Democrats are so short-sighted as to claim a platform that will saddle a tax on Crime, they will absolutely kill the business. So, Ladies and Gentlemen, and you, too, Progressives, I think that the System as adopted by the great little Nation of Monaco—Monte Carlo—with such great success for all these years—they have never a war or a Famine—this system as discovered and proposed by my able European accomplice, Mr. Rogers [cheers] has proved the Salvation of the whole of Cuckooland. The District of Columbia, as it was always formerly run, was a losing proposition. If we could have removed it with all that it contained years ago, we would today be on velvet. So that, Gentlemen, is the minutes of the last six months' Government and the program of the future. What is your pleasure?"

Now there would be some sense to a thing like that. People don't mind spending their money if they know it's not going for taxes.

Monaco has the right idea. Fix a Game where you are going to get it, but the fellow don't know you are getting it. A fellow can always get over losing money in a game of chance, but he seems so constituted that he can never get over money thrown away to a Government in Taxes. In other words, he will bet you on anything, but he won't pay it to you in Taxes.

Now lest Congressmen and Senators should feel some apprehension as to their future under a plan like this, I would like to state that they will be retained without having to face their Constituency—which I know is like going to a Dentist. The Senators will be the Croupiers, the ones that set there and rake in the Jack and place bets for the Tax Dodgers. And the custom is when a number wins straight up the winner is to tip the Croupiers. That would remind them of present conditions, when they put through a Bill lowering the tariff on something a constituent wants back home. The Congressmen, they would be the Hat-Check Boys.

This looks like the best bet over here. This Monaco is the only place I have been where everything is running Jake. There is no Government, there is nothing to interfere with anything or anybody; just that little old wheel rolling for them all the time.

I will keep looking, but this is going to be hard to beat.

Yours affectionately,
W. R.

MADRID, Spain, June 29, '26.

MR. PRESIDENT,
WHITE HOUSE.

My Dear Mr. President: Say, I wish you could get off sometime and come here. If you had the right kind of fellows there in your Cabinet you could get away. Other men get their business running so good that they come over here and travel round and see something, and it's funny to me that you, with the biggest business in the world, can't get men good enough that you can leave it for as long as you wanted to and go where you pleased. That shows right there that you havent got the right men.

Well, if you ever do accidentally stumble on anyone that you can leave there and trust, why, don't overlook this Spain. You know, not many Tourists or travelers get through here, because it's off the beaten track. Well, that is just what makes it good. Say, it's not only the most quaint country there is with lots to see, but it's the most productive from the soil standpoint of any one over here. It's the Oklahoma of Europe.

Well, I blew in here from down around Nice and Monte Carlo—one night—come in by the way of Barcelona, a real thriving city and their principal seaport. Made a day trip into Madrid on as nice and comfortable a train as ever hauled you out of Washington. They are plowing and farming in the old ways with Oxen and not even a plow, but a forked stick. But they sure are getting something raised. I tell you an oxen will raise as much as a Tractor if you don't use the tractor. Nobody hollering for Farm relief; every farmer was trying to make his own relief.

I had just come from down in Italy and had a siege with this Party Mussolini, him being the biggest headliner in Europe today. Well, I found every Nation over there, whether they admitted it or not, was trying to dig up another Mussolini. Now between you and I, there are no more Mussolini's any more than there is more Calvin Coolidges. I am not handing you this just because I am over here on a mission for you, but it's the dead facts.

Well, I asked everybody, as they are all trying to dig up other Mussolini's, "Who has come the nearest to it?" Well, they all agreed that Spain had been fortunate enough to come nearer finding the right man than any of them—a man named Primo de Rivera. France had been trying and they couldent tell whether they had one or not. They dident let one stay in long enough to find out if he could even spell Mussolini, much less act like him. England, when I first got to Europe, looked like they had a great fellow in this Baldwin. I went away and was gone 5 weeks, and when I got back he stood about like an impeached Governor.

They make 'em or break 'em quick over here. You don't get any four years' trial like you-all do over home, and then we have to put up with them regardless. A Premier never unpacks his grip over here. He just engages his room by the day. Portugal, the week I was in Madrid, had three Revolutions and 4 changes of Government in one day, and they havent got daylight saving either, or else they could have squeezed in another Revolution. Germany was in a Panic, Greece was changing leaders oftener than they did their shirts, Turkey had dug up a new one.

So I said, "Well, will you tell me who has lasted at least a week?"

So I found that this Primo de Rivera had been in for over two years. Now that over here would be about the same as you staying in for life. In Seniority he comes next to Mussolini. So I says to myself, Will, I know Calvin will want me to go see him and get some dope on his system. I had a letter from the main one of our help in Rome, Mr. Fletcher, who by the way is an awful good man; and if you can ever throw anything his way, why, you can bet it will be taken care of in a Business and Diplomatic way—a rare combination.

Well, I go around to see our Help here in Madrid. His name is Mr. Ogden Hammond, and, as you know, he is a regular fellow. I don't know when I have met anyone that was more amiable and charming. You know, you kinder got to watch out about Spain, Mr. President, in your appointments of Ambassadors. Spain maintains a lot of dignity, and you not only have to send a good level-headed business man but you have to have a man that can really, he and his wife, uphold the social and dignified end. I think more so than some of these other Nations, because they take it pretty serious in Spain.

Now Mr. Hammond is new in the Diplomatic game, but he is certainly making good, and they like him. You see, you either got to be one or the other with people like these. You got to show some dignity or not any at all. That's how My old Friend Aleck Moore was; they liked him too. Aleck just went into Spain the same as he would go into Pittsburgh. He knew how they acted there. If anybody had any dignity, they wouldent be in Pittsburgh. So Aleck just acted natural and they fell for it. This fellow Hammond is used to dignity; he acts natural and they fell for it. Well, Aleck made them and us a good man. He made good in every way, and what's amusing about it is you taking him away, and then he turns around and nominates Vare. Well, he was just what Spain needed—a little lightening up. You see, through their close connection with the English, they have kinder sorter grabbed off part of England's alleged dignity too.

(Continued on Page 125)

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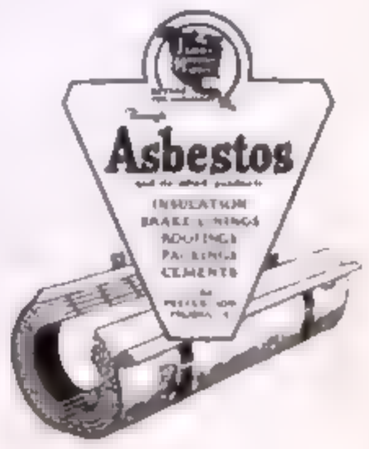

(Continued from Page 123)

So a little Pittsburgh Society mixed in sorter brought them back to earth again.

This Hammond has a lovely family, and they are just in their new Embassy Building, and it shows up pretty good. 'Course we always have the poorest-looking ones of anybody, but this one in Madrid now is one we don't have to feel ashamed of. Well, Mr. Hammond wanted to know if I wanted to see this Primo de Rivera, and I answering in the affirmitive, he arranged for me to call at the Premier's office the next day and he would grant me an interview.

Well, Mr. Hammond was so nice he even went down with me, and also Mr. Cunningham, our Commercial Attaché; a very good man; just an old smart Country boy from Texas, but he knows his stuff. Held the job 6 years and sure does savvy the language. Well, he was kind enough to go along as Interpreter. This Mr. Hammond don't speak a bad Spanish himself, by the way.

This Rivera was an Army man all his life, and he has had a lot to do with winding up this Morrocan affair. He is the first one that told Spain what to do down there, and they took his advice, caught old Abd-el, give him to France, and now France don't know what to do with him; so Spain is even with France. His Secretary spoke excellant English—that is, as well as I know what Excellant English is. English is more spoken in Spain among the Royalty—and people of what is foolishly spoken of all over the world as Breeding—than any other nation there is. All the highly educated ones speak English in preference to French. But that's the trouble with traveling in Spain. The high-ups all speak English, but nobody else. So you are stuck. How are you going to get to the high-ups?

I knew about a dozen words of what I had always been led to believe were Spanish, and Bill, Jr., had taken it at School. So I thought I was going in pretty well fortified. Well, Bill either had a bad Teacher or else he was the worst Spanish scholar in the world; and these 12 words of mine in the whole 8 days, with constant trying every chance I got, I never found a one that would fit. They might have been Spanish in Oklahoma, but they were Russian in Madrid. I stabbed in Spanish one morning at breakfast for what I thought was Strawberries and drew Lettuce Salad. I am going to take those few words I know of it back to the fellow I got them from and hand them back marked Not Used.

But you can always live in foreign Countries, for they have a fellow in every Hotel in Europe called the Concierge, and I want to tell you that they are perfectly at home with an Eskimo. They can tend to more things and talk more languages than any people I ever saw.

But I must get back to my interview with this Leader of Spain. There was an awful lot of Army Officers outside in the Anteroom; they dident know, I suppose, but what I had been sent there by Ibanez. Well, this Rivera got up and come and met us. He was in military Uniform, and had on quite a few Medals. I wouldent say that he was overdressed with them, but he was just on the border of what one would call good taste in medal dressing.

I complimented him on the condition of his country, because I could say nothing less and be truthful, for Spain is really in very excellent shape. Its money is at a staple price—in fact going up. He told me that he was just now getting things along the lines he wanted them. He said he wished that we allowed more trade with them, as they were our greatest buyers. They do buy more from us than they buy from any other Nation. It runs away in the hundreds of millions, and he seemed to think it rather unfair that our high tariff totally excluded some things, like Grapes. They used to ship millions of dollars' worth of table grapes in, and all at once somebody said that there was a bug in one of them, and they just stopped off, and now they don't allow a one in there. Well, he dident think that was hardly fair.

The League of Nations conference was on just at that time and I asked him how they felt about it, for I knew that Spain and Brazil had caused quite a row at the other meeting. Well, he thought that as Spain was the largest individual Neutral during the last war, they would be allowed into a Peace Conference to prevent wars. But they had not been given a permanent seat, and he would not allow them to just be in there as a temporary member to be kicked out when somebody liked. So I told him that the reason that they wouldent let them in was that they were not ready for a war. That's the reason why they wouldent let Germany in at first; she was in no shape for a war.

Now between you and I, Calvin, I have talked to everybody that I could possibly get to that I could understand in this whole trip, and they all feel the same about this League and Disarming and World Courts and all that stuff. They feel like England and France runs the whole thing and they don't want anything to do with it.

Between you and I, there ain't any of them got any use for the other one, and you can't blame 'em for looking out after themselves. Say, you give them as much ocean on each side of them as we have, and then on the other two ends a Mexico and a Canada, they might start talking some disarming with you too. But the way they are setting, every one of them over here with fortified borders all around them, I wouldent only not disarm but I would go get another gun.

I know one Nation over here if I dident have any more friends around me than she has, I not only would sleep with a Pistol in each hand but if I was them I wouldent go to sleep at all. I would just set up and watch. There is a lot of things talk good in a speech, but you come to working it out when you are up against hundreds of years of previous wars and hatreds, she don't pan out.

I had been to the attempted Disarmament Conference at Geneva and had heard his Delegation speak, so I asked him about Disarmament. I got the same laugh out of him I had out of Mussolini. He had the usual European reply: "When everybody else disarms, I will disarm."

Rivera had been asked to go to America, to the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centanial, and I took it upon myself to extend an additional invitation. I knew it would be all right with Mayor Kendrick, as I knew him before he met Butler. In fact I knew Kendrick when he was nothing but a Shriner. I knew he would be glad if I dug him up another customer.

Well, this fellow would really like to go, and he asked about Aleck—said he would have to go see him. You know, Spain spent a great lot of money and sent over a very fine exhibit, and if he comes over there you will see quite a fellow. He is not the live go-get-'em-knock-'em-down-kid like Mussolini, but he gets some of the same things done in a quieter way. He has Spain working and producing. He touched a button and I thought maby he was going to give me a Picture, but instead come a man with a tray. Well, that looked like some real fellowship.

He said, "It's not much; it won't intefere with you Gentlemen's Prohibition obligation—it's just a little sherry wine."

I am not much up on wines. I wouldent know Sherry from White Mule, but I am going to take out a small stack on this one. Well, Hammond, who has always been used to good stuff, and Cunningham, who speaks and drinks the language perfectly, why, they said this was marvelous. Then he explained to us that it was some stuff that Queen Isabella, I believe it was, had put these few bottles away for Columbus when he come in from a hard trip exploring. It was supposed to have some kind of spices in it, they said. I slipped my glass over to be reloaded. I says if I can just inveigle this old General out of a couple of more jolts of this Discovery medicine I will go out and hide America where no one can find it.

Now it wasent so much the good Sherry, but it was the hospitality of the thing; it was being so thoughtful. And that is the atmosphere that you will find that permeates the whole of Spain. They are glad to see you and they show that they are glad.

I never got a thing out of Mussolini. The Prince of Wales offered me a Cigarette, but he knew I dident smoke. So the Premier of Spain is the headliner in the hospitality race.

He said, "Anything I can do for you in Spain?" I thanked him and told him how nice that was; for I knew if there was anything in Spain that I did ask for, he was the only one that could get it. I told him if he ever went to Philadelphia, why, to let me know and I would give him a letter to Connie Mack and Artie Fletcher and they would show him the town.

Well, we just had a pleasant and mighty fine visit, and I felt like I had been honored by seeing and talking too a very capable man—perhaps the best that Spain has produced in a long time. Mr. Hammond was very pleased with the visit and said that that was the most he had heard him talk and discuss things with anyone.

The next morning at my Hotel I received the following letter. He sent two copies, one in Spanish and this one with the English Translation. Both were autographed by him. Well, that was a mighty thoughtful thing to do, and I would like to have you, Mr. President, pass this along to somewhere in Philadelphia, to show them that there is a very big man that knows of Philadelphia.

Also show Mr. Kellogg that all our help bear very friendly relations with these people, and if the chance comes to slip 'em a raise, why, to do it.

[Insert the letter, and get it in there before that Dam fair is over.]

PRESIDENCIA
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CONSEJO DE MINISTROS

WILL ROGERS, ESQ.
HOTEL RITZ.

Dear Sir: I beg to say that I have been so pleased with your visit this morning and so touched by the cordiality of your expressions towards Spain, in which I reciprocate with the highest esteem towards the United States, that I come to pray you kindly to be the bearer of my personal message full of hearty wishes to the great country which is yours and whose courageous and wonderworking character is held by all Spaniards in great admiration.

I feel flattered to know that my country is more and more appreciated in the United States every day, but I am sure this appreciation will become far greater when your countrymen become better acquainted with Spain as it is today—a cultivated, working, peaceful and disciplined country.

Spain has become a good client of the United States, and I long to see your country reciprocating with mine under this economical point of view, instead of creating some difficulties to the import of Spanish goods.

We feel delighted to be officially represented in the approaching great Exhibition of Philadelphia and wish and hope that the Spanish pavilion, though a modest one, may be the expression of our character and historical traditions, well meaning that it is Spain's wish to be present in future wherever there may be any celebration meaning peace, art and work.

I desire to the great American nation all blessings from above and all prosperities on earth. Sincerely yours,

You might not know it, but this fellow as a Dictator has even Mussolini beat. Mussolini has got a Congress, or House of Deputies. But when this fellow come in he threw the whole Gang out. There is no more Spanish Senate or Deputies. They

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are renting out their room for a Bullfight. This Gentleman runs the whole thing. The King calls up and asks what costume to wear that day.

Oh, yes, I asked him about the Bullfight. I had been to one two days before. I dident want to go; I knew I wouldent like it; then I thought, well, I better go and see it; that's the only way I can learn just what it is, and by me not going is not going to save any horse's life. I debated up to the last minute. I went, but I wouldent let Bill go. I knew he would be broke up over it, for he is a horse kid from his heart.

Some other time I will explain the whole thing to you; but to get this letter over and off to you before another Cabinet meeting I will say that I watched up to a certain time, when I ducked my head down behind the concrete wall, as we were in the first row. A very nice Spanish Chap who I had met in New York was my Host, and he would tell me when to look up again. I am a pretty tough egg, but I couldent go that Horse business.

There has been a lot of agitation in government circles as to doing away with the killing of the horses, so I asked Primo de Rivera. He said that they were trying to Legislate now against it. He dident like it. I never met any of the Spaniards that did. It is done to weaken the Bull. The Bullfighters claim that it is almost impossible, or at least would take too long to kill the bull if he was not tired out and his neck weakened by the tossing around of old blindfolded Horses. If that was done I think that it could perhaps be made much better and especially if they dident kill the bull either, for all their best work is done before the Bull is killed. The actual killing is a mere detail.

I don't want to go to a Country and then Criticize their Sport—every Nation to its own way of enjoying themselves. We are mixing in enough things without telling somebody else how to spend their spare time. It's all in what you are brought up to and are used to, and I want to dispel a theory you often hear by foreigners to Spain, and that is that the Bull hasent got a chance, the men have all the best of it. Yes, they do; that's a fact, as the Bull is always killed by someone. But don't tell me about that old No-danger thing. Three men were carried out the afternoon I was there; one of them twice. They would carry him out and he would come to and would crawl back in again. None of these were seriously hurt, but all were caught; and the Sunday I dident go—thank goodness—Monte was killed right there in Madrid.

He was one of their Topnotchers. He was practically killed right in the ring, So forget that old Gag that there is no danger. So I told him I certainly hoped they would fix it up some way to at least do away with the horse business.

Over in New York, at the International Polo games, I had met the Party of Spaniards who come over. Among them was the Duke of Alba. He is the most Royal person in Spain—more than the King, for his comes from both sides of the house. He is a mighty fine Democratic kind of a fellow, educated in England and is part English. He asked me to his Palace. Well, I had seen these Dukes' Palaces all over Italy and Spain and around and been in them as Curio places. They would show you where the Dukes lived. So I was glad and I told him so when he called me up—that I sure did want to see a Palace with a live Duke in it.

Say, it wasent overrated any. His people are descendants of Columbus and he showed me 24 of Columbus' letters and old maps. Asked me to the Polo game the next day and said he would have me meet the King, as he was playing. I told him I thought I could arrange it so maby I could be out there.

Well, Bill, Jr., and I went out and we met him and had a fine chat with him before the game started. He is a very pleasant, good-natured kind of a fellow, just like we have always heard he was. I took off my hat when I was introduced and was standing there holding it and he said, "Put on your hat." Well, on account of the King commanding me, why, of course I did. We talked about Polo. He said there wouldent be much of a Game, as all their best players were in England playing. He wanted to know how I liked Spain, and how long I was going to stay. He dident act or look any more like a King than anything. He said he had heard I was quite a Rope thrower. That would have been a laugh among good Ropers. He spoke very good English—in fact almost as good as me. He is very tall and very wiry built. He went on in to dress for the game they were going to play for a set of Cups.

Well, they started, and I thought it was bad form not to let the king beat at anything. But say a King dident mean anything to that Gang. They rode him off the Ball, they run into him, they bumped him, and he was giving as well as taking. There was times there when it dident look like there was going to be any more Royalty left than a Rabbit. He played back on his side, and he is a very good player; I think that he is rated at 6 Goals. Well, you are up in the Big League when you can carry six Goals. But here is the Joke of the whole thing—everybody outrun him; there was a lot better horses in the game than he had.

Say, listen, if I was King of some Country and we was having a Polo game, I want to tell the world that William would prance out astride the best steeds that entered the Arena that day. If some Guy outrun me he wouldent do it but once. I would issue a Kingly decree then and there that he dismount, and if necessary I would chop his bean off just to get his old filly. No, sir, if I was in the King business they might outplay me, but they sure wouldent have me outmounted. Why, he was on a lot of old Dogs about like some of mine. But you could tell he was there. Same way with the Prince of Wales—he had a pack of Hounds for his Polo string.

Shoot! What's the use being King or Prince or something! I would show 'em who was Daddy. All he got that day was beat. After they finished, there was another game. But he went in and dressed, and after he come out, he and the Duke of Alba they come by where Bill and I was watching the other game.

He apologized for his side's poor game. I hadent seen anything poor about it outside of getting beat.

He must have a kind of a sense of Humor, because he said, "My forwards layed down; they dident do a thing." Well, that's the usual alibi of a back. If I had talked with one of them I guess he would have said, "If that King Guy had played up to his game, we would have beat."

He said he was going to England the next week to play. He shook hands with us again and said he was rushing over to a race meet where he had to present the cup to the winner in an Army race. He seemed glad that we liked Spain and said that he was going to try to come to America some time—perhaps during the next International Polo match. The Queen was sitting in front of the Clubhouse watching the game. She is very pretty and a very big favorite, as she does an immense lot of charity work.

A few days before Bill and I had been on a sight-seeing tour and they took us through the King's Stables. Well, sir, here was this barn about the size of the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York, and all these fine stalls, and here who do I see but a lot of old mules standing back in those fine stalls.

I said to the guide, "What are these Hard-Tails doing parked in here?"

He said, "Why, they are American Mules, they use them here to drive to the Carriages to take the Servants home from the Palace." The Stable was right by the Palace. Well, they looked so natural I wanted to go in and kiss one. Here was St. Joe, Missouri, Boonville and Sedalia right under my nose. Here we are, I thought, Me and the Mules, over here in the King's Stable and one of us is just as much out of place as the other. But it kinder made me feel good to be among my own people. Now here they were, about 25 or 30 of them, great big old fellows. They would hitch them to the old-time closed carriages and take the Servants home.

I says, "Why, don't they use a flivver?" For there is, by the way, more American Cars in Spain than any Country in Europe.

He told me: "They won't go in an Automobile. That's the way they always come and that's the way they are always going to come."

We went from there into the Garage. There was every kind of car in there from a pair of Roller Skates to an Aeroplane. This King is a kind of a speed Bug, and they have Secret service men that follow him in a car and he is always trying to get cars that will outrun them. They just got a new one now since he did. They will run over him if he don't get out of their way now.

Then they have a room where there is the old State Carriages, for hundreds of years back, of all the different Kings and Queens. He showed us a black one and said, "That was Queen Isabella's. [I think that's the one. It was the one that backed Columbus, whichever one that was]. Well, he said, "She was sorter queer—that hearse-looking one belonged to her—she was rather odd; she pawned her jewels, that was hers."

I said, "Yes, She was considered Queer, and all she did was discover America. What did these others ever find that wasent queer?"

They had one there that followed the one that the King rides in. In case something happens to it, why, he is supposed to get out and get in this next one. I don't know why they think something is going to happen in one day after they have lasted all these hundreds of years; and it looks like somebody would let them get in with them if his broke down. But you cant figure out this Royalty. They have one way of doing a thing and they will lose a leg before they will change it. I looked up toward the palace but the barn was as near as I could get to it. But I was like the Mules—I was tickled to get in the barn.

Madrid is a mighty pretty place. You will see the time soon when there will be a tremendous Tourist travel to Spain. But you sure want to get ready to change your hours. Shows start in the Theaters at night at a quarter of eleven, and then nobody comes in till the second act, about 12 o'clock. Dinner is never before 9:30 or 10 o'clock at night.

The most miserable and lonesome half day I ever spent in my life was one morning in Madrid. I got up at 8:30 and went out on the street. Well, from then to noon I had Madrid entirely to myself. They commenced piling out for Coffee about eleven. That don't mean the working people don't work; they do. You will see them going to it at night in the fields and in the city up to and after nine oclock.

I just wish, as I told you before, Calvin, that you could get over here. If this Rivera comes over there I will give him a letter to you, and don't fail to see him, for he is an awful nice chap. I wish you had been with me in there and seen those old Mules.

Well, I must get on to France, as Briand resigns again tomorrow. If I don't see him resign tomorrow I will have to wait over two more days before he resigns again. Will incidentally drop in on this Herrick, our help there, and see what he is doing. If he turns out as well as these others, why, we will have no cause for worry. For all these Boys in every Country I have been in are doing fine. 'Course none of them have anything to do, but they are doing it good. You know, that's the hardest thing in the world—to do nothing good. But they are nice kids all of them, and I hope you don't bring any of them home. Remember what Aleck did with Vare.

If Paris don't get me, you will hear again soon. Yours devotedly. WILL.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr Rogers. The next will appear in an early issue

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THE HARVEST OF THE YEARS

(Continued from Page 23)

those that produce lumber—durable lumber, and lumber for different uses, whether for building houses or making ax helves. There are various uses for very strong and very fine lumber, and they are increasing all the time. We need fuel, although, of course, that need is being met by development of electricity, by water power, and by coal.

Then we need clothing. We need hemp, flaxes, and various new plants that will produce more fiber for less labor, and that will do this on less land without taking any more from the land. This last is a point often overlooked, yet of great importance. In America we feel we have all the land we will ever need, that we have land to spare. But if you are looking to buy a farm, for instance, you will find that this is hardly true. Millions of acres of land are not tillable or have no water. The good land is pretty well all in use. Some of it has been practically used up and must be made over, either by Nature and time or with artificial methods, before it can be farmed again. The best land costs so much you can scarcely afford to pay the owner a premium for giving you a whack at it. And so we are, today, right up against the problem of making the land do more work with less exhaustion.

We need, moreover, a great many other things that we do not now produce in America, but that we could produce. Take rubber as an example. There is a great hue and cry because it costs as much to put new shoes on an automobile as it did to buy a good team and a side-bar buggy. We are dependent on other countries for our rubber, and there is no reason why we should be. We may not have the climate for rubber trees, but we must find substitutes. I notice some of my friends in the rubber business have wakened up to the possibilities here. I talked to one of them about it a few years ago when he was visiting us, and he pricked up his ears and looked as though he had caught an idea or so. We can do anything in America we set our minds and hands to doing; if we have one weakness more dangerous than another it is the weakness of being satisfied and complacent about things, and that we don't get stirred up enough over our own lacks.

There is another need we have: The need for more beauty. We have neglected this aspect of life too much; we have taken what we had and not minded very much to increase our esthetic appetites or to feed them. We need beautiful lumber and we need shapely and beautiful ornamental trees; we want fragrant flowers—a thousand things that make life well worth living, in the shape of ornament and beauty, and things that to many of us seem superfluous, or at least not absolutely necessary. But they are, just the same.

The Human Side of Science

These are only a few of the possibilities in plant breeding and development. They were possibilities when I started in, and they are still possibilities. I could see a great many of them, and I began to try to work some of them out. It is interesting to me, in retrospect, to recall that I was in the most senses a pioneer in this chosen field of mine, and I think that fact stimulated and urged me on. There were no precedents to go on in plant development. Darwin had experimented with pollinization, but primarily for the purpose of discovering and laying down laws. He made important and absolute findings, but when he had made them and set them down he left it to others to make the rules useful.

There had been plant breeding done, as for instance in England, where they had worked with roses, and in Holland, where there had been great interest in tulips. I think, too, that there had always been more or less unconscious selection practiced, maybe all over the world. For instance, the ancients who planted figs or pomegranates undoubtedly took their cuttings in many cases from the best and biggest trees which bore well, and so they developed, generally, some good figs and pomegranates—by selection, without their calling it that. There hadn't been, though, any broad experimentation or research or practice of this business of improving plants so that they would be of more use and benefit and advantage to man.

Right away I found out that all facts in life and nature are correlated; I saw that this specialty of mine, which you might think didn't amount to much and which any first-rate gardener could do, was a sort of cross-country trip through the whole field of natural science. You couldn't get there without something more than a definite idea of your destination; you needed a diagram of the lay of the land all around.

A Cross Section of Nature

But that is true generally; it is something all of us, no matter what our job in life, might be better off for considering. Because you cannot judge a man, for instance, by studying him alone, or even by studying man alone; you cannot know much about an elephant by studying elephants alone; you have to learn about habits and tendencies and surroundings and about the things on which the individual is dependent and which go to make him and his actions possible or necessary, as the case may be. You cannot become an authority on grasses, the grasses fit to eat and those not fit to eat—all grasses fit to eat have seeds—just from studying their seeds. No, you have to study the cow to learn some of the facts about grasses; and there you are!

When you study one little narrow subject, such as plant breeding, we'll say, or the barber trade, or keeping house, or operating a telephone switchboard, the more you know about chemistry and astronomy and human nature—Nature in general—the more successful you are going to be; because you know where to place each fact that comes to you in your training and your practice. You see, if you do not know where to place your facts they are not good for much. A fact is relative, and often if it is placed out of its relative position it apparently is not a fact.

But get your facts to line up in their proper positions and everything is all right—like soldiers; a general gets them lined up and he can march them forward to accomplish whatever he desires. So, unless facts are marshaled together, substantiate and complement each other, they are not worth much. Some people bear down on a single fact and wear it all out, but there are other facts related to that fact which, if they are brought together and put in their proper order and sequence, will illuminate a whole city street. That is what I discovered very early in my work—to get at all the facts on every side of the subject, and then when I went ahead I knew my way and wasn't groping around or barking up wrong trees or wasting time building fine theories on unstable premises.

At that time I had a pretty good background of scientific reading; I had had ten years of actual work with plants and a lifetime of interest in them and curiosity about them, and I had fundamental rules for my work pretty clearly in mind. But how could one man in his single lifetime have much of an influence on the vegetable world when about all that most experimenters in any line had been able to do had been to specialize on one single branch and die leaving the work unfinished? Here I was, keen to break trail in every direction—to improve ornamental trees, to find some laws about timber trees, to make more beautiful and finer and more gracious flowers, and to give the farmers and gardeners of the world earlier varieties, better flavored fruits and vegetables, sturdier and heavier-bearing grains, and more profitable varieties of all sorts and kinds. It was a large order.

I have noticed that many things come to the man who needs them, and needs them for a really important reason. Not fate, or Kismet, not divine intervention or providence; we get ourselves all ready for the critical moment and adapt ourselves to the favoring environmental influence eagerly and instantly—as quickly as an abalone will grab a piece of drifting seaweed! And so it sometimes seems to be almost prearranged for us. At about the time I was beginning to develop my work in a broad, comprehensive, sweeping fashion an incident occurred that crystallized everything for me. A man wanted 20,000 prune trees delivered within nine months, because he was in a hurry to plant his orchard; no one could accept the order because there were few nurseries in those early days and the ones there were didn't have the stock. I was approached. I didn't know how it could be done, but I was pretty sure there was a way. I had no 20,000 prune trees or any place to get them, but after I had slept over the matter for the night—I have made it a rule all my life never to sign any papers or obligate myself to anything of importance without letting the proposition lie around in my mind for twenty-four hours—I said I would deliver the order.

This made me confront squarely the problem of experimentation and plant development on a different basis from any that had ever been used. I had thought vaguely before this that my life work could measure up to my aspirations only if I were able to conduct it along two lines that had never even been dreamed of before. The first was the accomplishment in a few plant generations of what Nature required hundreds or even thousands of years to achieve; the second was to experiment, not in a circumscribed field on half a dozen plants or varieties of plants, but on hundreds of thousands. I had already felt that I must speed up production and also, to borrow another expression from industry, that it must be quantity production I was speeding; now I was compelled to put my notion into practice.

Beating Nature at Her Game

Nature, as I have already shown, appeared to demand or require or call forth variations and the adaptation of those varieties to new environments. But she had all the time there was and all the raw materials she needed; she could be wasteful and extravagant on the one hand and leisurely on the other. She worked with birds and bees and other insects in cross-pollinization; she was assisted by all sorts of accidental hybridizations; she sowed seeds far and wide, employing floods and winds and glaciers and migratory birds and animals—these were only a few of the agencies used. She made millions of trials and had millions of failures, but she had no reason to be concerned about that. She wasn't under contract, and no one was writing her indignant letters beginning: "In the matter of the shipment of pine trees ordered five hundred years ago from you for our temperate climate, beg to advise you that same has not yet arrived." No, Nature employed the system of trial and error, trial and error, and yet eventually there was dispersed over the whole earth the multitude and infinity of plants and shrubs, vegetables and flowers, fruits and vines that we find in the wild state today, and from which all that man has in his orchards and gardens has been derived.

I could learn methods from Nature, but I was not compelled to accept her schedule. It seemed certain to me that by following her system and taking her hints man, with his intelligence and his habit of aiming at a goal or purpose, could get, in plant development, what he wanted, where he wanted

(Continued on Page 131)

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

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GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

SOME people, some products, some names are associated with success. Miller is such a name. For thirty-four years it has stood for the finest quality in rubber goods. The Miller Tire is such a product. You will see its famous Geared-to-the-Road tread on America's finest motor cars.

And the men who design and fabricate the Miller Balloon have a record of successful workmanship to maintain—a record that runs back to the beginning of the cord tire, and includes the discovery of the Uniflex principle of construction and the invention of the flat tread mold for low pressure casings.

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Auburn, Diana, Ford, Jewett, Lincoln, Moon, Paige, Pierce-Arrow, Stearns-Knight, Studebaker, Velie have consistently used Millers as standard equipment. You can identify these tires by the unique Geared-to-the-Road tread that has impressed its familiar face on every traveled road in the land.

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SAY THOSE WHO OWN IT

"IT STAYS SOLD!"
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WHEN Atwater Kent Radio leaves our factory in Philadelphia we say to ourselves:

"When this Radio has been shipped across the country and finally installed in someone's home, it's going to work—and keep on working!"

Proof that it does is coming to us from every state in the Union, from Canada and even from across the sea.

The extra months of experiment and testing behind Atwater Kent Radio have not been wasted. The extra hours of inspection (there are 159 inspections of every Atwater Kent set) have been worth while.

There are no short-cuts in making radio. It's a difficult job, calling for first-rate engineering brains, infinite patience, plenty of resources in money and men and time.

Yet it all counts after a set or speaker gets out there where it has to prove itself.

It counts in the satisfaction of the user. Our dealers tell us that legitimate service-calls for difficulties originating in Atwater Kent Radio Receiving Sets and Speakers are practically unknown. Of course someone's battery runs down occasionally or an aerial gets crossed. People are so used to constant performance from Atwater Kent Radio that they forget to look for obvious things—like a stalled motorist who starts to call a mechanic and then discovers that his gas tank is empty.

It counts in keeping our dealers from having their legitimate profits melt away in service on needless repairs. Many a merchant who thought he made a lot of money last year by selling a job-lot of sets has found that he actually lost money in service afterwards.

Radio has passed through its fantastic days. People are buying Radio by the reputation of the maker. They know they are buying entertainment, performance, satisfaction.

On this basis and this basis alone we have sold twice as many sets in the past year as we did the year before—and they have stayed sold.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING
the Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WGR	*Buffalo*
WEEI	*Boston*	WCCO	*Minneapolis-St. Paul*
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Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada
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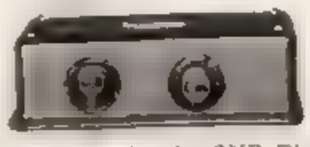
Of course you'll want a speaker as good as your set. With an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker you are sure of natural tone and all the volume you wish. Model L shown at right with its dark brown crystalline finish, $10.00.

A good set deserves a good speaker. That means nothing less than an Atwater Kent Radio Speaker. It is the standard of good tone wherever heard. Model H shown at left, in dark brown crystalline finish, $21.00. Model G, same design in amber buff and sage green $25.00.

Model 32, seven-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $140.00.

Model 30, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $85.00.



Model 38, six-tube ONE Dial receiver, shielded cabinet, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $70.00.

Model 20 Compact, five-tube Three Dial receiver, less tubes and batteries, but with battery cable attached, $60.00.

(Continued from Page 128)

it and almost when he desired it. I was given the order for those prune trees; in that case I could only speed up man's methods of utilizing Nature's secrets, but the test was one of acceleration, and if I succeeded I had proved something about wholesale production.

The first requisite for the new venture was a sturdy but rapidly sprouting tree stock, and I chose the almond because, unlike nearly all stone fruits, it takes hold readily and grows quickly. I found 20,000 almond nuts of even quality, spread them on a bed of coarse sand, covered them with burlap, and on top of the burlap put a layer of sand. The purpose of this arrangement was to enable us to examine the sprouting nuts daily without disturbing the roots; in fourteen days a few of the seeds had sprouted and were picked out and put in the nursery beds; as fast as sprouting occurred the planting followed, and by the last of June those almond seedlings were up high enough to be budded.

Meantime I had arranged with a neighbor to furnish me with 20,000 prune buds, and early in July and all through that month and part of August I had a large force of experts budding the prune buds into the almond seedlings. After about ten days I found the buds would make good unions with the stalks; then, in order to force all the nourishment into them, I had to find a way to eliminate the almond side of the family without killing the young trees. If I had cut the almond twigs and leaves off summarily the seedlings would have died; instead I broke off the tops and left them hanging; there was still a connection, but most of the strength of the little tree was diverted to its adopted child, the prune bud.

Prune Variations Found in One Single Experiment, Though With a Common Parentage

Nature on a Production Basis

The plan worked perfectly. The prune buds took hold bravely, and in a few weeks what had started out as an almond was a prune, and flourishing mightily. By December first 19,500 prune trees were ready for the order, and the delighted customer said I was a wizard and paid the bill with great satisfaction. That satisfaction, I do not need to add, was mutual, because I had not only proved my theory that Nature could be hurried and used and directed by man, but I had silver jingling in my pockets and the necessary capital to go on with the great work this first effort now opened wide to me.

Ever since that time I have worked on a quantity basis, speeded up. This does not mean that I ever overlooked quality; in fact, it was only to get quality, and a very definite sort of quality at that, that I was working at all. I have had as many as 10,000 separate and distinct experiments going on at one time. I have produced as many as 500 varieties of plums on twelve trees in one short row. I have had in my gardens as many as 8000 different varieties of roses, irises or gladioluses. Every one of these was obtained by using natural processes or adaptations of them, and every one was there because I needed it in my search for a definite quality or characteristic. I took Nature's mind and added to it my own, which knew exactly what it wanted and was in a hurry, comparatively speaking, to get it.

How did I operate in carrying on these experiments?

This is not a manual of hybridization and selection; I fancy you would find that pretty dull reading. But the general underlying principles of the work may be mentioned, and they seem doubly important to me because they concern all life and, if they are rightly read, will throw light on a lot of the puzzling facts of our existence and of the existence of conditions which we find about us, and with which we have to contend in the struggle and loss and gain of our lives.

Adding Dignity to Hybrids

I have referred to the importance of combining our heredities so that we get variations—powers and characteristics and capabilities and possibilities that could not come to us from one straight and undeviating line of ancestry. Compare the Chinese and the native-born American, and you will see what mixing up the strains can do. The Chinese have, to be sure, absorbed several alien bloods in the centuries past, but pure Chinese has been the dominating influence on all the people. The result is that they are conservative, not adaptable, with cautious minds and reactionary tendencies, worshiping their ancestors and the past and not looking forward or trying to improve themselves or their own conditions. Occidental influence—environmental is beginning to stir them up some, but the hereditary pull is too strong. Nothing will radically alter the Chinese race but crossing with some other strains.

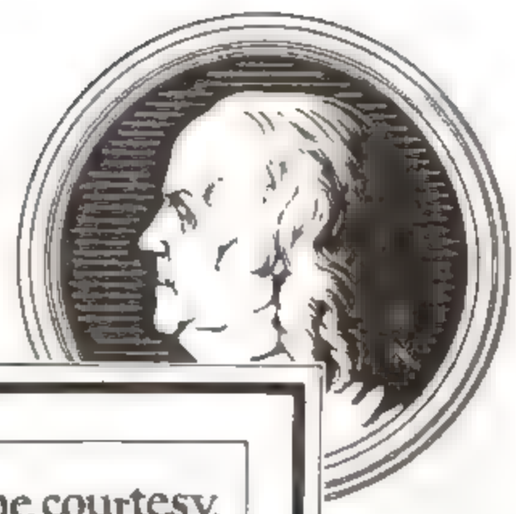
The American, on the other hand, is related to most every white race on this planet; we have English tenacity, French enthusiasm, Celtic impulsiveness, German inventiveness, Scandinavian loyalty—some of the best and a lot of the worst tendencies of a mixed heredity. The result is that we will tackle anything and, while we may brag and blow a little too much, we usually come out with what we went in after.

That is crossing—that is, in a sense, hybridization. The tiny cells in which the life force is stored meet and are united. If there is the same heredity behind each the mating is smooth and uneventful. But introduce a strange or alien heredity and there is an explosion such as you would get from touching off 10,000 tons of dynamite in a concrete warehouse! The atoms fly in every direction; everything is broken up at once and millions of tiny constituent particles are blown entirely out of the record. Some few unite, and from them come the new individuals, having something of both heredities, and yet new characteristics and characters and tendencies and potentialities not to be accounted for by anything we can put our fingers on in the past lines.

I often think that I had something to do with dignifying the word "hybrid"—I hope I did—because hybrids are what make the world go forward. They give us our inventors and poets, our dreamers and leaders of the earth, and in the plant world they are the fragrant flowers, the luscious and

(Continued on Page 133)

Our Motto, and its Monitors



Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort, always.

The Motto of The Benjamin Franklin

CONSTANTLY, the guests of this hotel remark on the spirit of The Benjamin Franklin personal service.

They tell us that we not only have a good motto, but that we live up to it.

One recounts how a doorman went to unusual effort in getting the guest's automobile to and from the garage.

Another mentions a bellman volunteering special service to put the guest at ease.

Others speak of our floor-clerks; or praise a porter for intelligent thoughtfulness in the handling of a piece of baggage; or commend a waiter for alert efficiency; or remark on the courtesy of an elevator-man; or give a word of appreciation for the efforts of a maid to make them comfortable.

And the secret of The Benjamin Franklin service is simply this: Every one of the 930 members of our staff, including those who come in contact with guests and the hundreds of others whom the guest never sees, is alike loyal to the motto of the house and zealous in maintaining it. Every individual is doing his or her part to render efficient service.

It is, after all, almost entirely a matter of spirit. This spirit is the desire to act the thoughtful host, rather than the time-serving employee.

From this spirit arises the initiative to do the helpful but unasked-for thing, to give the little extra attention, that makes so many of our guests declare The Benjamin Franklin to be their "second home".

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Operating the largest chain of modern fireproof hotels in the world.

736 *The Book of Hosiery*

AT the bend of a woman's knee the stocking must now reveal its smartness, if it is to fulfill the imperative need of the day. We have made this remarkable number 736 to exactly satisfy that insistent demand. *It is pure Japanese silk clear to the top.* And in a brilliant variety of modish shades, it now comes to you. Sheer and tenacious is this new Ser-fon, a service weight stocking that is skillfully reinforced where reinforcements are needed. It is *smartness* made practical.

No. 736

retails in all of the better shops and stores for only $1.95 a pair.

PHOENIX

HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 131)

nourishing fruits, the succulent and meaty vegetables. Have you ever noticed that the most intelligent, the most loyal, and the most friendly dog is usually a mongrel—a cross between two good strains, with a little sense of humor interjected from some early indiscretion on the mother's part with a dog who was not all he should have been? Certainly he is an exception to the rule regarding mongrels—a goodly number of the litter will be hardly worth drowning. But when he does come good he comes better than anything in the lines before him. He is a hybrid; the explosion of the alien cells, on meeting, has resulted in good characteristics from all the respectable families behind him and a little saving grace of original sin from the gardener's dog.

In my work with plants I deliberately crossed different individuals and varieties. This is an operation that looks simple, but whether you get results or not depends on your gift and practice and hand and eye. I like the old story about the great artist who was asked with what he mixed his paints to get such marvelous results, and who answered: "I mix them with brains, madam!" He didn't mean brains precisely; he meant his own gift for color and for its application to the canvas. Pollinization can be learned by anyone, but only few have the instinct that gets results. That is no credit to them; it is just given them, like red hair or Edison's genius for chemistry and physics, or a good cook's pie crust. This hybridization was done in Nature's gardens by the insects, the birds, the winds, and so on; in the plant experimenter's grounds it is done by hand. Nothing is left to chance or occasion, but all is planned and timed and regulated. There is the first step in plant development.

The second step is selection. Nature selected by a law of the survival of the fittest—that is, inherent fitness; the fitness of the plant to stand up under a new or changed environment. It was the plant's business and had little or nothing to do with what man would consider from his standpoint the improvement of the plant.

Survival of the Fittest

There is a kind of grass that grows on the Pacific Coast that shoots up tall and straight in protected spots, which are its natural home. Seeds were carried out along the seashore, though, where the wind blows hard and constantly. The grass had to accommodate itself to this new environment; many of the plants died—thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands. But those that bent themselves to the wind and survived put a new quality or tendency into their seed; in generations the pull of heredity to make the grass tall and straight had been overcome to such an extent that the grass was dwarfed and almost crept along the ground. The environment had changed the nature of the plant, and now we find two kinds of grass of precisely the same original strain, yet so different as to be almost unrecognizable as the same kind.

Plant a seed from the tall brother along the shore and it will almost certainly be killed by the wind. Plant one of the dwarfs in a protected spot and it will continue to grow dwarfed for some generations, if it survives. It might not live, though, because the soil that had once been its home or the particular temperature or moisture conditions that favored its brother might not be suitable for it in its new character. That is selection by the law of the survival of the fit to survive. The victor in this struggle, this competition for life, might or might not be a plant more beautiful or more useful to man; it would only be the plant which had succeeded in adapting itself for its own benefit. I availed myself of this natural process, this law, in making my selections; only instead of selecting by means of deadly environmental competition, I selected with a knife, or a hoe, or a spade and a bonfire.

Hugo De Vries, the great Dutch botanist, was very much interested in this wholesale method of mine, and in a book which he wrote on his theory of mutation he commented on it in these words:

> One very illustrative example of Luther Burbank's methods must suffice to convey an idea of the work necessary to produce a new race of superlative excellency. Forty thousand blackberry and raspberry hybrids were produced and grown until the fruit matured. Then from the whole lot a single variety was chosen as the best. It is now known under the name of "Paradox." All others were uprooted with their crop of ripening berries, heaped up into a pile twelve feet wide, fourteen feet high and twenty-two feet long, and burned. Nothing remains of that expensive and lengthy experiment except the one parent plant of the new variety.

The second step—selection—is taken at different stages in the development of the plant, depending on what I am seeking to attain. I will devote considerable space to this later, because I find it is a thing that interests people as much as any one thing about my work. At present I will only sketch the proceedings in a general way. You see, there is nothing like this sort of selection as practiced by the plant developer in any other line of work I can call to mind. Breeders of fine animals—horses and cows and swine and sheep, and so on—come the nearest to it. But they are looking for one or two or half a dozen qualities, whereas I may look for almost any number, and stay with it till I get them. The horseman wants strength or speed or a high-headed horse or a show horse or a gaited horse; the cattle breeder may want a big milker or a big cream producer or a big beef strain, and that is about all he can expect to achieve.

A Continuing Process

But I start by wanting good form, size, spread of leaves or branches, and general appearance and sturdiness in all my plants, whether an amaryllis or a walnut tree; after that I may want a heavy bearer or a bearer of a few large blossoms; I may want fragrance or may want color; I may want a thin-skinned fruit or a fine cooking fruit or a good shipper or keeper. I have almost limitless needs in my work, and some plants have to be taught or trained or bred to give me one simple new characteristic and others to give me a dozen. So you can see that I have to select and reselect and select again.

We must not overlook, here, another sort of selection that goes on before and after the selection as between two or two thousand individual plants or trees for the sake of getting a desired variety. This perpetual selection, this watchfulness and caution and care in seeing and acting on the difference between grades or qualities, begins in many cases with the seed, when one must sift the chaff from the wheat, the even, well-developed kernels from the irregular or faulty, those that are too small or too large, those that are scarred or bruised, and so on. In some cases, again, the germinating sprouts show differences, and those that would be a waste of time or garden space must come out. The plant comes up and again the weaklings or the awkward ones or the misformed ones must be eliminated. So it goes on—selecting, selecting, selecting: first to see that your raw materials are the best possible, and then, when the time comes, to choose as between individuals with an eye single to the purpose with which the whole experiment was begun.

It is when the time arrives for this selection for qualities sought in the plant or tree that almost anyone would like my job. For then a thousand shades and variations appear; a flower gives perfume that it never had before, another shows a variegated color scheme, another has drooping petals for straight, or straight for drooping, or a vegetable astoundingly exhibits a new quality or flavor or some amazing trait never seen before by mortal eye. These unexpected variations I speak of are in addition to the ones for which I am looking and on which, especially in later years, I was able to plan fairly definitely. And if I am working with a fruit, and usually with the vegetables, too, I may not start selecting at all till the fruit or vegetable is ripe.

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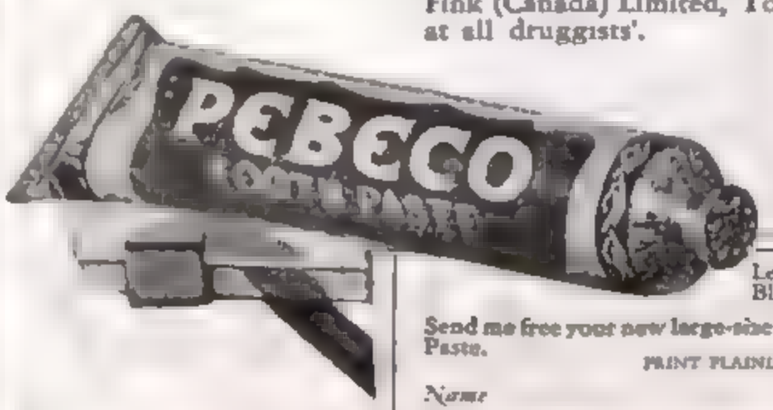

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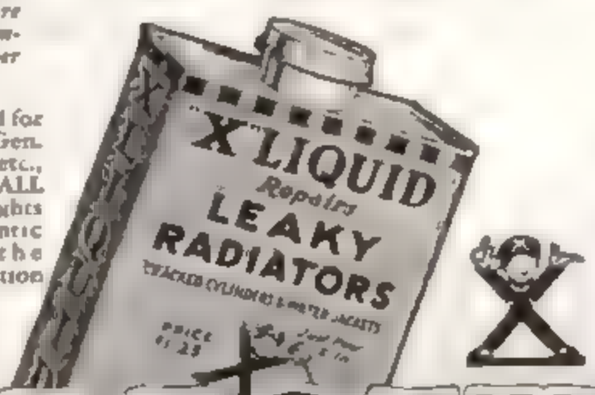

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In that case there is quite a lot of fun and interest not only for me but for the whole family, because we go right into the kitchen or to the dining table with our products, and we preserve or cook or make jelly or soup or stew, and selection becomes a matter for palate and nose, or even for the stomach and the digestive processes, as well as one of eye and touch and intellectual measurement.

It was in this instinct for selection that I was gifted. It was born in me, and I educated it and gave it experience, and have always kept myself attuned to it. I have particularly sensitive nerves; that accounts partly for my unusual success in selecting as between two apparently identical plants or flowers or trees or fruits. There is certain music I cannot listen to without pain—and I am not making a joke there! What I mean is that some notes and vibrations in music hurt me physically, and I have once or twice been forced to leave a room or a hall where music was being played or sung because the strains hurt me. I have always been sensitive to odors, so that I could detect them, pleasant or disagreeable, when they were so slight that no one about me was conscious of them. My sense of touch is almost as acute as that of Helen Keller, who visited me just a short time ago and with whom I could converse easily—more easily than most—because we were so nearly equally sensitive.

Probably there is more to it than merely this sensory response in me; it may be a sixth sense, it may be purely intuitive; but I know that even those who have worked with me longest and have been closest to me, learning my methods and watching me in the gardens, have been unable to duplicate what I have done as a mere matter of routine, and with no thought to how I did it. Many of the men who have worked for me have developed into good, sound, original and even clever and successful plant developers. But as far as I have been able to observe they have not been able even to approach my own natural ability to choose between plants, and to choose, not one from a dozen, or a few here and there, but at wholesale—thousands of plants in a day out of tens of thousands growing in my experimental gardens.

Selection on the Run

Even close friends and observers have said what you perhaps are saying to yourself now—that is, that I was bound to be right part of the time and that there is no way of telling how many poor selections I made through error or how many perfect ones I caused to be destroyed. My friends were wrong, as you are. I make some mistakes, of course, but considering the number of plants I have selected in the course of sixty years as a plant breeder they are negligible. On the contrary, I will tell you a story, out of many such that are available, to show you how complete my gift is.

From the first it has been my practice to mark selected individual plants by tying a strip of old white cloth on them; this means that that marked plant is sacred, and you would soon notice that my helpers would give one of the "neckties," as we call them, a wide berth. Plants that I could see would add nothing to my experiment by any possibility came up at once, or else were marked by my making a line in the bed with the sole of my shoe so that the men could take them out later. This left, of the hundreds of thousands of plants concerned, a large number that were tolerated, not so much because they had individual merit, though they sometimes developed that here and there, as because watching their progress might throw some light on the experiment. Now when I had a very large project going on—a field or bed with thousands and thousands of varieties or individuals in it—I would have two or three of my helpers follow me and I would simply drop the neckties on the superior plants or those suited to my purpose, and put a shoe mark against the worthless ones, about as rapidly as a man could walk along, and the men would do the tying, or spade out and burn the condemned plants.

I was engaged in selecting from some 35,000 plum seedlings one day, when my friend, Judge S. F. Leib, of San José, drove in. I went on with my work, but I saw that he was concerned about the growing pile of young trees being heaped up to be burned, and sure enough it wasn't long before he stopped me.

"Burbank," he said, "I have the utmost confidence in you and I would believe anything you told me about your work, but I can't think that you are right in uprooting all those beautiful seedlings and sending them off to be destroyed. It looks like a shameful waste to me."

"Well, judge," I said, "this selecting I do isn't done by guesswork, though I suppose it looks like it. Why don't you take half a dozen of those condemned trees and plant them down on your Santa Clara Valley place, and find out for yourself whether I am right or wrong?"

He said he would like to make the test, and for good measure I insisted on his taking also six of the seedlings I had selected as the best varieties. So we dug the trees up carefully, packed them and shipped them to his home. I saw him once or twice a year, at least, and sometimes oftener, and the test of the trees was mentioned occasionally, but it wasn't until the fifth year, when the trees had had a chance to bear, that he made his report.

"Burbank," he said then, "if anyone had told me five years ago that selection could be done by a man almost at a trot I would have said that he was crazy. I have been an orchardist for years and I think I know something about horticulture and plant development, but what you have shown me beats anything I ever heard of!"

The Basis of Achievement

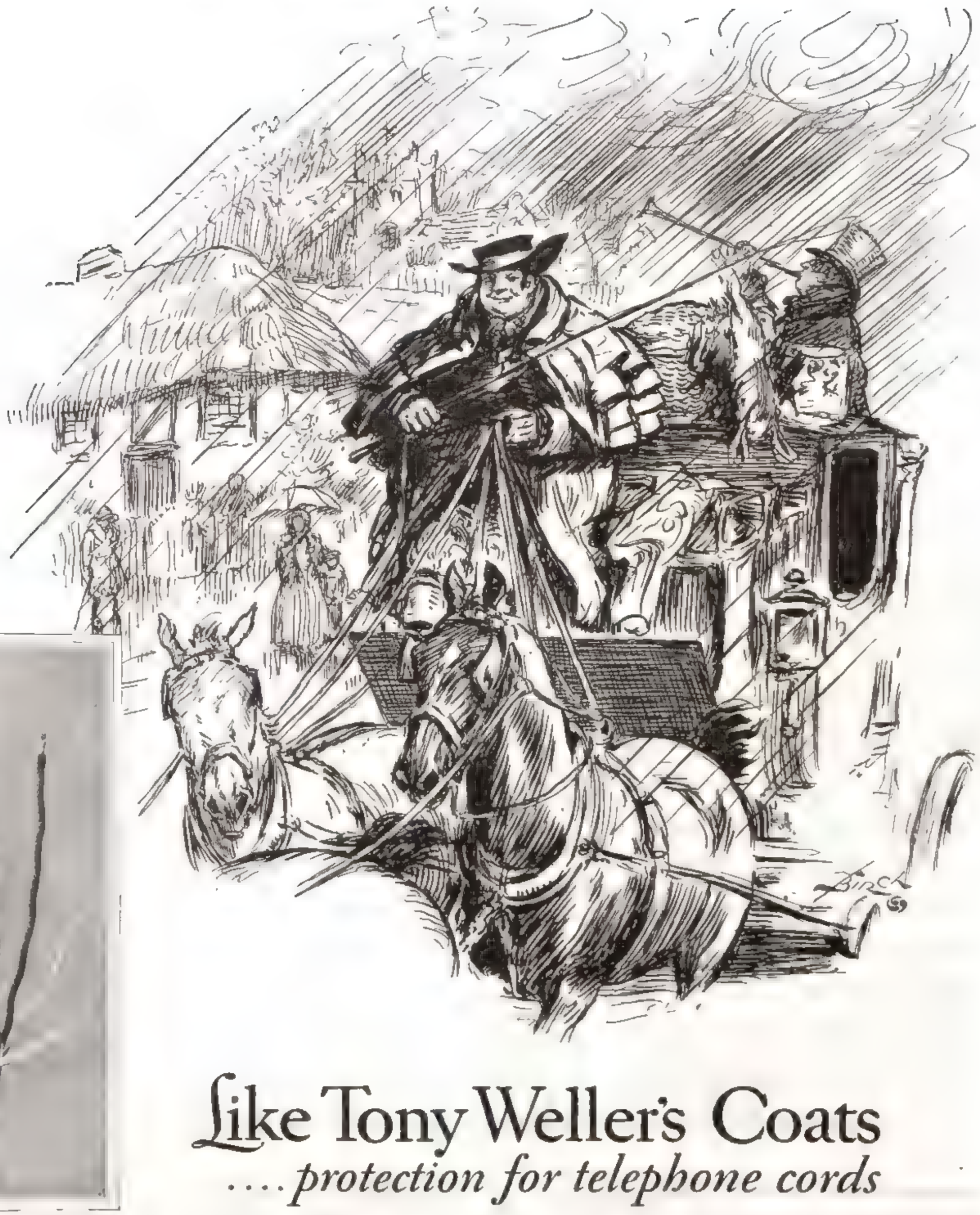
Then he went on to admit that he had been wrong and that I had been right in every single case. He said that he had ordered his men to take out and burn all the six trees I had condemned as seedlings five years before, but that every one of the six I had chosen had proved fine trees, with beautiful, luscious, well-developed fruit, and plenty of it. He was very fond of telling that story on himself, and he did a great deal, as he had done before that incident, to help me with my work and give other people confidence in me.

If you will stop a minute to consider, you will see that I had to be accurate in selecting, or I would have wasted half my time growing varieties and individuals that were useless to my experiments, or else I would have done what Judge Leib thought I was doing—thrown away or destroyed thousands of plants with possibilities. No, the fact is that I have a gift for selection that I suppose very few men in the world have ever possessed in any line. It was a straight benefaction to me from my heredity, somewhere way back, and environment—my work and my need for a selective faculty—developed it, and education—experience and watchfulness and study—have perfected and polished it. To it I owe a large measure of my success, because it made possible the conducting of an enormous list of separate experiments, most of them done on a very broad scale; without it I could not have worked with so many kinds of plants or done so many different things with so many different varieties and species.

Hard work, application, study, love of the task, the desire to cover a wide range, and the ability to learn from Nature and then to select accurately as between individuals of apparently identical character—these have been the bases of my achievement; these are the foundation stones of success in plant development and improvement, and it was these that have made it possible for me to give the world so many new creations in flowers and grains, fruits and vegetables, shrubs and trees and vines.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Burbank and Mr Hall. The next will appear in an early issue.

A telephone cord—cut away to illustrate its complex make-up. Silks—strong fibred cotton—waterproofing compounds—cover the vital inner parts, tiny tinsel threads fine as human hairs.



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So this telephone cord is moisture-proof and hard-knock-proof. That fact isn't so important as is the fact that just such care as this is applied in making every Western Electric product—whether it be a small telephone cord or a year's output of 35 billion feet of insulated wires in cable.

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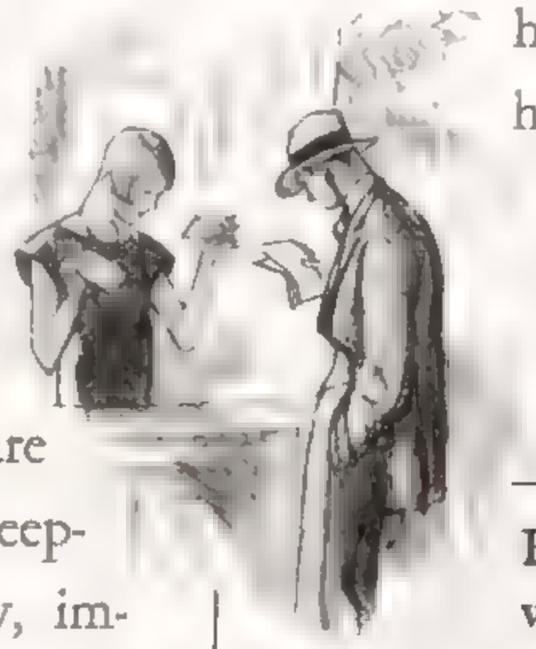
SINCE I built my first hotel, nineteen years ago, I've thought more of getting travelers' good-will than of getting quick profits. This company has, from the first, built for the future.

We're still building for the future—not only by building new hotels (as at this time in Boston) but also by constant improvements in our hotels in those cities where we are well established. We're keeping those properties new, improving them all the time, always looking ahead.

The very foundation of this business is "better value to the customer," and it keeps us everlastingly busy seeing that he gets it. He *does* get it—in rooms, in food, in service, in comfort and satisfaction.

You're invited to come to any of our houses with that thought in mind; it's a promise.

And if, in transactions in our hotels, it should happen that you get something less than the complete satisfaction we promise you, I wish *you'd* just remind the employee serving you of *his* promise to *me*—which is to satisfy you if he can; or, if he can't, *to turn the matter over to his superior at once.* You'll get satisfaction, every time, if it's someone in authority.



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Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Rates are from $3.00 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4.00 in New York. For two people these rooms are $4.50 in Cleveland and St. Louis, $5 in Detroit, $5 50 in Buffalo and $6.00 in New York.

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And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice water, and many other conveniences that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

Everything sold at the news-stands—cigars, cigarettes, tobaccos, newspapers, etc.—is sold at prevailing street-store prices. You pay no more here than elsewhere.

In each hotel is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to its other excellent restaurants. Club breakfasts—good club breakfasts—are served in all the hotels.

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A new Hotel Statler is under construction in the uptown district of Boston—to be opened late this year, with 1300 rooms, 1300 baths.

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And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY

(Continued from Page 21)

governor of Paris, but Joffre is commander in chief. And Joffre has letters of duty to write to the senior whom fate has now made his junior. Will he begin them just '*général*'? That were to say, 'See, my fine fellow, how I have passed over your head?' Or '*mon général*'? That were to abdicate his own rank. No, he begins, '*mon cher camarade,*' and Gallieni is touched and no porcelain is broken."

Wyse was obviously struck with the subtlety of this expedient. "Bit of a brain wave," he said. He could not quite stomach the *camarade* business. Too French, you know—the sloppy emotional touch. Still, he was struck. "We can't all be so gifted," he said. "Don't write at all is my notion. When you're in doubt, send word of mouth by an officer. Hullo, Le Bon," he broke off. "Glad to see you."

Captain Le Bon, the French intelligence man who went to and fro between Wyse and Dunois, had really been with us for a full minute, though Wyse had not noticed, being too busy.

"Wasn't that, sir," said Captain Le Bon, "the notion of Field Marshal French for controlling our poor Lanrezac?" Le Bon's tones and manners were all of the best-quality velvet. As soon as you heard him you asked yourself, "When are the claws coming out?"

"Oh, that was a common old cat-and-dog case," said Wyse lightly. "Their neck hairs went bristly at sight."

"God will no doubt allow due weight to that," said Le Bon.

I felt the air was tingling with things left unsaid. What would come next? But Jelf interrupted. "Things going on, sir," he said; "on the ridge, right of road."

We looked at the place indicated. All the tanks, much shot at, but not knocked out, had gained the edges of the two woods and vanished into their green gloom. From Bull Wood there came no sign that its garrison cared. But in Cock Wood the two British tanks seemed at once to have pulled out a plug like the one that drains a wash-basin.

Out of one of the wood's far corners, the one near the road, German soldiers were pouring—streaming away obliquely over the ridge. Many carried machine guns in bits. As each retreating man gained the crest of the ridge he looked big against the clear sky for an instant, then he seemed to dive headlong into the relative safety beyond. Tanks often had a rich moral influence in those days of their youth, but this stampede was a marvel.

Wyse turned to Le Bon. "There's your wood, swept and garnished." In his elation the general used a gesture of offhand munificence.

Old Bateau's heart, you could see, was ringing joy bells and singing *Te Deums.* Jelf was chuckling to himself. Le Bon's was the only blank face.

"If our men were there now!" he exclaimed, to himself more than to us.

Wyse let his glass drop, and stared round. "Not there!" he said harshly.

Le Bon stiffened at once. "I came to convey, sir," he said, "the answer of Colonel Dunois to your last verbal message ——"

Wyse snapped out, "Why didn't you, then?"

"The great interest, sir, of what you were then busy in saying, forbade interruption. Colonel Dunois would be glad to hear when you have taken Bull Wood—Cock Wood will then be attacked by French troops."

The anger of Wyse made his agreeable face the whitest I ever saw on a British general. "He let my men go in alone!" he said with a kind of savage superrestraint. "He has left our two tanks unsupported!"

A horrible silence followed. I liked it none the better because the two tanks in Cock Wood had just fallen silent, as if their astonishing victory had killed them. Jelf, I suppose, had some characteristic impulse to get people back from passion to business. Could Colonel Dunois, he asked Le Bon, have misunderstood the general's instructions?

Le Bon made a gesture of what I can only call argumentative despair. Could nothing ever make its way into these islanders' brains? I think he meant that. In rapid French he entreated Bateau to help the general to understand that French regimental colonels did not receive instructions from foreign commanders, however described, of smaller bodies of troops.

But Bateau broke out in a distress of his own. "Gentlemen, gentlemen!" he cried in English. "We wait, we talk, we think of precedence, and all the time the British tank men are alone in the wood." He looked from one angry face to the other, as if he were begging for alms. But Wyse had all he could do to keep his mouth shut as tight as Le Bon's, and Le Bon was about as dead white with fury as Wyse. I understood. French officers hated and scorned our habit of playing the fool with badges of rank—making men colonels for writing in armchairs at home and nicknaming them brigadier generals if they commanded three scratch battalions. And now France was asked to play second fiddle in order to keep up one of these shams! They were long-dammed-up waters of rage that the unwitting Wyse had let loose.

III

WHILE Bateau wrung his impotent hands, affairs in the east were not so kind as to pause. On Cock Wood, it is true, absolute stillness had settled. It had the queerest air of sinister innocence. Quite a good patch of sea may have that nasty appearance when you have just seen a coffin dumped into it. But Bull Wood was another affair; no sort of innocence there; just a straight pandemonic set-to. We could not actually see our infantry having it out with the Germans—the leaves hid the hand-to-hand business—but all the wood smoked to heaven like one burning bush. No one outside could tell who was where by this time, so our guns kept quiet, lest they should hit our own men. But the enemy gunners seemed to feel that it was more to the purpose to try to hit Tommy than not to risk hitting Fritz. They peppered the whole wood as though with a castor.

"More to come, too," grunted Jelf. "They haven't yet switched on to Bull the guns they had got trained on Cock," and sure enough the next minute a double aspersion of shells of all sizes banged down on Bull Wood like a curse.

Bateau must have thought that no living thing, as they say, could go on living for many minutes under that pelting. "My general, will you permit me," he pleaded to Wyse, "to hasten to Colonel Dunois—to tell him? He need only know the bare fact—your men's danger—to rush to their aid."

But there I came in with my little P's and my little Q's to be minded. G. H. Q.'s commands were explicit. No visitor in my charge was, on any pretext, either to put a foot over the edge of the British war zone or to do anything within it but look on. So nothing happened. Bateau went on wringing his hands. That I was free to permit. Wyse, with a gesture, washed his hands clean of self-blame. For twenty full minutes, since the Entente had first creaked, we lay doing nothing and suffering much. No slow death for me. I tried one that morning.

Then the leaning pillar of smoke and dust over Bull Wood thinned out a little, the run of detonations of all sorts slowed down to a fairly lively allegro, and lo! released like a pent cry, an exultant rocket, all pale in the sun, rushed up from the tops of the trees, paused in the clean air above and shook out its handful of stars to float

W. W. Galbreath

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"Competition forces us," Mr. Galbreath adds, "to employ the most efficient equipment, in office and factory alike, but even if it didn't we would use The Dictaphone on the score of convenience alone. We have Dictaphones in every single office in our plant and we couldn't possibly do without them."

Miss Melba Bean

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Mr. Galbreath likes The Dictaphone because it enables him to answer letters *immediately* on their first reading, before they are cold. Also, because he can quickly wade through correspondence which piles up during his frequent trips away from the plant. Often he dictates important letters and reports at home, where he keeps an extra Dictaphone. Also, nearly all instructions to subordinates are dictated quickly to The Dictaphone, instead of being given orally.

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like some bejeweled benediction over the men who had fought down the enemy while their betters squabbled with their friends.

"Got it," Jelf breathed.

Bateau's face was astream with positive tears. "The good men! The good common men!" he kept on repeating.

"We'll never hold it though," said Jelf to Wyse, "if the French give old Fritz time to come back to Cock and enfilade Bull. Could we prod 'em a bit, sir?"

It cost Wyse a manifest pang to have any communication again with Dunois the untouchable. Still, duty was duty. "Bull Wood," he said to Le Bon, "is now in my hands—will you have the goodness to tell Colonel Dunois?" I suppose he couldn't help adding, in his elation and his resentment, "Cock Wood to let, with vacant possession—apply to our caretaker on the premises."

Le Bon glared, but it's fair to say he went off like a stag. He knew what was what, without any taunting from Wyse—that Cock Wood was anyone's for a few minutes more, Germany's or France's, whichever chose to walk in first, and also that Bull Wood must go with Cock Wood in the end. It was one of those races, pretty common in war, that may start before either competitor knows that he was to run for it.

After our happy thrill we returned to hungry expectancy. Cock Wood was dreadfully quiet. There the unbefriended state of our two tanks had turned their raid into the wildest of bluffs. Why were they not coming back while they could, that or raising a deuce of a racket to keep up the bluff, lest Fritz come to his senses and call it? Was their forlorn foray ended already?

"We're done, sir," Jelf said suddenly. "Same place—ridge, right of road."

We looked. What we saw was a sudden enlivenment of the sky line. Scores of figures swarmed black upon the ridge again, each of them a sharp dark silhouette for an instant, then a dim shape moving on a dark background. Many carried machine guns in parts. All hurried down obliquely toward the northeast corner of Cock Wood. It was just the old stream of traffic, only reversed. By what had before served it as a waste pipe the wood was refilling with enemies.

"We'll get hell neat," said Jelf, "on that right flank, unless the French play up."

Wyse was restlessly cursing. "Oh, damn them! Blast them!" But over the place, a little short of Cock Wood, where the French front line ran invisible, there was no stir but a quiet heat haze winking lazily; not a sign of life; it was as if the war were long over and all these war deserts left to themselves to muse in the sun.

But Frits used his time. Cock Wood may have taken twelve minutes or so to refill. But when it did open its enfilading fire on Bull Wood, across the white road, the whole of that edge of Cock Wood spat like one cat. You could see all along it the shiver of leaves as the breath from the machine guns' muzzles blew them. To back up this bespatterment there came the most copious disputation of the day from the enemy's artillery of all sizes. From near and far out, on his right and left flanks, high-explosive, gas and shrapnel shells converged on little Bull Wood as the sticks of an open fan run in on the handle. More than ever the wood seemed to be burning alive at a stake; it stood in a top-heavy pillar of smoke, with bleared splashes of flame showing dully through the reek and the verdure. A light easterly air had got up; it brought us the heliotrope scent of German tear gas and a whiff of the smell of butchers' shops in hot weather—the war had vulgarized this stink.

Wyse snuffed it up and groaned, "God! Will that slug never start?"

"I know the lingo a bit, sir," said Jelf. "Shall I go across and suck up to Dunois?"

"Squeal for help to that stoat?" muttered Wyse with disdain. I suppose he had not had enough yet of that meaty aroma.

So Jelf did not go. But next moment brought Wyse an apparition a little of which can go a long way. We all saw it. Out of the edge of Bull Wood, on our side of it, two or three men emerged, running like little boys chased from a field by a farmer; then more and more, in no sort of order—a whole mob running like hares. Then the wood itself seemed to take sides against them, as though kicking them out; it fired into their backs as they ran; a lot of them rolled over; besides, there were details that you might dislike. Wyse did. They broke him. These men were his men. Brigadier though he was now, he had been a colonel, and colonels are fathers; and twenty minutes ago these men had been heroes, in whom an unbearable fate that was no fault of theirs was now quelling the manhood. "Run like the devil," he shouted to Jelf. "Say any damn thing to Dunois. Lick his boots if you like."

Jelf was up like a shot. But he had not to go. Le Bon was back, out of breath, his face full of solicitude. His colonel's compliments, he said, and the French were advancing.

We saw them now. No trench of theirs was in sight, as you know; poppies and yellow weeds hid it. But out of these masses of yellow and red a line of living blue had arisen and was rushing through the shimmering haze of heat and light—an amazing projection of man's vehemence across the opiate drowsing of Nature. Not for a moment did they amble, as charging infantry commonly did in this war. They hurled themselves at the block of dark copse before them like a great wind or wave bearing down on a mark, with that appearance of having momentum enough to break worlds. The French privates must have got the tip that we were in bad trouble and time pressing, for I never saw troops go that pace before or after; it showed me how Frenchmen must have charged in their old wars under Napoleon, when nothing in Europe could stand up to them.

I could hear Wyse softly gasping "Thank God!" to himself, like a man who has just had some oil put on a burn, and Bateau letting his breath out as if he must have held it for the devil of a time, and Jelf sparing a second of his attention to touch Bateau's arm and say, "*C'est beau, ça!*" The Frenchman flushed up with gratitude.

It was certainly *beau;* but not business. The Germans were ready. And now they were disengaged from other cares, for all Bull Wood was theirs again, safe enough. One down, t'other come on is a capital plan for a strong third party who fights single-handed—better by far than to have both opponents come at him at once. In an instant Cock Wood and its many embowered machine guns seemed to lose all interest in Bull Wood. The whole armament might, by the look of the thing, have whirled round on one swivel to play its multitudinous jets of bullets on the perforable flesh of those rushing Frenchmen's stomachs. As well might a naked neck hope to defeat the falling knife of a good guillotine. As far as I could see the whole charging line was laid out on the poppies in one minute. Another line rose in its rear and rushed forward; then a third line rose. But the enemy's men were now sure of themselves and at ease; the scything down of each successive line became more businesslike than the last; the third performance was so prompt that the men in blue had scarcely time to stand upright before they were down, to remain as a bar of new color in the gay coverlet of the slope.

IV

THAT really ended the agenda of the meeting. The brigadiers and Jelf cleared out; they had orders to give and the bad news to phone. But the rest of us lingered a little; Le Bon reluctant, I fancied, to part with so shining a light of his race as Bateau—these Frenchmen think a lot of their big writing people—also I thought I would let the old boy rub his wounds for a minute or two before meeting his eyes and fetching him home. So I kept on looking out through my glass at the beautiful and worthless prairie where all

(Continued on Page 141)

The AMERICAN LEGION Monthly

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features

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also these famous Story-tellers and Artists in the SEPTEMBER *issue*

HUGH WILEY, of "Wildcat" fame, takes his readers back to the early days of the A. E. F. in "Sidelines of Duty," a story of the time when the American Army in France needed shelter more than shells. One reason this Wiley yarn rings so true is found in the fact that the author was a Captain of Engineers in the A. E. F. in 1917 and 1918.

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, who contributes the serial "Dangerous Ways," is one of America's best-known mystery story-tellers. It seems fitting that the author in whose honor a Governor declared a holiday should be selected to write the first serial featured by The American Legion Monthly. "Dangerous Ways" is a tale of adventure of the Maine and Florida coasts.

CLARA INGRAM JUDSON, nationally known authority on home-economics and child-training, tells in a picturesque article of child life at The American Legion Billet, Otter Lake, Mich. Everyone loves children and will appreciate this interesting contribution by the author of the "Mary Jane" series

PRUETT CARTER, widely known painter and illustrator, is responsible for the cover of this issue, a full-color portrayal of the historic capture of Major André, to illustrate a description of the André episode by that interesting writer, Marquis James.

WALLACE MORGAN, one of the noted American artists commissioned as Captain in the world war to contribute in pen, pencil and brush a graphic record of America's share in that conflict, is responsible for the illustrations for "The Handshaker," the new story by Peter B. Kyne.

DAVID SARNOFF, Vice-President and General Manager of the Radio Corporation of America, contributes "The Radio Boom Makes Way for the Radio Industry," an article in which he discusses the magnitude of America's lustiest infant industry.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is for sale by news dealers all over America. If your dealer cannot supply you mail this coupon with 25 cents for the September issue, or $1.50 FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION in the United States, $2.00 in Canada, $2.50 in other countries.

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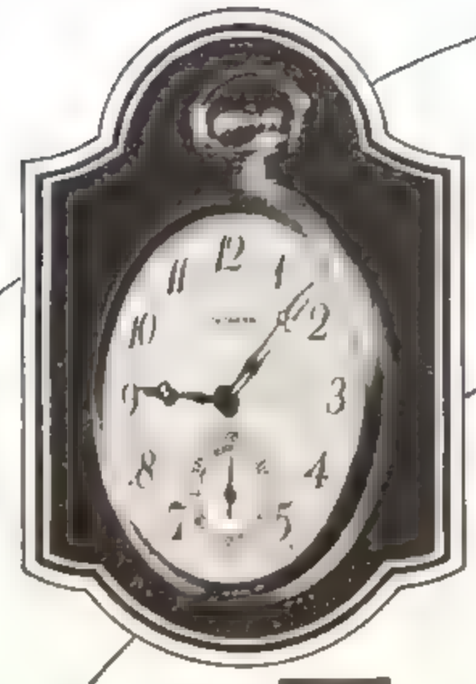

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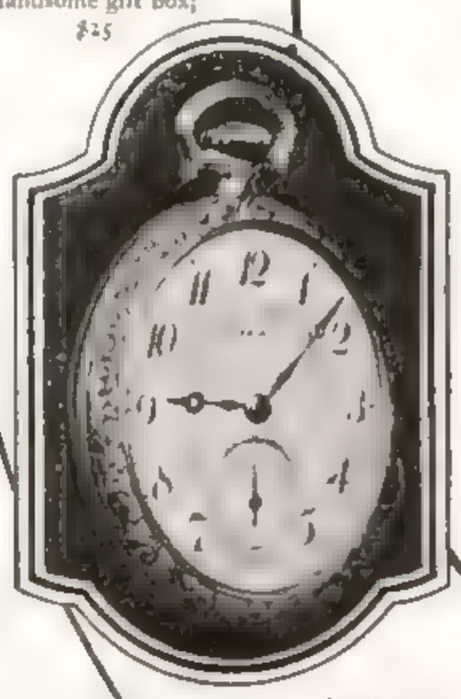

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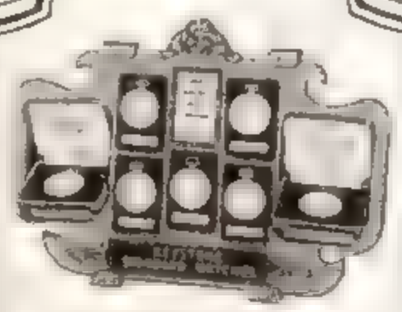

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(Continued from Page 138

this mess had been made. Under the strengthening sunshine a lustrous, sabbatical peace had settled down on it all. The benign light rested as tranquilly upon Bull Wood as a mild winter moon shines upon an English copse the night after a shoot, when the pheasants hit but not gathered during the day are bleeding to death or trying to fly with bones broken.

Even now, though, a few atoms were moving: if you looked closely enough you found them. Near the road of white dust I made out a thing like a caterpillar, half blue and half brown, winding its way up toward the front. I examined it. No; not like a caterpillar; that's a continuous thing. This was a queue of dots, more like one of the long trains of ants that form single file, if you kick their hill over, and set about reconstructing the home. Each dot, I soon saw, was the bust of a man walking in some shallow trench that half hid him; and like the ants every bust carried a load in what looked like a sack. The twelve busts that went first were all blue, and the other twelve brown.

Clearly it was a rationing party, half British, half French, bringing up food to the troops in the line. But why should French and British fatigue parties thus shog up together? It was an irregularity almost—the whole caravan was on our side of the road and, strictly speaking, the French twelve were trespassing. I asked Le Bon. He shrugged. He said it was a sort of habit the men on both sides of the road had got into, he couldn't think why. He said the fatigue men of the two nations wangled it so as to go up together—one or the other lot hurried or loafed enough to make it come so.

Some enemy airman was out playing pointer to some German gunner who liked a little rough shooting over a dog, or under him; only the one big gun, a fifteen-incher or so, out fancy sniping, and that indistinct moth tumbling about in the blue overhead must just have sent word of the khaki-and-blue caravan. First, the hulking sniper dropped a shell a little ahead of the party, then one a little astern of its rear, then one on the road to its right, then one in the poppies out thirty yards to its left. For some moments after each burst the jogging caravan was hidden in smoke; then it appeared again, all of it, still jogging steadily on. A fifth cloud of smoke burst, expanded and thinned off to leeward, and now the four and twenty had come down to twelve—ten blues still plodding on under their burdens in front, then a break, then two browns, who had stopped. The gunner had got the range.

"Are you looking?" I said to Bateau.

"Yes, yes," he said quickly. No doubt he had seen nothing else but that caravan, from the moment Le Bon had said what it was. Then I heard a passionate mutter, not to me nor to Le Bon, "For the love of God, go back and help them!"

As if the ten specks of blue far out in the landscape had heard, they halted and drew back across the bull's eye, so to speak, of the enemy's target, toward the two specks of brown. For the next minute I could not see what they were doing. Various reasons prevented me. Then the queue of laden ants took shape again. It was just half its old length.

"You saw?" I said to Bateau. I had perceived that the ten living blues, as well as the remnant of two browns, were now laden with two sacks apiece.

Of course he had seen. He replied in an odd, airy way, like a man a bit light in the head after some strain. "The French corporal swore a great oath—very coarse. He halted his men. He said only 'The English must eat,' and the men only grunted some vulgar words. Then they went back for the dead Englishmen's sacks."

"I hope your corporal knows how to drive a spent horse till it drops," I said. I thought of the gleeful eyes overhead and the wireless message already gone down to the gun—"Got 'em, do it again!" or whatever the Germans say for our airmen's O. K. "Oh, good man!" I thought, the next second; the menaced party were pushing along as though their loads had been halved and not doubled.

Bateau was jabbering on, in his wondrous good English, the same freakish narrative stuff—mad, but good in a way, for he seemed to have dreamt what was really likely enough. "The English corporal walked last; so he escaped. The French corporal looked at the Englishman's sleeve and said, 'Who commands here? You or I?' And the Englishman said to him, ''Oo bloody cares? You can 'ave it, but get a move on.' And so they went on and were saved."

The sixth shell had come. But the little party were clear. No blame to airman or gunner; the burst was plumb on the same spot where the fifth had occasioned the crisis which etiquette, in Bateau's vision, had failed to intensify. The smoke cleared to show us the tail of the party sloping down briskly out of the daylight into a safe covered way that led up to the actual front. The combatants' grub was secure. As the last man was just disappearing he half turned his head, I suppose, for the sweat on his face suddenly flashed in the sun like a mirror, almost dazzlingly.

"See!" exclaimed Bateau. "The English corporal! He heliographs!"

"A message, sir?" Le Bon asked deferentially.

"The message," said Bateau, "that common Englishmen send always—just 'There's sense in everything.' The message of Molière."

Le Bon reflected.

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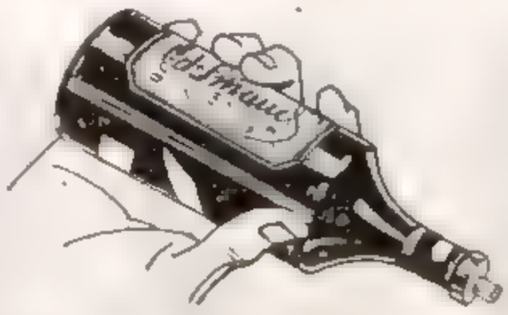

ED. PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

A VIEW OF AUTOMOBILE RACING THROUGH A CHAMPION'S EYES

(Continued from Page 11)

to make a couple of laps of the track until their motor is thoroughly warmed up. Arriving at the head of the front stretch, the driver holds up his hand as a signal that he is ready. Down the stretch he thunders in his qualification trial. The one making the fastest time gets the pole position in the line-up on the day of the race. The others follow in the order of their qualification speed. The cars line up two in a row on the board tracks and three in a row at Indianapolis.

It is in qualifying that some of the politics of automobile racing is exhibited. The usual rule is that a car that comes on the track between one and five o'clock of the first day is eligible to qualify that day. Rivalry for the pole position is always very keen. There are five or six drivers who have fast enough cars and who can drive fast enough to gain the pole position—provided they know just how high a speed is necessary to get there. Some of these will potter around all afternoon, as though busily engaged in some work on their cars. In reality they are only waiting to see how fast it will be necessary to travel to get at the top of the procession. This can be determined only by being the last one to qualify; hence the procrastination.

On the board tracks one lap is used for qualification and at Indianapolis four laps. I hold the qualifying record for Indianapolis—113.285 miles an hour for the four laps. This was made in trials for the 1925 race and was not beaten this year. Bennett Hill holds the record for the board tracks—146.7 miles an hour—made at Atlantic City in qualifying for the 300-mile race there on May first. There is little chance of Hill's record being broken this year, perhaps not even next year.

Racing Now a One-Man Game

The board tracks are immeasurably faster than the Indianapolis course, because of their construction. I hold the record for the Indianapolis course—500 miles at the rate of 101.13 miles an hour. At the 300-mile mark in the same race the average of Ralph Hepburn, the leader at the time, was 101.95 miles an hour. Compare this with the 134.091 miles an hour of Harry Hartz in winning the Atlantic City race. The distances were the same—300 miles. Some slight difference will have to be made, because Hartz's race was only 300 miles long, while Hepburn's average was made in a race that still had 200 miles to go. But the difference would not be more than a mile or two. By comparison it will be seen that the board tracks are thirty miles an hour faster than the Indianapolis track. The boards have not seen their maximum speed, and I should not be surprised if someone with a powerful motor were to travel 150 to 160 miles an hour on the timber courses and still stay right side up. This speed won't be attained in a race with eighteen men on the track, but it may be in a time trial. In this connection it is interesting to note that Bob McDonough averaged 142.89 miles an hour for the first ten miles in the Atlantic City race of May first.

Racing-car structure and racing practice are vastly different today from a few years back. One-man cars came into vogue at Indianapolis in 1923. It took a lot of the picturesqueness out of racing. The spectator no longer sees a mechanic sitting on the right of the driver, perhaps jerking vigorously at a pump to maintain the air pressure on the gasoline tank, or pumping oil into the crank case of the car from the main reservoir, as was done in the old days.

In those forgotten times the mechanic had a definite place in racing. It was his business to watch behind for the pursuing car. He gave the information to the driver at his side, who decided whether he should contest the passage of the pursuer or permit him to pass in peace. A long streamer or handkerchief was tied to the top of the racing helmet, its purpose being to furnish a cloth with which to wipe grime from goggles or face. When not being thus used it floated proudly behind and made a gallant display for the spectator.

A few years ago racing cars were huge affairs, with huge motors. The engine in my present car is less than a fifth as large as was the motor in the old Wasp which won the first Indianapolis 500-mile race. Bodies of present-day racers are in lines objects of beauty. A yardstick placed upright alongside my car will almost reach its highest point. The axles, steering knuckles and all other machined parts look as though they have been made in a watch factory, so perfect are they. The frame of the car is not more than twenty-one inches wide; the body at the cockpit eighteen or nineteen. The seating position is snug, the steering wheel on its bottom section sometimes being cut straight across instead of rounding, in order to give the driver more room.

A Handy Information Bureau

I get all necessary information during a race right off my instrument board. Directly before my eyes and to the left of the steering post is my tachometer dial. A tachometer is an engine-revolution counter. It is to the racing car what the speedometer is to the passenger car. By looking at my tachometer I know my speed, not in miles but in revolutions a minute, which is the same gauge as miles an hour would be.

Above the center of my steering post on my dash is my oil gauge. On my car, as on most racing cars, the oil pressure should run from 80 to 120 pounds. On most passenger cars forty pounds is sufficient pressure. When my pressure falls below eighty pounds I begin to think. When it drops below fifty pounds I get worried. When it gets as low as twenty pounds I stop at the pits to learn why.

The gauge to the right of the oil gauge is my air pressure on the gasoline tank. This makes positive the gasoline flow to the engine. The engine pump keeps the pressure to not more than two pounds, cutting it off automatically when it gets higher.

Between my oil gauge and my air-pressure gauge I always carry the picture of Tommy, my two-and-a-half-year-old son. He is a better gauge for me than anything else I have on the instrument board. Besides carrying his picture in front of me, I also have carried his first baby shoes, one on each of my front springs, for two years.

Below the air-pressure gauge and to the right of my steering post is an ammeter, to indicate the condition of my battery. To the right of the ammeter is a switch, the same kind which the average owner switches on when he wishes to start his car. The motometer, which formerly was on the radiator cap, is now carried on the dash to keep me informed of my engine's condition.

Race drivers do not have a throttle on their steering post, as in the ordinary car. Instead, there is nothing but the spark control and a cut-out button. If for any reason I should wish to slow up my motor without shutting it off, I do it by pressing the cut-out button down on the steel spider of the steering wheel. This makes a short circuit and the motor begins cutting out. Practically all racing wheels are of the same general design as those used in steering any other kind of car. They differ in that the spiders, or reënforcements running out from the steering post, are of elastic steel instead of aluminum. This makes them nonbreakable and also aids in reducing vibration on the driver's hands.

Under my feet I have the regulation automobile controls—the clutch pedal for my

(Continued on Page 145)

The bodies of these trucks are made of two thicknesses of bullet-proof steel and the windshields of many of them are made of bullet-proof glass. Each truck contains a steel chest bolted to the floor and each is trailed by a rifle squad in another car.

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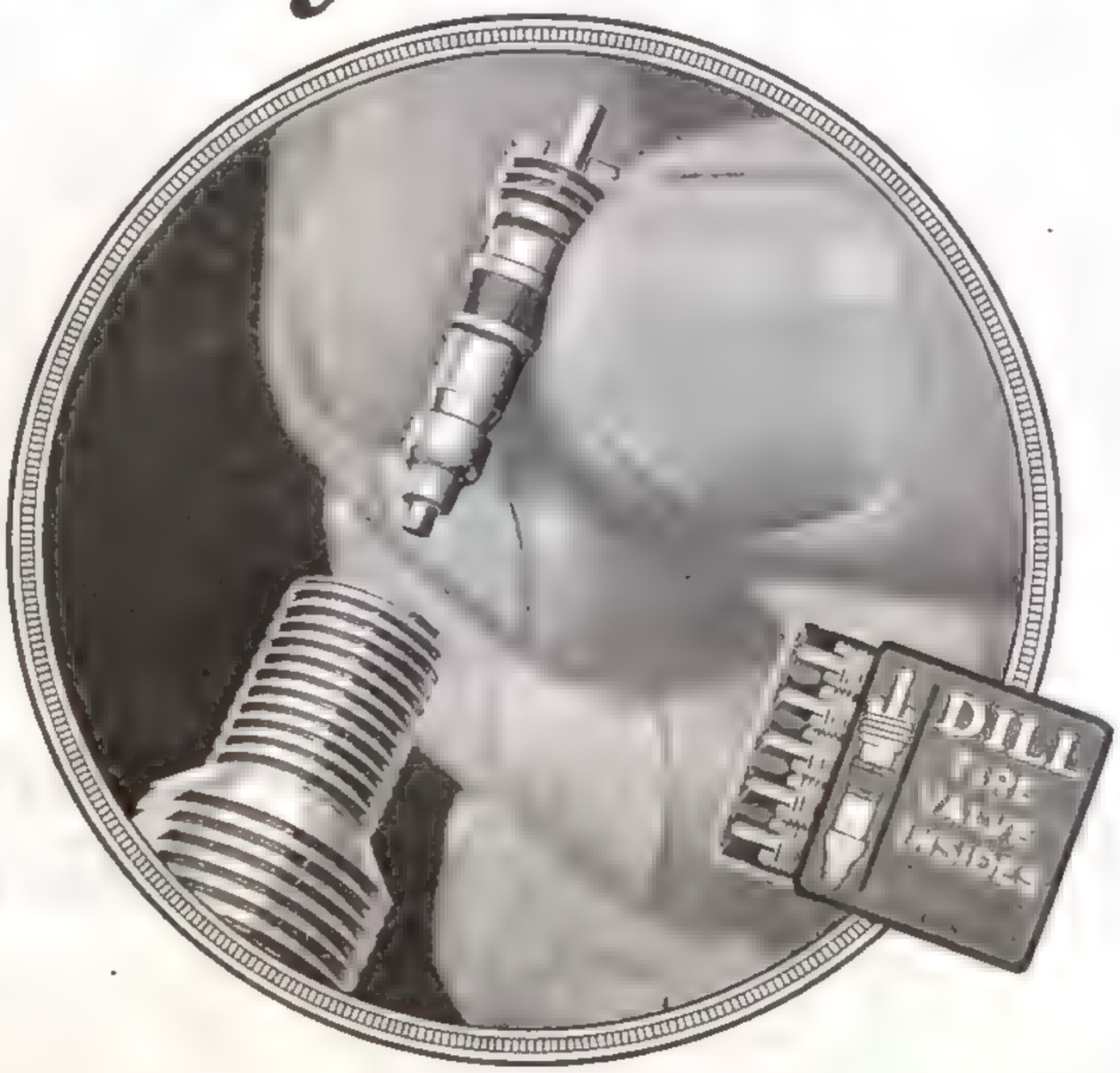

IF air leaks from your tire valves it means death or shorter life for your tires. Good valve insides are the best protection you can possibly provide.

Dill Valve Insides *will hold the air in tires.* These sturdy little valves are tested to restrain many times the pressure ever put on them in actual tire service.

Leading tire manufacturers use Dill valve equipment and good dealers everywhere sell Dill replacement parts. Carry a box of 5 Dill Valve Insides with you—they cost only 30c and that's mighty cheap tire protection.

THE DILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY • *Cleveland, Ohio*

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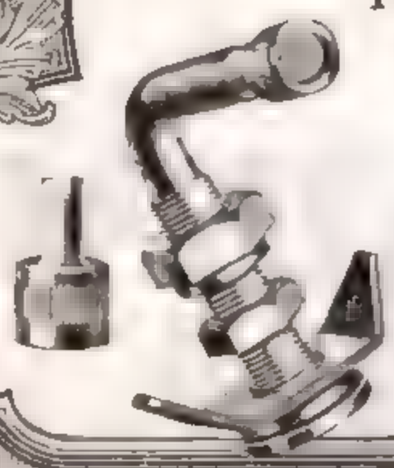

DILL

Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

(Continued from Page 142)

left foot and the brake pedal and the throttle for my right one. The shifting lever is a stubby little rod not half the length of the conventional shifting lever. The only occasion for shifting gears is in getting away from the pits. My feet are not in the most comfortable position in the world, as the heat from the engine, against which they are placed, at times almost blisters them. However, in the excitement of racing, one's feet are not foremost in his thoughts.

During the past year a new type of racing car—the front-drive—has made its appearance. One of these cars—driven by Dave Lewis—vindicated the faith of its maker at the Altoona 250-mile race on June twelfth, by winning first place.

The front-drive principle is not new, as ten years and more ago Barney Oldfield had a front-drive, with which he used to drive exhibitions. This car was difficult to drive and regarded unsafe. Indeed, no one but Oldfield and Christie seemed to care to attempt to pilot it. Oldfield finally decided to heed the advice of his friends, and got rid of the car.

The present-day front drive is vastly different. In his first race with a front-driven racer, at Indianapolis in 1925, Lewis placed second, less than a minute behind the winner. The Altoona race is the first event to be won by a front drive.

These cars, of which there are at present only two on the big circuits, differ from the conventional rear-driven cars in that their driving is done by the front axle instead of the rear. The weight of the car is carried on a separate axle. Both the differential gears and the transmission gears are carried on the driving axle. The motor sets in the same relative position to the frame as it does in the conventional car.

The claims made for the front-driven car are that as it pulls itself around the track instead of pushing itself, there is none of the tendency to skid, as in the rear-driven vehicles. It is, in effect, adopting the tractor principle, which the airplane makers found so satisfactory in the early days of air vehicles, as opposed to the pushing principle.

In a racing car the fact is always staring one in the face that in order to attain speed and reliability the reciprocating parts, which means all moving parts of the engine, must be as light as possible consistent with strength. It takes horse power to move weight; therefore, the more horse power required to turn the engine over the less is left to move the car forward. The weight of the car itself is fixed at a minimum of 1400 pounds without gas and oil and the driver, by the rules of the Three-A contest board.

Racing Cars Still Different

All speedway-racing cars are equipped with superchargers. A supercharger is in effect a fan placed between the carburetor and the engine. This fan is geared to the engine and its purpose is to pull the gasoline through the carburetor and blow it into the engine in much greater volume than would be the case were the gas brought into the motor merely by the suction of the piston movement, as is the case in the everyday car. By increasing the speed of the gasoline's flow the car's speed is also increased. The supercharger is credited with raising the car speed at least twenty miles an hour over an unsupercharged car. With the engine turning up 6500 times a minute, the supercharger is revolving at a speed of 32,500 times a minute. The faster the engine turns the faster the supercharger is turned, and the faster the supercharger is turned the faster the gasoline is fed into the engine and thus the faster the engine is able to turn. It is a sort of you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours arrangement between the engine and the supercharger.

I believe the time will come when passenger cars will be equipped with superchargers which can be cut in when needed for a steep hill or sand and mud, and cut out when on smooth roads. The effect will thus be to have a potentially powerful motor, yet one which normally may be small in size and by that same token economical as to gasoline. The superchargers on racing cars cannot be cut in or out at will, as there is no need for such arrangement; they are in engagement at all times.

Racing cars are not equipped with fans. The speed at which a racing car travels not only makes a fan useless but an actual impediment. A car traveling at high speed would burn up with a fan to obstruct the flow of the air through the radiator and around the engine. Racing motors are not burdened with self-starters either. A racing car is supposed to be started only once for a race, and self-starting machinery would only be something else to get out of order.

Spark plugs for racing-car use are made for the purpose for which they are used—that is, high speed. The materials used in making racing plugs are the same as those used in passenger cars, but the design is different. Racing plugs would go only a few miles in commercial use before they would become so badly fouled that they would stop firing. In spark-plug parlance they would "run too cold." Likewise, plugs made for ordinary commercial use would last only a short while in racing cars because they would "run too hot." I can tell by looking at the firing end of a plug just how the gasoline mixture is and so determine what carburetor adjustment is necessary. Too white an end on the plug means too lean a mixture, which in turn indicates the danger of burned exhaust valves; too dark an appearance means too rich a mixture and the danger of fouled plugs eventually. The careful driver and the experts from the spark-plug factories try to get the happy medium.

Tires an Important Factor

There are various types of brakes on racing cars. The ones on mine are four-wheel hydraulic. Barring an accident or a pit stop, there is little need for brakes on American tracks. But in road racing, such as I have done in Europe, they are an absolute necessity.

The wire wheels used for racing are of the same construction as those used on passenger cars, except for the locking device, which is made for quick action. I take a great deal more care of the corrugated hub on which the wheel fits than does the average car owner.

Before each race every wheel and hub is carefully examined to see that the corrugations inside the wheel and those on the axle hub have not been damaged in any way. These corrugations are heavily graphited, so that a wheel change during the race may be made without the loss of valuable time. This is one reason why wheel changes can be made in from ten to twelve seconds.

The matter of springs is also highly important—so important that factories making the springs always have their experts at the important tracks. Just any old spring won't do for a racing car any more than it will for a pleasure car. They can't be too long or too short, they can't have too much resiliency or too little.

An extremely important adjunct to the springs is shock absorbers. These are of the frictional type and they have to be adjusted very carefully in order to undergo the strains to which they are subjected.

It is really the tires on a racing car which come in for the greater part of the shock of rough going. They are part of the unsprung weight of the car—that is, they have no springs to take up the shock for them, but must rely on their own strength and elasticity.

Balloon tires have been used in the Indianapolis race for two years. With an inflation about the same as that recommended for touring use, they have made riding easier and have helped increase the speed of the cars by aiding in holding them down to the track. They must bear the

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Frat~

Smartly styled for the man whose appearance shows the youthful spirit—whose taste keeps pace with the times. A new blucher, saddle strap effect with oval eyelets and braided lace.

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Is your door only *half-locked?*

YOUR door needs this Sargent day and night latch if it has any locking device less modern or less effective than the Sargent cylinder lock now universally used on entrance doors. This latch contains the same ingenious mechanism as the Sargent "built in" cylinder lock. Is as smooth in operation—as dependable. It is the added protection that makes security doubly sure.

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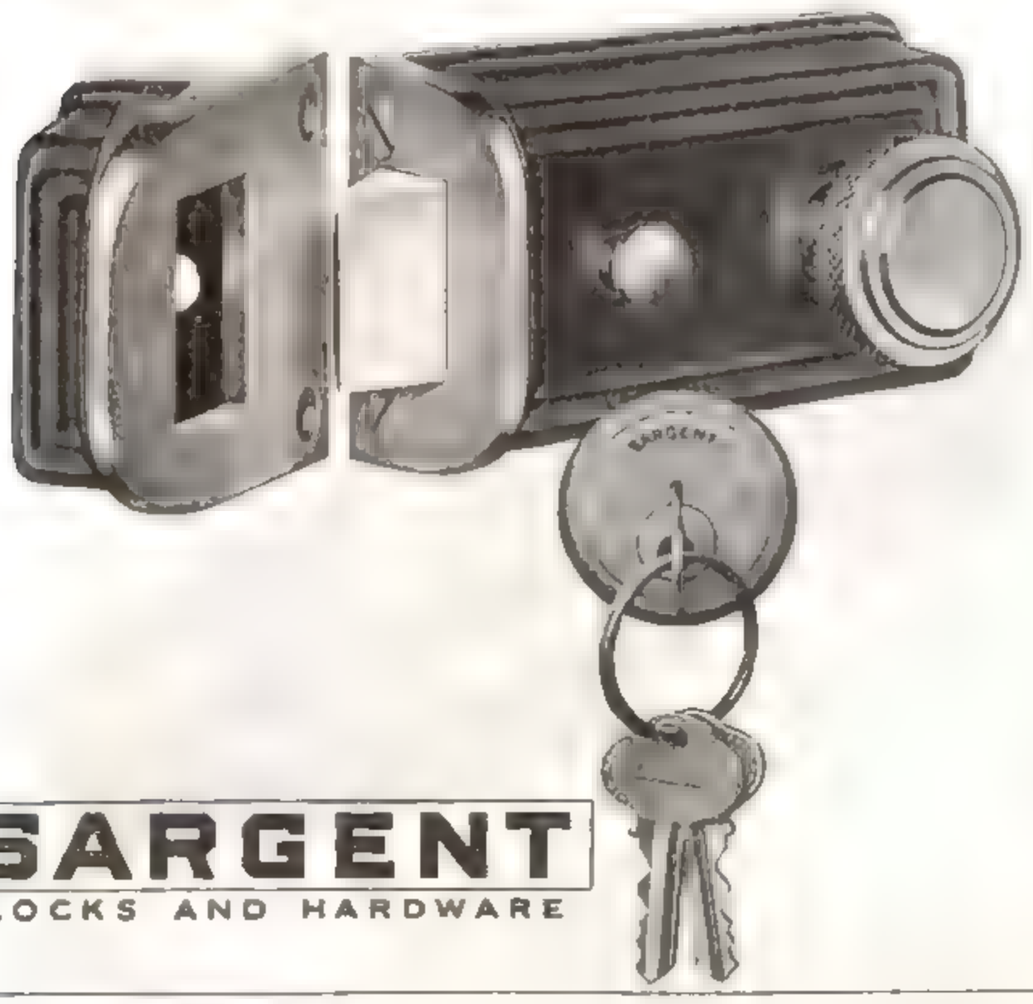

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MISS OUIDA PETIT'S extra dollars go into her "hope chest."

Would Extra Dollars Make *You* Happy?

YOU can earn them! Hundreds of busy men—hundreds of homekeeping women, too—make up to $1.50 and $2 an hour by work that's easy, pleasant, dignified; work that can be fitted into any odd moments you have to spare. You don't need business experience to succeed. Nor do we ask you to invest a penny. Earning equipment is furnished complete by us, with mighty interesting tips on just how to collect your first dollars at once!

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brunt of all shock transmitted to the car. They act as the springs for the unsprung weight. The winner of the Indianapolis race this year did not change a single tire during the race, neither did I and neither did the majority of the drivers. These tires are much like the tires used on passenger cars. They are of four-ply construction. There is little doubt that the experience gained in tire construction through racing has enabled the various factories that have engaged in supplying these tires in the past to build a better tire for everyday use.

In the matter of timing automobile races the stop watch has been pensioned with old Dobbin. Racing cars move so fast that it would be humanly impossible to get the correct time on them with a stop watch, as using a stop watch involves depending on the eye. Timing of automobile races must all be done electrically, dependence being placed on a positive registration instead of guessing with a stop watch. There are two or three different timing machines used on the speedways. The one used at Indianapolis has been operated by the same man—Odis Porter—for sixteen years.

Porter stretches a steel wire an eighth of an inch thick across the track in front of the official stand. The wire is raised an inch above the surface of the track and as a car comes along its wheels depress the wire. If the car is traveling less than seventy miles an hour both front and rear wheels register, but if over that speed the registration for both is merged into one. The depression of the wire causes a broken circuit in the timing machine and this broken circuit in turn causes a stronger current than normal to pour through the timer. The stronger current actuates metal hammers on which are figures. These hammers are forced down on a ribbon much like that used on a computing machine. The impact prints on a tape the time indicated by a very fine chronometer, which is part of the timing instrument. The time is divided into hours, minutes, seconds, hundredths of a second and fifths of hundredths of a second. The only human element in the timing comes when the man operating the timing machine marks opposite the registered time the number of the car making the trip across the timing wire. When the tape is checked the failure of the timer to mark the correct car number could be discovered, as the time for each lap of every car is on the tape and the pit crew would have the data on whether the car had made any stops that would make the laps vary.

Repairs While You Wait

At Indianapolis the race starts at 10 o'clock in the morning. At the board tracks, where shorter races are the vogue, the start is usually set for 2 o'clock. An hour before the race the drivers appear in clean suits, each one having his own idea of color and type of suit. Some drive in knickers, some in regulation coverall suits of varying color, made to their measure. I have always dressed in white. My car has always been canary-colored—banana-yellow, if you will. Bennie Hill has dressed in a suit of dark blue material as long as I can remember. Bob McDonough affects knickers and a blue sweater. Harry Hartz often drives in a street suit and a white-collared soft shirt, except that he wears a sweater instead of a coat.

If I were advising my friends where to watch a race I should tell them to get seats across from the pits. I don't know how the word originated, unless at one time the pits actually were below the level of the track. Nowadays they are inclosures built on the infield side of the track, with a special pit for each car in the race. They are located beyond the starting line in the direction in which the race is run. The pit is the supply depot for all fuel and repairs during the race. In it are stored extra wheels, mounted with tires inflated to the proper pressure; a supply of gasoline and oil; spare parts for the motor and chassis of the car, spark plugs, tools, and so on.

Races are often won or lost at the pits, so I drill my crew thoroughly before the race, to be sure each member knows exactly the part he is expected to play. The crew consists of five men, with the boss usually my mechanic or some friend in whose wisdom I trust. The other members of the crew are men connected in some way with the automobile trade, or track habitués who know racing procedure. Often they are repair men from local service stations, but they never are a permanent crew, being obtained at each track. The rules provide that four men may work on the car at the same time while it is stopping at the pits. But of these four only two—the driver and the mechanic—may make mechanical repairs. Two others may add water to the radiator, pour in oil and gasoline and change tires and crank the car. An hour before the race the pit crew begins to get things all shipshape. Each man is assigned to his station, wrenches are laid out on the front pit wall and the big quick-action jack is put where it can be got over the pit wall without an instant's delay.

So He Who Rides May Read

With the cars lined up at the starting wire in the order of qualification, we get the signal from the starter and get under way, with each car keeping its regular position in the line-up. If a pacing car is used, it makes the one lap around the track directly ahead of us on the inside. As the starting line is approached at the end of this lap, the starter stands, red flag in hand, and if he is satisfied with our positions he waves us on; if not, he compels us to do another lap in slow formation. These laps do not count as part of the race.

One instant we have been crawling along at a mere sixty or seventy miles an hour; the next instant heavy feet hit the accelerator in response to the invitation of the starter's flag and the cars hurtle forward. The race has begun!

Then it is that the fastest car, or the car with the most stamina combined with a good driver, forges ahead. Sometimes it is one factor that plays an important part, sometimes another, sometimes a combination. Barring a smash, the car that is perfectly tuned, that has had no particularly trying trouble, that has aboard a driver with a heavy foot, is the one that should win. But not always. The margin of winning is so narrow, especially on the board tracks, that a tire change may drop the leading car from first to third or fourth place.

As the driver whizzes by the pits at from 100 to 140 miles an hour and the pits are continuous, a distinguishing mark is put on each blackboard, so he may catch his signal instantly. The board is then held up to face him as he comes hurtling down the front stretch and the smart driver nods his head to let the pit know he has received whatever message is on the board. Many of the drivers put their names in huge letters on the top of their board. I use, instead, a checkerboard design. Oftentimes the manner in which my board is held—right side up, a quarter turn around, upside down—is used to give me the information I wish.

Some drivers depend on their ability to read the score boards as they flash by in order to ascertain their position in the race, if it is a long one. If the score boards are correct this method is all right. But a smarter way is to get the authentic information direct from the scoring officials by means of a runner between the pit and the scoring department. This is especially so if the race is close.

If the pit manager wishes to give me the standing of the first four men in the race, it will be done in this way:

5
18
7

If Bob McDonough's pit wishes to tell Bob who is in the lead when Bob is running

(Continued on Page 149)

The Electric Refrigerator

that thousands have waited for

$215
COMPLETE
F.O.B. DETROIT

COPELAND

No longer need any home be without the benefits and conveniences of electric refrigeration. For $215 plus a small delivery charge you can have this new model complete Copeland installed in your home.

Think of it—complete electric refrigeration—a handsome steel refrigerator, corkboard insulated, finished in white pyroxylin, and cooled by a standard Copeland unit, is now available at a price everyone can afford.

It is the electric refrigerator at the price you have dreamed about. No more drains, your food always kept perfectly, your family's health safeguarded, and an abundance of ice—108 cubes at a time, frozen in your own home.

The new Copeland is a real achievement. Through an outstanding advance in design, installation or service is made possible in about the same time it takes to fill your present refrigerator with ice. There are no pipes or wires to run, no mechanical work to do in the home. Just plug it into a convenient socket. Let the Copeland man explain all its wonderful advantages—low operating cost—and the Copeland easy payment plan.

Copeland may be installed in your present refrigerator, or you will find one of the many-sized complete Copelands suited to your requirements.

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His *first* pencil

THE BOY— "My Dad told me to get a 'Ti-con-der-oga' pencil. He writes with one in his office and says it's the best pencil he ever had."

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"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary five cent pencil

Made in the U. S. A. by JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Pencil Dept. 8-J, Jersey City, New Jersey

(Continued from Page 146)

second, Bob will get the dope on his signal board something like this, granting that I am out in front and that my number is 1:

1

If Bob's pit manager gets the idea that Bob could travel a little faster without damage, or if he believes Bob should take a chance on catching me whether or no, Bob may be admonished:

Get 1

Truth to tell, Bob is always out in front if he has the steam to get him there, and more often than not it is someone else's pit that is admonishing its driver to "Get McDonough."

There is one great enemy of the driver, and that is paper. Thoughtless airplane pilots who are advertising a product or an event by means of printed circulars sweep above the crowds at the tracks and scatter circulars by the tens of thousands. Perhaps they would not do this if they gave the matter any thought, for the paper may drift down and get into the drivers' eyes or catch on their radiators. The instant a piece of paper is seen on the radiator by a watchful pitman, the driver reads on his pit board:

PAPER

Some pitmen get panicky and flash the summons:

IN

The driver sees the signal, does not know the reason for the summons, but may conclude it is something that needs attention. The really smart driver sees the paper warning and nods to the pit as he flashes by. Then he watches his motometer, and if it does not show that his motor is heating up alarmingly, he will not come in.

Racing cars are equipped with strong wire screens to protect their radiators from track slivers or stones thrown up by a passing car. When I get word from my pit manager that I have paper on my radiator, I use a little invention all my own. My radiator guard is made in two sections, each section opening outward from the middle. When paper catches on the guard I simply pull a little rod underneath my dash, the two sections open in the middle and bend backward on hinges until they are at right angles to the car. The paper, thus placed at a disadvantage, is blown off the guard, and when I release the rod the guard goes back minus the paper. That device has saved me many a pit stop—and a pit stop saved is often thousands of dollars in prize money made.

When Seconds Count

I watch my tires closely in a race. When one of them shows a white streak on the otherwise inky black surface of the tread I know that the tread is wearing through. I let it go to the point where I consider it unsafe. It may surprise a reader to know that a driver can detect a worn spot on his tire easily, no matter how fast he is traveling. A lap before I decide to come in, or even the lap I slow up to stop, I point to the tire. By the time I reach my pit everything is ready for me. In short order a mounted wire wheel is shoved over the pit wall, a quick-action jack is under the axle, a hammer is working on the hub fastener, the wheel is jerked off, the new one put on, the jack lets the car on the track—and away I go. Frankly tires are wearing so well that it is no unusual thing for no changes to be made by the fastest driver in a long race.

Tire changes are costly. Say I am racing at Altoona and have two laps of the mile-and-a-quarter track on my nearest opponent and I get a puncture, or the tire begins to go down slowly. We'll say that I have been making laps in thirty-four seconds, at the rate of 132.3 miles an hour. If the tire has gone flat on me I come to the pits and get away again with a new tire in twelve seconds from the time I stop at the pit until I leave it.

Remembering that the pit is past the starting tape, the lap in which I got the flat tire will be made in from ten to twenty seconds slower than the thirty-four seconds I had been averaging; there will be a twelve-second stop at the pits on the following lap and more time will be eaten up in getting under way again. To begin with, grant that twenty seconds is added for the flat tire, twelve more seconds is added for the time consumed in making the change and another ten seconds is lost in getting under way. Twenty plus twelve plus ten makes forty-two seconds lost. That leaves me a margin of only twenty-six seconds over the man who was two laps behind me. If it should be my misfortune to have to stop again for any cause whatsoever, nothing on earth would keep the man behind me from going into first place if he could maintain a speed equal to mine.

The Race Driver's Groove

If a driver's spark plugs go bad and he has to stop at his pits to change them, he may indicate his trouble by pointing to his engine as he comes in. If he is near the halfway mark in a 500-mile race he may seize the stop as a means of taking on sufficient gas and oil to last him the rest of the race, and thus his stop for a plug change in reality costs him nothing. Should water be needed for the radiator, a finger pointing to the radiator cap is the signal that gives the pit crew the clew as the driver comes in.

A poorly organized pit has been known to take five minutes to put on gas and oil and two rear tires. A well-organized pit should be able to give the same service in half the time. A spark-plug change should be made in not more than one minute. Unless work is to be done on a motor, better results are attained by permitting the engine to run while a stop is made at the pits. If allowed to stop, the motor may develop a cranky spell and refuse to start until it has been cranked several minutes. Barney Oldfield was attending a race at Kansas City a few years ago, and he tells me that Frank Elliott let his motor die at the pits and he and his mechanic took turns in cranking it for four minutes and twenty-three seconds by a stop watch before it decided to get going again.

In all tracks there is a sort of unmarked groove It is not really a groove, but that is the term the drivers apply to it. If a driver can find this favorite trail around the track he will drive easier, his tires will last longer and his motor will do less work. The more experienced drivers sense this uncharted path; the less experienced do not find it, and as a result may have to make one or two tire changes that may cost them dear. This fabled groove may in reality be the skill of the driver and not his ability to find the right path around the track. The idea, on the boards, is to set your course so that there will be little strain on the tires either through turning so sharply as to cause a skidding action and consequent wear on the tires, or through riding too high on the bank or too low.

A race driver should never admit defeat until he is positive he cannot avert it. In 1921 Tommy Milton got his car the afternoon before the day of the race. With less than twenty-four hours ahead of him, he got his mechanics together, told them the car must be taken down and checked and O.K.'d before the time for the start of the race. It was ready two hours before the start and Milton won the race.

John Duff, of London, England, came to this country in April. He was considered a first-line driver in England and on the Continent, but was unknown as far as American racing was concerned. He wished to get a start at American racing and finally signed to drive at Indianapolis in the 500-mile race. Four days before the race, Herbert Jones, also slated to drive the car, wrecked it in qualifying. It was so badly damaged that no one considered that it could be made ready in time for the race—that is, no one thought so except the racing clan, which never believes anything impossible. Fory Bill Hunt, team manager, had three mechanics—Dunning, Wilson and

No Grief *there*-ever!

YOU'LL never have any grief with your coal window if there is a Majestic in the home you buy or build. The Majestic is break-proof and rust-proof—with Certified Malleable Iron frame and hinges, electro-galvanized pressed steel door, and Keystone Copper Steel body and hopper. Protects the building when coal is delivered—and protects your pocketbook, too!

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Your grocer or pet-shop can supply—and your veterinarian will recommend—SPRATT'S, or get it for you.

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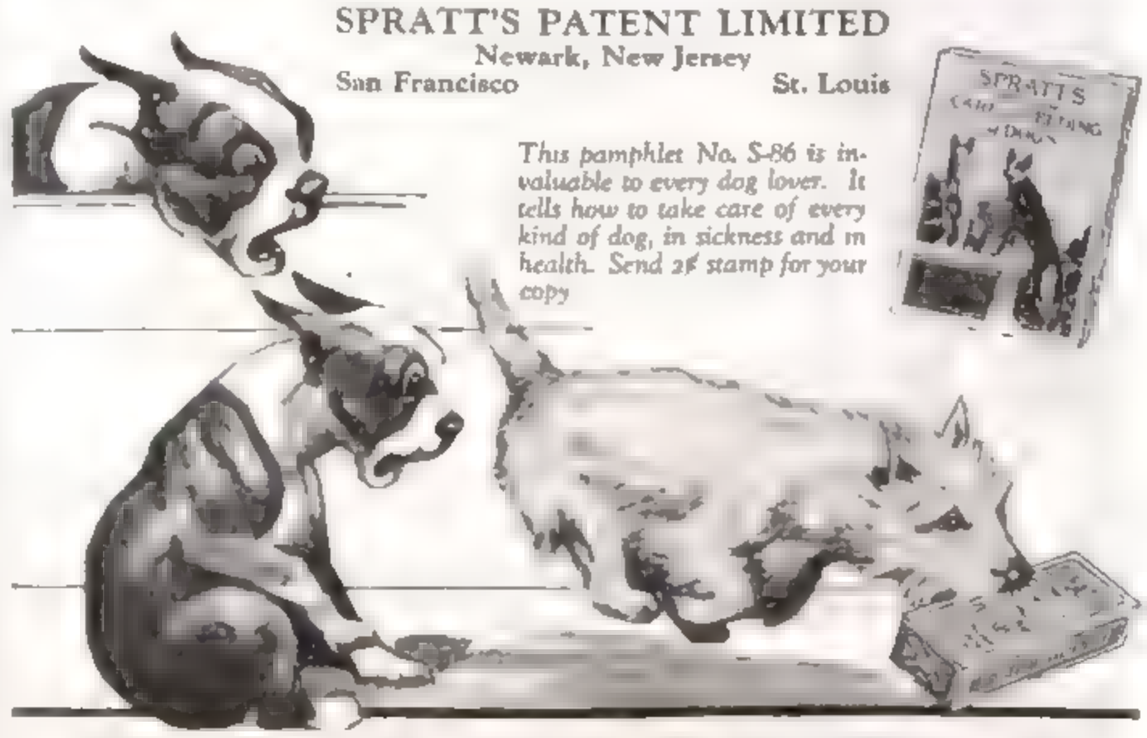

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1858 Spencerian 1926

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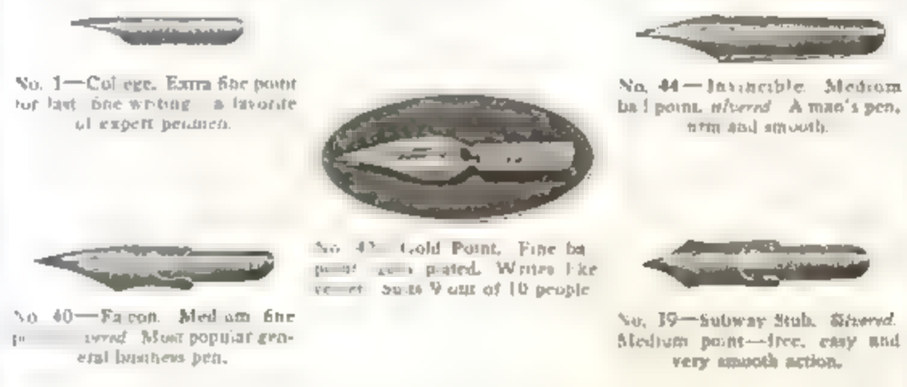

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2 Would you like a connection which may develop into a permanent, salaried position?

3 Would you like the chance to prove to yourself that you can make money in this dignified way?

4 Then by all means get the details. Simply sending the coupon below may bring you just the opportunity you've been looking for.

WE wish you could hear E. R. Durgin, of Wisconsin, talk about his Curtis work. During the past three years, he has averaged exactly $42.95 EXTRA every month—simply by sending us in his spare time renewals and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* Why shouldn't you do as well in your community?

Clip the Coupon NOW

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
460 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me supplies and full instructions so that I may get started at once. I want to make more money

Name _____ *Age* _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Offut—at work on the wreck an hour after it happened. Hunt himself hustled around getting a new cowl built, the frame ironed out and strengthened, the radiator rebuilt and the front and rear axles straightened. At 6 o'clock on the day before the race the car was qualified by Duff at a speed of 95.5 miles an hour. So hastily had the motor been put together and so badly had it been strained out of line by the previous accident that a valve was broken and the front end of the car was wrecked in the last lap of the qualification. Once again the loyal mechanics bent over the car all night, and by 8 o'clock the day of the race the car was ready.

Duff drove it throughout the race and finished it in ninth place, which was very good, considering that he had had little practice on the track and that for the last half of the race a small piece of board was wired over the motor bolt heads in the frame, to keep the bolts, which had been stripped of their threads, from falling out on the track and permitting the motor to drop out of the frame. How the crew got by the technical inspector to do this crude patchwork is more than I can tell.

But Duff won ninth place—and a bigger place in the hearts of the drivers who had seen his game fight from start to finish. The public doesn't always know, as it sits in the stands, just what has been going on in the garages for a day or two before the race.

This year, directly after the Charlotte race on May tenth, the American Automobile Association, or the Three-A, as it is shortened among the drivers, put into effect its ruling that the piston displacement should be reduced from 122 cubic inches to 91.5 cubic inches. Piston displacement, by the way, merely means the space displaced by the piston as it moves from its lowest point in its stroke to its highest point. A car that is of 91.5 inches displacement and is of eight-cylinder construction has a space in each cylinder for piston travel approximately three inches long. The bore of the cylinder is approximately 2⅛ inches, or to be exact, 2.1875 inches. If any reader with a passion for figures attempts to get the total cubic contents of the eight cylinders he should have as an answer 90.3, as it is not wise to build a car right up to the limit of 91.5.

A Fast Pace for the Pocketbook

If the above figures do not convey the idea, he may get a clearer conception when he is told that the present-day racing motors are approximately half the displacement of a Ford engine. Many new problems arise in changing engine sizes and it will be about a year before all the bugs are worked out of the new motors. There will be none of last year's records, made with 122-cubic-inch cars, broken, nor will there be any danger of breaking the records made the early part of this year with the 122-cubic-inch cars.

The 134.091 miles an hour of Harry Hartz at Atlantic City, and even the old record of 131.295 miles an hour for a 250-mile race made by Bennett Hill at Culver City, last March, will be safe against all attacks, even though it is slower than the 300-mile record. However, it is well to bear in mind that as the motor size is reduced racing history has shown that the speed has mounted, because, paradoxical as it may seem, the horse power developed has risen. At the close of the 122-cubic-inch motor's sway in the racing world laboratory tests showed a development of 196 to 200 horse power. At the present time the 91.5-cubic-inch motors are developing 156 to 160 horse power.

I really believe we could go sufficiently fast with motors of 61 cubic inches displacement, and while it would be an injustice to the drivers to make them buy new cars before 1929, I hope the change will be made at that time. I believe racing is a valuable aid in developing small-size motors, which eventually will be used in passenger cars.

Racing as it is conducted today is an expensive business. As a starter, a driver should have at least $12,500 to buy a car and the spare parts necessary. His personal expenses will run $5000 a year. His mechanic must be paid fifty dollars a week, railroad fare and from 5 to 10 per cent of the money the driver wins. Tires will cost about $3000 a year, for no racing driver gets his for nothing. Another big expense is the shipping of the cars from point to point, most of it being done by express. Below is a list of the 1926 races and the order in which they come, together with an approximate estimate of the cost of shipping, from one to four cars going in one express car:

Express, Los Angeles to Fulford, Florida, February 22	$400
Fulford, Florida, to Los Angeles, March 21	400
Los Angeles to Fresno, California, April 15	65
Fresno to Los Angeles, to work on cars	65
Los Angeles to Atlantic City, May 1	350
Atlantic City to Charlotte, North Carolina, May 10	100
Charlotte to Indianapolis, May 31	115
Indianapolis to Altoona, June 12	100
Altoona to Salem, New Hampshire, July 5	125
Salem to Atlantic City, July 17	75
Atlantic City to Altoona, September 6	95
Altoona to Salem, September 25	100
Salem to Atlantic City, October 23	75
Atlantic City to Charlotte, November 11	200
Charlotte to Los Angeles, Thanksgiving	350
Total	$2,050

These figures are subject to some slight variation, depending on the number of cars that are shipped in one railroad express car.

As a rule, the speedways give those drivers who qualify and start a race a guaranty of $750.

Brains in the Cylinder Head

The total prize money offered for the above races will be in the neighborhood of $380,000. The winner usually gets two-fifths of the total purse, so that if one driver could win all the firsts he would have to pay income tax on about $152,000, if he did not claim exemption on any part of the prize money. No driver will win all the firsts, I might warn the income-tax ferrets. Jimmy Murphy won $105,000 in one year, which is the largest sum ever won by an American, or in fact any race driver in one year.

I race because I love it, next to my wife and little Tommy. I believe a man has to love his work, regardless of what it is, to get the most out of it. Racing is not light labor, but not so hard, either, when a fellow gets a kick out of it. A driver gets to understand his car, just as he does living things. I am sure my old car with the No. 1 on her hood and tail knows all about racing. She knows when she is running pretty and she knows when she is acting up and causing me to lose a race. We are one in a race when she is doing her stuff. Maybe I'm sentimental, but when I bear down on the throttle to pass some other driver to go into first place I fancy she is saying to herself: "All Pete has to do is come right along and we'll show 'em all the way home." And when she doesn't do just right, I don't know but that she is kicking herself all the time and vowing that she'll never act up like that again. Any driver in love with his car will catch himself cajoling it mentally if it is inclined to get balky, or praising it when it is running well. I can fairly see the old girl smile at the close of a 250-mile race when we have taken down $9000 for first, or in a 300-mile race when we have garnered $12,000, or the Indianapolis race when the two of us have put over a little fast stepping that brings us in $36,150 total.

Personally I am not interested in any finish except first place. In all my races I try to get the checkered flag ahead of everyone else. I always feel that I owe the spectators something for their money.

I like the money racing brings, but that is not all there is to it for me. I love it as a clean sport. When I win I know I have won because my car ran just a wee bit better than the rest of the field. When I lose, it doesn't depress me; I begin right away to figure on how I shall win the next one.

When I consider racing solely as a means for making money, the thrill will be gone; and I have no doubt that some of the will to win will vanish with the thrill.

The Crosley Musicone, announced a little more than a year ago, introduced a revolutionary speaker principle and took the radio loud speaker market by storm.

Its overwhelming popularity, which has involved the replacement of hundreds of thousands of old type loud speakers, establishes beyond challenge the Musicone's superiority.

And now Powel Crosley, Jr., announces . . . the Crosley *Super* Musicone!

This larger 16-inch cone utilizes the same Crosley patented actuating unit as the smaller Musicone . . . and this, not the cone shape, is the secret of Musicone excellence.

It offers, by virtue of its larger proportions, still more superb volume. It produces, especially in the bass, still richer resonance!

The 12-inch Musicone has been reduced to $12.50. Also at $32 in the form of a beautiful Console, in which both receiver and batteries may be placed.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION, CINCINNATI, OHIO ··· POWEL CROSLEY, JR., PRESIDENT

CROSLEY *Super* MUSICONE

BETTER · $14.75 · COSTS LESS

Write Dept. 31 for illustrated booklet *All prices slightly higher West of the Rockies*

An Interesting Letter *From* One of Our Advertisers

With the kind permission of the writer we quote from a letter that will interest every American business man

As you know, in years gone by I spent a great deal of money in advertising, as high as a million dollars a year. At that time I had a perfect organization to keep track of the returns and we keyed every advertisement that we inserted in any publication, so that we knew exactly what returns we were receiving.

When I started to advertise Resthaven Farm, I employed the same methods, only on not quite so elaborate a scale. We have found that there are very few publications that will produce returns upon a profitable basis. I have always felt that the average selling cost of any article was between 20 and 30% and that I was willing to spend this amount of money for business. We, of course, always figure to be on the safe side, therefore, we take the minimum of the cheapest animal that we sell, which is $30.00, and I have allowed $1.00 for inquiries and $5.00 for orders, which would make sales on a basis of 20%. I am happy to say, however, that *The Country Gentleman* has far exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

Since November, 1925, we have spent with you $397.88 for space. From this expenditure we have received 496 inquiries, well distributed from every State in the United States. We have received 11 orders, some of them for two or three animals each, so you will see that this business has cost me (figured on a basis of $5.00 per order) only 69c per inquiry. In other words, I am buying my inquiries for about 30% less than I am willing to pay, and as long as your publication will show results of this character you can rest assured that Resthaven copy will appear in every issue.

There is one other thing that I find with your publication and that is that the class of inquiries that we receive are of a much better character than the inquiries received from a smaller publication and the per cent of orders to inquiries is greater.

We are being solicited daily by publications for our advertising and I have adopted a set policy of writing them that they can use all the space they want to, full pages, if you please, provided, however, that they will guarantee me that the inquiries will not cost us more than $1.00 and the orders $5.00 each.

I want to congratulate you upon the appearance of *The Country Gentleman* and the big improvement that I notice from returns since you have changed it to a monthly publication.

With kindest personal regards, I am,

Yours very truly,

RESTHAVEN FARM

(sd) *Walter S. Kidder*, Owner

The Country Gentleman

The Modern Farm Paper — *More than 1,300,000 a month* — *September Issue Now on Sale*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

"If salesmen wore taximeters their 'waiting time' would be nearly as large as their active time."

Salesmen waiting to "see their man"

How much does this wasted time add to your selling expense?

IF salesmen wore taximeters their "waiting time" would be nearly as large as their active time.

No real salesman wants to waste his time. Time is all he has to sell. All you can buy from a salesman is his time. And it is the most valuable time your company buys.

A salesman kept waiting in a purchasing agent's anteroom is like a loaded freight train lying on a siding. It is power not applied. It is business standing still. It is waste.

It costs you money when your salesmen have to wait. It costs the other man money when you keep his salesmen waiting. It costs all the salesmen money, and it piles up the cost of selling goods.

Here is one way to check this waste of your own men's time:

See to it that your customers know who you are. See that they know who your man is. See that your customers know what your man sells and what the reasons are why they should buy it. Your printer will help you do this.

Select a good printer—one who has the equipment and intelligence to produce good direct advertising. They are not hard to find. Such printers have ways of making themselves known.

Tell that printer you want him to help you produce the kind of direct advertising and printed pieces that will make your firm and your goods and your service known to the people your salesmen call on.

The time will come when buyers and all other business men will see salesmen promptly when they call. They may see them only to say "Nothing today" or "Come back next week," but they will not keep a grown man waiting two hours—especially when printing has made them acquainted with the salesman's firm and the full nature of the goods or service he has come to sell.

But please remember that a well-printed booklet can wait more patiently than a man, at less expense than a man; and when the booklet has been read, your salesman is more sure of a welcome when he calls and more likely to get an order when he is seen.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company.

Any of these books which you require may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or direct from us. Ask to be put on the mailing list, and if possible suggest the special problems of direct advertising on which you can use help. S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

better paper
better printing

After Shaving

AQUA VELVA

—keeps the face feeling fit!

AFTER shaving tomorrow, try this: Shake a few drops of Aqua Velva into your hand and pat it on your face. A new sensation! A new comfort for hot weather!

A splash of tingling coolness with just the right fragrance to refresh. Feel your skin afterwards; flexible, smooth and velvety, isn't it? Why? Because—Aqua Velva *conserves* the natural flexibility of the skin.

5 after-shaving comforts from Aqua Velva

If you are troubled with a tender skin, use Aqua Velva *every morning*. It keeps the skin like velvet all day long.

First: It gives your face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal each tiny cut and scrape.

Third: It has a fine, fresh, man-style fragrance.

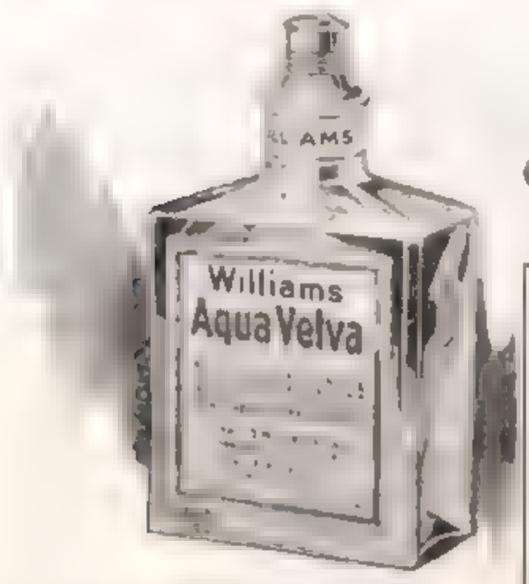
Fourth: It helps the skin in its fight against sun and wind and exposure.

Fifth: Totally unlike powder or grease. Nothing that shows—nothing to wipe off. Aqua Velva conditions your face and keeps it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

This refreshing after-shaving preparation is causing a real sensation among shavers. You'll know why when you try it.

The large 5-ounce bottle sells for 50c (60c in Canada). The daily cost is practically nothing.

We will send a generous sample bottle on receipt of the coupon below—or a postcard.



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

Free trial offer!

SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Company, Dept. 48 B
Glastonbury, Conn.
(Canadian address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send me free trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

_____

_____

_____

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

a town in Oklahoma, including the sheriff and a posse, not more than fifteen years ago."

Malapropos

I TOLD my lady of my love,
As we walked out one day together.
She calmly scanned the sky above
And said it looked like rainy weather.

I told her of my sleepless nights,
Caused by her vision so bewitching.
Said she, "I've three mosquito bites.
I wish that I could stop their itching!"

I vowed she'd robbed my days of ease—
Another of the good old staples.
She cried, "I just adore those trees.
I wonder if they're oaks or maples!"

But I'd determined to uncork
The passion I so long had bottled.
She quoted, when I'd ceased to talk,
"'A woodland path by sunlight mottled.'"

I'm strong for Nature, and admit
That all her works are full of wonder;
But Myra stressed it quite a bit
Too much, which was, perhaps, a blunder.

No, she's not deaf, and you would grant
With me that she is no dumb Dora,
But she's so darned irrelevant
She's fairly captured my Angora.

—*Kennett Harris.*

A Detroit Longfellow

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who cried, when asked to stop
By a reproachful traffic cop,
"Banana oil!"

"Park here," the flapper pled, "and rest
Thy empty bean upon this breast."
He'd wooed, just to be sued before,
And scoffed, above his engine's roar,
"Banana oil!"

"Try not to pass," the old man said,
Whose Ford truck hogged the road ahead;
The rash youth duly ditched the sage
And scolded, "Grandpa, act your age!
Banana oil!"

"Beware the awful precipice
And corkscrew curves by the abyss,"
The peasant gaped and gasped, "Good night!"
To hear a lusty, impolite
"Banana oil!"

At break of day, they found him there,
Spark plugs like vine leaves in his hair,
And two spare tires around his neck,
Observing in the smoking wreck,
"Banana oil!"

—*John McColl.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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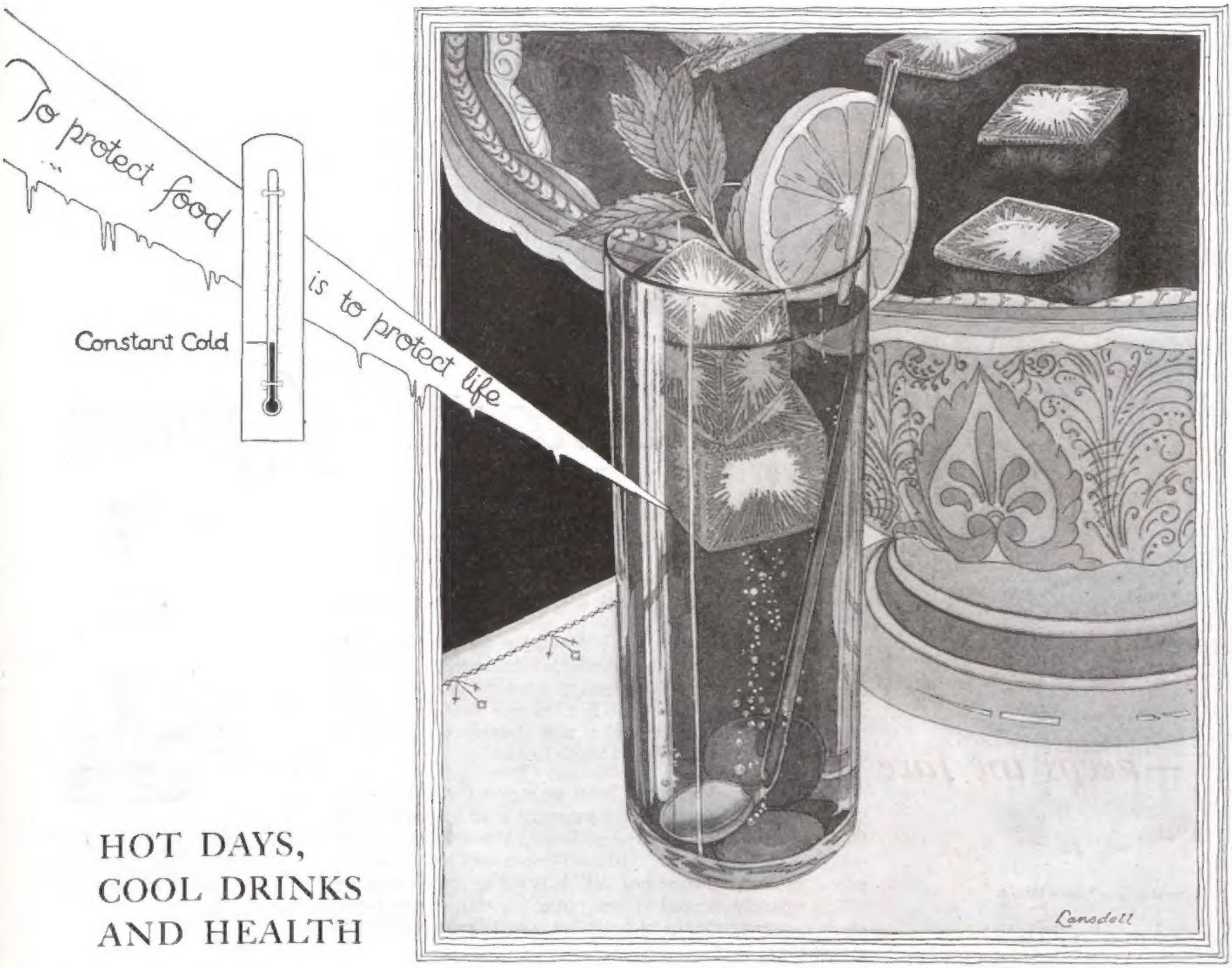
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



HOT DAYS, COOL DRINKS AND HEALTH

THE TINKLE and clink of ice in the glass is music on a hot day. And it is a reassuring thought for you to know that the ice cubes that frost your glass are the pure and wholesome product of your own electric refrigerator.

IN YOUR electric refrigerator—you will probably get one after a while—ice cubes are made by simply filling a shining tray with pure drinking water and setting it in place to freeze. Then, when your meal is ready, your ice cubes are ready. Just the right size—convenient. And their purity, an important matter of health.

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION *in* YOUR HOME *means:*

Constant cold—fixed at just the right temperature for food protection.

Cleanliness—so delightfully easy to keep everything spick-and-span.

Economy—after all electricity is one of the cheapest commodities we use.

Convenience—dainty ice cubes for your table.

Dependable—not even a button to push—constant service.

THE GROWTH of the electrical refrigeration industry in the last two years has few, if any, parallels in the records of American business. But the reason is not hard to find. Thousands of families are deciding upon electric refrigeration not as a purchase of household equipment but as an investment in health, convenience and modern living. And the most progressive growers, shippers, and dealers in foodstuffs are adopting electric refrigeration so that all the healthful and appetizing freshness of their products is guarded safe for your table.

Ask your electric refrigerator dealer, or electric light company, for a fascinating children's booklet, "The Magic Box", illustrated in color, or write us at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, enclosing ten cents

THE SOCIETY FOR ELECTRICAL DEVELOPMENT

A non-profit organization founded in 1912 to promote for the interest of the public and the electrical industry, the greater service of electricity

Electric Refrigeration

-a better way of living

© by Soc. Elec. Dev.

For that new home of yours

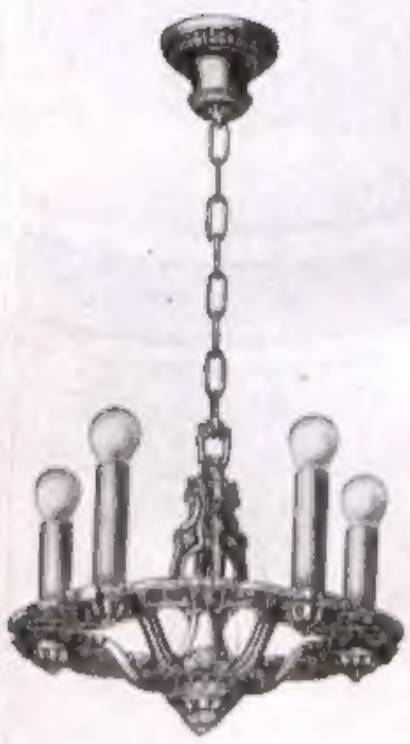
You have been looking forward to it, doubtless for years; you want it to embody every possible comfort and convenience; and you want it to be the kind of home you will be proud of. One very important feature is the lighting equipment. The lighting fitments should be decorative, and they should also provide adequate and correct illumination.

Riddle Fitments are now widely regarded as the standard of residential lighting. In hundreds of thousands of homes they add the final touch of beauty, through their charm of design and decoration. And these modern lighting fitments can be relied upon also to produce efficient illumination, being designed to take advantage of the superior qualities of the new inside frosted Mazda lamps.

If you are building your own home, we suggest that you consult a Riddle Dealer. You will find him competent to advise you helpfully in connection with your lighting problem. You will be interested in seeing the variety of beautiful Riddle Fitments available at moderate prices. In case your home is of English, Italian or Spanish type you will be especially attracted to some particularly effective new Riddle pieces embodying the use of heavy bar iron, in an unusually rich antique effect.

If you are buying your home from a realtor-builder, ask about the lighting equipment. Many such builders are now equipping their homes with Riddle Fitments on account of their decorative qualities and the standard value which they represent. A Riddle installation is excellent evidence that the builder believes in using materials and equipment of nationally established merit throughout.

Riddle Fitments not only beautify your home but are also a true economy, owing to the exceptional values available at every price, the sturdy character of the construction, the use of the highest grade of materials and wiring equipment and the permanence of the colorful decoration. They are built, in fact, for lifetime use and enjoyment.



One of the many beautiful Riddle 5-light dining-room fitments. No. 2520, price $23.50. Also in drop-light style, No. 2521, $23.50. Other Riddle 5-light fitments as low as $16.50

A superbly designed Riddle 6-light fitment using heavy bar iron; one of the finest of all Riddle Fitments. No. 2615, price $37.50. Drop-light style No. 2616, price $37.50. Both pieces richly embellished with colorful cast ornaments

Riddle wall fitment using heavy iron bars in graceful design. No. 2630, price $10.00. One-light candle style, $6.50

One of the pleasing ball fitments by Riddle, No. 2636, price $15.50. Other ball fitments from $10.00 to $27.50

Riddle 5-light fitment with silk tassel, one of the most pleasing Riddle designs, No. 2533, price $32.50. Candle type, No. 2532, at the same price. Harmonizing wall fitments $5 to $12.50

Two attractive folders with illustrations of various Riddle styles. Sent on request. Please use the coupon

Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO
Please send folder checked below to

Name_____

St. and No._____

City or Town_____ State_____

☐ Riddle Fitments for New Homes
☐ Trading-in Old Lighting Fixtures for Riddle Fitments

The easy, low-cost way to insulation

FIRE PROTECTION

Now you can make certain of both insulation and fire-safety in any frame house you build, whether finished with brick, boards or stucco. You can enjoy maximum security and comfort, strength and fuel-saving, at very slight extra expense. All you need to do is to employ the system shown here in the "USG Fireproofed-Insulated House."

Go to your dealer in building supplies for these USG Insulating—Fireproofing materials, or write us for full information.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 201 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

OUTSIDE Nail Gyp-Lap, the fireproof sheathing, on the *outside* of your framework. Broad, thick sheets of pure gypsum rock—brace the entire structure—and make it wind-tight, weather-proof, fireproof.

INSIDE Nail Rocklath, the fireproof lath, on the *inside* of your framework. Sheets of pure gypsum rock, instead of inflammable wood lath. No warping, streaks or stains; uniform; perfect bond for plaster.

FIRE USG PROOF

BETWEEN Fill the spaces between the Gyp-Lap and the Rocklath on the sidewalls with Thermofill, The Dry Fill Insulation. Low-cost, fireproof, flaky gypsum product, comparable to cork as an insulator.

ABOVE Put Thermofill, The Dry Fill Insulator, between the rafters or over the top-story ceiling. With Gyp-Lap, Rocklath, and Thermofill you blanket the entire house with a solid wall of gypsum—insulated, fireproof.

For all these uses

and many others

There's nothing like it

Healthful Cleanliness in Every Particle

The extraordinary efficiency and superior quality of Old Dutch makes its usefulness unequalled. For all uses listed on the label and many others—cutlery, refrigerators, mirrors, stoves, stone steps, etc.—there is nothing else like Old Dutch.

Old Dutch keeps everything spick and span and assures that most important feature of good housekeeping, *healthful cleanliness.* Old Dutch does this by removing the unhealthful invisible impurities as well as all visible dirt.

Old Dutch is composed of a natural detergent of distinctive character, free from harsh, scratchy grit, acid and caustic. To the eye a fine powder—the microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness without scratching. Scratches are catch-alls for dirt and impurities.

As a safeguard to health, make Old Dutch your first cleaning aid everywhere. It is the easiest, quickest and safest means of keeping the home in a condition of *healthful cleanliness.*

Goes farther—lasts longer

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